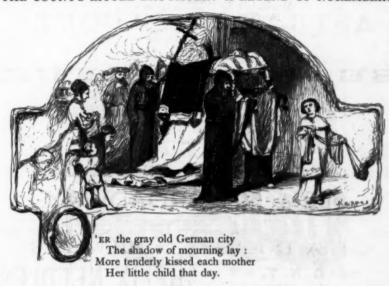
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1871.

No. 2.

THE COUNT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER: A LEGEND OF NUREMBERG.



With a deeper prayer each father Laid his hand on his first-born's head, For in the castle above them Lay the Count's little daughter, dead.



Slow moved the great procession Down from the castle gate, To where the black-draped cathedral Blazed in funereal state.

And they laid the little child down, In her robes of satin and gold, To sleep with her dead forefathers In their stone crypt, dark and cold.

At midnight the Countess lay weeping 'Neath her gorgeous canopy,
She heard as it were a rustling,
And little feet come nigh.



She started up in the darkness,
And with yearning gesture wild,
She cried, "Has the Father heard me?
Art thou come back, my child?"

Then a child's voice, soft and pleading, Said, "I've come, O mother dear, To ask if you will not lay me Where the little birds I can hear;—

"The little birds in their singing,
And the children in their play,
Where the sun shines bright on the flowers
All the long summer day.

"In the stone crypt I lie weeping,
For I cannot choose but fear,
Such wailings dire and ceaseless
From the dead Counts' coffins I hear.

"And I'm all alone, dear mother, No other child is there; Oh, lay me to sleep in the sunshine, Where all is bright and fair. "I cannot stay, dear mother,
I must back to the moans and gloom;
I must lie there, fearing and weeping,
Till you take me from my tomb."



Then the Countess roused her husband, Saying, "Give to me, I pray, That spot of green by the deep fosse, Where the children love to play.

"For our little one lies weeping,
And asks, for Christ's dear sake,
That 'mid song and sunlight and flowers,
Near children her grave we make."

And the green spot was made a garden, Blessed by priests with book and prayer, And they laid the Count's little daughter 'Mid flowers and sunlight there.

And to the children forever
The Count and Countess gave
As a play-ground, that smiling garden
By their little daughter's grave.



SIGHTS IN AND AROUND YEDO.



THE MIKABO OF JAPAN.

EIGHTEEN years have not yet elapsed since | Commodore Perry signed the treaty of Yokohama; and from that slight concession, so laboriously obtained, so reluctantly given, there has already grown a complete and permanent revolution, not only in the relations zation of the Empire itself. In place of two of Japanese youth seek a better education

harbors of refuge, with a consul in each, there is a large foreign settlement in the vicinity of the capital; foreign ministers dwell almost under the shadow of the imperial castle; foreign officers and men of science are employed by the government to develop the neglected resources of the country; hundreds in th final who ries, Mik his (Japa ican S

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in the schools of America and Europe; and finally, the line of tycoons, or civil sovereigns, who have reigned for two and a half centuries, has been overthrown, and the sacred Mikado, or pontiff, formerly invisible even to his own people, sanctions the intercourse of Japan with other nations, and admits an American statesman to a personal interview.

So many momentous chapters of history have been written by wars and treaties since 1854, that we are hardly aware how surely the sealed, mysterious empire of Eastern Asia is opening to all the various influences of civilization, or how steadily the process is followed, step by step, by internal changes. The period of serious resistance, during which a return to the ancient exclusive policy was advocated by the daimios, or feudal princes, and which was most menacing to the foreign residents in Japan, from 1862 to 1868, seems now to have entirely passed. There is really little else which needs to be achieved by diplomatic negotiations, for the rapid development of the Japanese people through their contact with civilized races, will remove the last lingering obstacles to a complete and unrestricted intercourse.

The works of the old travelers, upon which, only twenty years ago, we were obliged to depend for our chief knowledge of Japan and the Japanese, are therefore already obsolete. The narratives of Montanus, Kämpfer, Thunberg, Titsingh, and more recently of Von Siebold, contain much that is valuable, and also much that is true at the present day; but these authors seem to look upon the people over the shoulders of spies and guards. A sense of restraint and mystery hangs over their pages, and they give us pictures of a race fashioned into strange forms by some rigid mechanism of government. Now-a-days the newspaper correspondent who goes around the world in four months, touching for a few days at Yokohama, stamps at least the impression of life and common human nature on his rapid records. The mystery has blown away like a cloud, and the race, in its intelligence, its refinement, its capacity for development, is seen to be much nearer to us than the old chroniclers imagined.

There have been a few recent English contributions to our knowledge of the Japanese. Very interesting works, of a special scientific character, have been written by Fortune and Adams, and Prof. Pumpelly has added enough to make us desire much more from his pen; but the only careful and complete work, which has wholly superseded all ancient relations, is that of M. Aimé Humbert, who was sent as

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Minister to Yedo by the Republic of Switzerland. His two splendid folio volumes (published by Hachette, Paris,) contain, besides comprehensive sketches of Japanese history, religion, and political institutions, a gallery of minutely-drawn pictures of the life, habits, character, festivals, and amusements of the people; of the streets, temples, and gardens of Yedo, and the scenery of the adjacent country. Here, for the first time, we are freely introduced to the Japanese, and learn to know



COUNTRYMAN IN WINTER COSTUNIE.



them without the hindrances of fear or mys-When the difficulties of the language shall have been overcome by foreign residents, of equal powers of observation and descriptive talent, we shall have revelations of a more intimate character; but we shall hardly gain more vivid and picturesque sketches of external life than are given in these pages.

M. Humbert reached the capital from Nagasaki, by way of the Suonada, or inland sea, a route now frequently taken by the steamers between Japan and China. After a sojourn at Yokohama, he went to Yedo, and took up his residence in the old-temple of Tjoodji, which had been appropriated to the diplomatic representative of Holland, by the Japanese Government. While carrying on the negotiations for a treaty, the conclusion of which was greatly delayed by internal political troubles, he employed his time to good purpose

in making himself acquainted with the great city and its suburbs, with the different classes of native society, the character and habits of the people, and with every feature of their national life which was then accessible to a foreigner.

The genuine reporter makes use of whatever material comes in his way, and finds opportunities everywhere. M. Humbert, on being installed in the Dutch Consulate, on his arrival at Yokohama, was furnished with a native servant,-a Japanese boy by the name of Tô. He was a fellow of quick intelligence, but with an air of gravity and prudence much beyond his years. "It was from Tô," says the Minister, "that I took my first Japanese lesson. He gave me the key to conversation in three words: and the philosophical character of the method he employed will at once be appreciated. The operations of the mind resolve themselves into three forms-doubt, negation, and affirmation. As soon as one knows how to

express these three operations, the rest is only a matter of the vocabulary, a charging of the memory with a certain number of the usual words. Thus, we will commence with doubt, and say in Japanese: arimaska? which signifies 'Is there?' Then we pass to negation, arimasi, 'there is not,' and finish with arimas, 'there is.' After that, the vocabulary will furnish us with the words we most need, as Nipon, Japan, Japanese; chi, fire; cha, tea; ma, a horse; mizu, water, etc. Add a little mimicry, and we shall be able to comprehend many things without the aid of an interpreter. Thus, coming home after a long ride, I order Tô to bring me tea: cha arimaska? He answers arimas, and soon the refreshing beverage is on my table."

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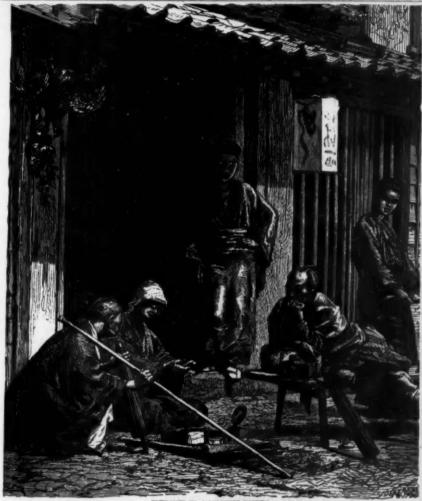
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M. Humbert unites with many American residents of Yokohama in testifying to the kind and friendly character of the common



ENTRANCE TO A JAPANESE TAVERN

people of Japan. The fishing population of the port invariably accosted him with a pleasant greeting; the children brought him shells, and the women were always ready to show, and explain as best they could, the edible qualities of the various marine monsters which they collected in their baskets. In walking about the country, he was often invited by the peasants to enter their dwellings, and was never allowed to leave without being offered a ricecake and a cup of tea. They took pleasure in showing their garden-flowers, often plucking a few choice specimens for a bouquet, for which they always refused to accept any money.

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Among the country population, settled in the fertile valleys which border on the bay of Yedo, one often meets with men of a more vigorous race, whose appearance, although friendly, seems to denote a certain independence of character or of habits. They are the mountain Japanese,—the inhabitants of the Hakoni range, which runs southward, at right angles to the shore of the bay, or of the sides of the great isolated volcanic peak of Fusiyama. They come down to the plains, at range for the sale and delivery of lumber for ship-building; others for their stores of char

coal: others are concerned in transporting goods on pack-horses to the remoter regions; others again are employed as canal-boatmen, or enlist in a company of hunters. These men are also selected for the new regiments of national infantry, which are armed with European weapons.

Those parts of the mountain regions not traversed by the Tokaido—the great national highway between Yedo and Osacca—have not yet been visited by foreign travelers.



INHABITANT OF VEDO: WINTER COSTUME.

The Japanese of the plains relate wonderful stories of the industry and skill of the mountaineers; of their bridges, aqueducts, and roads; of the daring with which they scale almost inaccessible heights, and transport themselves in swinging baskets over the most

frightful depths.

The broad highway of the Tokaido passes near Yokohama, and strikes the coast at Kanagawa, on the opposite side of the harbor. When the traveler takes the land route to Yedo, he is obliged to accept the escort of a troop of mounted yakounins, or official guards. M. Humbert, on setting out for the capital, ordered the latter to await him at the river Lokgo, which is the official limit fixed for the excursions of the foreign residents of Yedo "We crossed to Kanain that direction. gawa," he says, "where our horses awaited us, and enjoyed one more hour of liberty in following at our ease the Tokaido. way was filled with two interminable files of travelers on foot, on horseback, in palanquins, and cangoes; those going to the capital taking, like us, the right side of the road, and those returning from it taking the left.

"A halt was made at the tea-house of Maneïa, which was all open, both the main building and the wings, to a crowd of comers and goers. The matting was entirely hidden by the groups of picturesque feasters; the rear wall was taken up with furnaces, steaming boilers, shelves of utensils and provisions; rapid waiters circulated on all sides, distributing with grace the lackered plates laden with tea, cups of saki, fried fish, cakes, and the fruits of the season. Before the door, seated on the broad, short benches of the inn, mechanics and coolies fanned themselves for refreshment, and women lighted their pipes at the common brazier. All at once a movement of horror takes place among the guests and the waiters; a detachment of police officers, escorting a criminal, make a halt for refresh-With all haste the two-sworded gentlemen are supplied with boiling tea or tepid saki, while the coolies, who carry the prisoner in a basket of woven bamboo without any apparent opening, deposit their burden on the ground, and with long pieces of crape begin to dry the sweat which trickles down their shoulder-blades. As to the prisoner, who may be espied doubled up within, with haggard eye and unkempt beard and hair, he will be shut up and tortured in the prisons of Yedo, to answer for the crimes of which he is accused in a placard suspended from the

It is a ride of twelve miles to the river

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Lokgo, which must be crossed in flat-boats. | On the opposite bank, the official escort awaits the visitor who approaches Yedo in a diplomatic character. The march is continued through villages included in the suburbs of the great capital, the tea-houses of which are crowded with gay companies of citizens and their families. A little further, and the limits of the municipality are reached. The highway now skirts the shore city proper. The Japanese government has

of the bay, resting on strong foundations of sunken stones, while, on the left, groves of pine and cypress surround, but do not entirely conceal, the place for executing crim-

After passing this gloomy spot, the stranger enters that suburb of Yedo which has the worst reputation, -Sinagawa, which commences two miles to the southward of the

adopted the strict rule that foreigners who come to Yedo, or who reside in that city, shall not pass through Sinagawa except by daylight and accompanied by a strong escort. This is not because the permanent population of the suburb is at all dangerous; for it is chiefly composed of boatmen, fishers, and laborers. But these latter inhabit the cabins along the strand, while both sides of the Tokaido are bordered by the very worst kind of taverns and tea-houses. There the same scum of society may be found as in the great cities of Europe and America, and besides, a very dangerous class of vagabonds, peculiar to Japan. These are the lonins, unemployed officers, belonging to the



SOLDIER OF THE TYCOON

caste of the Samouraïs, who have therefore the privilege of carrying two sabres. They resemble the class of hired bravos which belonged to Venice during the reign of the

Doges.

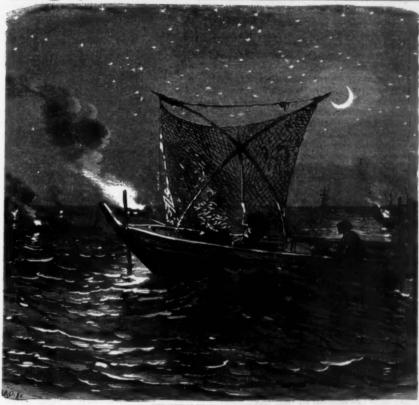
The southern part of the city, in which the foreign legations are established, contains eight districts, occupying all the space be-tween the evil suburb of Sinagawa on the south, and the outer moat of the Tycoon's castle on the north, the bay forming the eastern boundary. All these districts are essentially plebeian in their character. even contain a large agricultural population, occupied with the cultivation of the adjacent kitchen-gardens and rice-fields. A few seignorial residences interrupt, with the monotonous lines of their long white-washed walls. the uniformity of the wooden dwelling-houses. The temples, and the residences of the priests. are scattered everywhere; and certain of them. with their out-buildings and gardens, have been appropriated by the government to the use of the foreign legations.

"According to a Japanese proverb," says M. Humbert, "one must live in Yedo in order to be happy. If this be true, happiness is not easily attained by Europeans living in Japan. At the time of my visit, only the diplomatic agents enjoyed the right of residing in the capital of the Tycoon; and two or three years' experience of the conditions attached to the exercise of this privilege had led all of them to decide to transfer their real domiciles to Yokohama. They gave the impression of having been treated at Yedo very much like prisoners of distinction, free to go and come within a certain radius, and watched by day and by night with the most unwearied solicitude." This was in 1863 and 1864, during the height of the troubles which culminated in the subsequent overthrow of the Tycoons. Since the Mikado has assumed the political power, and the feudal princes have acquiesced in the policy of intercourse with the world, residence in Yedo has become much more unrestrained and agreeable.

M. Humbert, nevertheless, managed to conciliate his guards and evade the restrictions which the government attempted to impose upon him, to such an extent that he succeeded in exploring almost every quarter of the capital, and in observing, much more thoroughly than any previous resident had done, the habits of all classes of the population. Our space will only allow us to give a few passages from his work. "No unwalled city," he says, "presents a more inhospitable

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PIRE-PIRHING IN THE BAY OF VEDO.

appearance than Yedo, when seen from the bay. It resembles an immense park, the entrance to which is prohibited. The richly wooded hills are dotted with chalets and old temples with enormous wooden roofs; at their feet extend long streets of wooden houses and some buildings with white walls; but along the whole great stretch of the arc of shore, from Sinagawa to the landing-place, nothing can be distinguished which answers to our notions of quays, port, or embarkation. Everywhere there are walls, boarded inclosures, palisades; no jetties, steps, or anything whatever which seems to invite a landing."

He gives the following picture of the streets in the neighborhood of the old temples inhabited by the foreign ministers: "From morning until night, the low streets and quays of Takanawa are crowded with people. The stable population of the quarter seemed to me to have no other in-

dustry except to raise, in one manner or another, a light tribute from those arriving and departing. Here, tobacco is cut and sold; there, rice is hulled and made into cakes; everywhere saki is to be had, tea, dried fish, watermelons, an infinite variety of cheap fruits and other comestibles, spread on tables in the open air, or under sheds and on the shelves of innumerable restaurants. In all directions coolies, boatmen, and bearers of cangoes offer their services. some lateral streets, stalls may be hired for pack-horses and stables for the buffaloes which bring to market the products of the surrounding country. They are harnessed to small rustic carts, the only wheeled vehicles which one sees in Yedo.

"The singers, the dancers, the wandering jugglers who come to try their success in the capital, make their first appearance at the doors of the tea-houses in this quarter. Among the singers there are those who

form a privileged class, but subjected to a certain supervision by the police. They may be known by their large flat hats, thrown back from the temples; they always go in pairs, or in fours when two dancers accom-

pany the two singers.

"The favorite jugglers at the street-corners of Yedo are young boys, who, before commencing their tricks, conceal their heads in large hoods, surmounted by a tuft of cock's feathers and a small scarlet mask, representing the muzzle of a dog. These poor children, in bending and curving themselves, one upon the other, to the monotonous sound of the tambourine of their conductor, present the appearance of a really grotesque and fantastic struggle between two animals, with monstrous heads and human limbs.

"Behind our monastic hills we found a population entirely sedentary, occupied, within their dwellings, in various manual labors. The work-shops were announced, at a distance, by significant signs,—sometimes a board cut in the form of a sandal, sometimes an enormous umbrella of waxed paper, spread open, like an awning, over the shop; or a quantity of straw hats, of all sizes, dangling from the peak of the roof down to the door. We also see, in passing, the armorers and polishers, busy in mounting coats of mail, iron war-fans,

and sabers."

As the stranger advances northwards, towards the heart of the city, the streets gradually become deserted. Vast quarters are taken up with the residences of the feudal princes, who are obliged to pass the half of every year at Yedo; and as each residence, with its adjoining barracks and gardens, is inclosed by a massive outer wall, this part of the capital resembles a solitude. But from the hill of Atagosa-Yama, occupied by Buddhist temples and monasteries, there is a view of all the southern part of Yedo, and northward as far as the great walls surrounding the

"The immensity of the Japanese capital," says M. Humbert, "produces a strange impression. The imagination as well as the vision is fatigued in hovering over that boundless agglomeration of human dwellings, all of which, great or little, are marked by the same stamp of uniformity. Each one of our old European cities has its distinctive physiognomy, strongly indicated by the monuments of different ages, and uniting to grand artistic effects the austere charm of ancient memories. But at Yedo all things are of the same epoch and in the same style: everything rests on a single fact, on a single political circum-

castle of the Tycoon.

stance—the foundation of the dynasty of the Tycoons. Yedo is a wholly modern city, which seems to be waiting for its history and its monuments.

"Even the residence of the Tycoon, viewed from a distance, offers nothing remarkable except its dimensions, its vast circuit of terraces supported by enormous walls of granite, its parks of magnificent shade, and its moats resembling quiet lakes, where flocks of aquatic birds freely sport in the water. which chiefly strikes the mind within the inclosures, is the grand scale to which everything is conformed: walls, avenues of trees, canals, portals, guard-houses, and dwellings of The exquisite neatness of the the retainers. squares and avenues, the profound silence which reigns around the buildings, the noble simplicity of those constructions of cedarwood upon marble basements,-all combine to produce a solemn effect, and to provoke those impressions of majesty, mystery, and fear, which despotism needs in order to support its prestige.

"The first great line of defense of the castle is surrounded with water, except on the western side, where it communicates with the adjoining quarter of the city by the paradeground belonging to the Tycoon. Ten arched wooden bridges are thrown across the broad moats. A strong detachment of the Tycoon's troops occupied the guard-house attached to the one which we crossed. The common soldiers are mountaineers of Akoni, who are allowed to return to their homes after a service of two or three years. Their uniform, of blue cotton, consists of close-fitting pantaloons, and a shirt something like that of the Garibaldians. They wear cotton socks and leathern sandals, and a large saber with a lackered scabbard is thrust through the gir-The cartridge-box and bayonet are worn suspended on the right side. A pointed hat of lackered paper completes their ac-

couterment, but they only put it on when mounting guard or going to drill."

The district of Nipon-bassi, or the bridge of Nipon, which is in the heart of the city, contains seventy-eight large blocks of houses, each of which is almost the exact model of the other. These are the dwellings and shops of the bourgeoisie, the untitled middle-class of Yedo. Navigable canals surround this long parallelogram on the four sides, and fifteen bridges give it communication with the other parts of the city. The houses of the citizens, not less than the palaces, do not vary from the same type of architecture. They are simple structures of wood, but two stories

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in height, the upper one having a balcony looking upon the street, and a low roof covered with slate-colored

Here the streets swarm with the liveliest and most varied life. Shops of all kinds succeed each other, and before each there is always a group of chattering customers. Shoes, hats, clothing, furniture, utensils, are offered for sale; barbers ply their trade, and the tea-houses and restaurants are conveniently at hand for those who need refreshments. There is in Yedo an enormous consumption of shell-fish. Oysters are abundant and fleshy, though not very delicate; but the Japanese have no way of opening them except to break the upper shell with a stone. Near the central bridge is the great fish-market. The canals are covered with boats, which bring fresh sea-fish and the product of the rivers, the fish of the polar currents and those of the equatorial stream, turtles of the bay of Nipon, formless polypi and fantastic crustacæa. Siebold counted in this market-place seventy different varieties

of fish, crabs, and mollusks, and twenty-six kinds of oysters, clams, and mussels.

The stalls near the landing-place are always besieged by purveyors who come to purchase fish at auction. Amid the tumultuous throngs vigorous arms are seen lifting the heavy baskets and emptying them into the lackered boxes of the coolies; from time to time the crowd gives way to let two coolies pass, carrying a porpoise, a dolphin, or a shark suspended by cords to a bamboo across their shoulders. order to supply the great demand, not only for fish and shell-fish, but also for edible seaweed, the fishermen, who form a low caste of the population, are incessantly employed. The bay of Yedo is almost as lively by night as by day, for the boats then go forth to engage in fire-fishing. Each bark bears at its prow a kind of grating, wherein they burn reeds and tar. Sometimes the boats form an immense semicircle, which produces at a distance the effect of a quay sparkling with thousands of

Of all the great cities of the world, Yedo is one of the most favored by nature in regard to situation, climate, richness of vegetation and abundance of running water. It is located at the mouths of two rivers, one of which, the Ogawa, has a breadth of about a thousand feet, dividing the main part of the city, including



TORTOISE-CHARMER.

the castle and the aristocratic quarters, from the plebeian portion, called the Hondjo. The former covers the undulating ground between the canals and smaller streams, rising in the manner of an amphitheater towards its encircling suburbs; while the Hondjo is scattered over a low plain which stretches eastward for many miles. Basins with locks, ponds, moats, and a complete network of navigable canals connect the natural courses of the rivers, and carry to the heart of the city proper, as well as to all parts of the Hondjo, the movements of commerce and life throughout the immense capital.

The Japanese are naturally an industrious people; yet their domestic habits are so simple and-except on festive occasions-so inexpensive, that they are able to indulge in regular Visits to the tea-houses, many of recreation. which provide musical entertainments for their guests, to the theaters and circuses, family pic-nics, excursions into the country, are constantly enjoyed by all classes of society. There are also permanent fairs,-great open spaces in the suburbs, filled with booths and gay with banners, which are crowded from one year's end to another. Here venders of toys, books, and patent medicines line the sidewalks; giants, dwarfs, and mountebanks of every variety allure the curious spectator, and the inevita-

ble restaurant supplies its tea, fish, and rice-"At the fair of Asaksa," says M. Humbert, "in addition to the performances of jugglers of all kinds, there are collections of animals which have been taught to perform tricks-bears of Yeso, spaniels which are valuable in proportion to their ugliness, educated monkeys and goats: live birds and fish are also displayed in great quantities. But the most astonishing patience is manifested by an old Corean boatman who has trained a dozen tortoises, large and small, employing no other means to direct them than his songs and the sound of a small metal drum. They march in line, execute various evolutions, and conclude by climbing upon a low table, the larger ones forming of their own accord a bridge for the smaller, to whom the feat would otherwise be impossible. When they have all mounted they dispose themselves in three or four piles, like so many plates."

All these pictures of life in the Japanese capital are as new as they are curious, and they have the charm, which the older narratives of travel in Japan must always lack, of being sketched freely and fully, with the privilege enjoyed by a foreign visitor under an entirely new state of affairs. Indeed, the more recent descriptions of Yedo have been more

or less confused, for a city covering twentyfive square miles and containing nearly two millions of people cannot be seen during a few excursions on horseback. As in the case of Peking, various imaginary splendors have been lost in gaining a more familiar knowledge. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous temples and gilded palaces have shrunk into long, low, fantastic masses of buildings; the pageantry of government and religion has become common-place and grotesque; but on the other hand the industry and art of the people, their character and capacity for progress have been elevated in our eyes, and their domestic and civil life proves to be far more rich, varied, and interesting than we had ever fancied.

It is fortunate that such careful and picturesque relations are given to us at a time when the rapid changes in the structure of Japanese government are initiating corresponding changes in society. Native steamships already navigate the inner sea; railroads and telegraph lines will soon follow, and there is already a proposition for a far more important step,—that of substituting the Roman alphabet for the cumbrous and difficult native characters. We shall soon have a new Japan, wherein the old will speedily pass away

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THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

WHITHER away, Robin,
Whither away?

Is it through envy of the maple-leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?

The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest:
Whither away?

Whither away, Blue-bird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the Spring?
Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?

Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest?
Not one short day?

Wilt thou—as if thou human wert—go forth
And wanton far from them who love thee best?

Whither away?

PICTURES FROM THE PLAINS.



AN INDIAN BOAT-RACE.

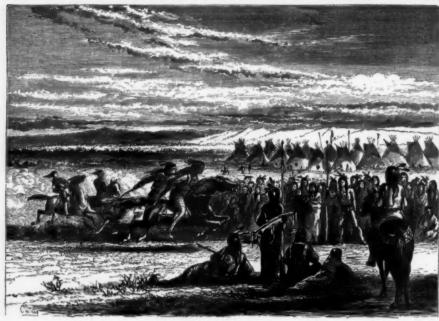
The Indians, the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, are now subjected to so many influences unfavorable for their preservation, that their disappearance will be arithmetically progressive. A very few years indeed will suffice to destroy the integrity of the largest and most powerful tribes, and they will thus melt away, their vices will be forgotten, and their good traits (which, for savages, were superior to those exhibited by any other primitive people) will become the theme of praise through the pen of the historian and poet.

The Sioux and Crow tribes, among the most powerful on the plains, have always considered the beautiful valley of the Yellowstone River their positive property, given to them by the Great Spirit as their hunting-grounds. All the rich prairies which line the tributaries of the Missouri are famous for their vegetable productions; and wherever nature is thus rich, are to be found in the greatest abundance all wild game. The bull-berry, the plum, the surra-berry, the persimmon, and wild cherry, all grow in abundance on these Nature-blessed gardens; and the Indians not only live upon these fruits when they are in season, but dry and preserve them for winter's use.

This domestic work is attended to by the women alone; the warriors, mounted on their wild steeds and fed by the industry of their wives and children, attend only to sports of the chase, or the more fascinating business of war. The Indians admit of no partnerships or compromises in their hostile meetings, and when the Crows and the Sioux do meet, or rather have met in times past, battles have been fought of unparalleled ferocity, and deeds of heroic valor displayed of which there is now no record or tradition.

Without professing to give consecutive incidents of Indian life, we propose to present a few vivid sketches which will give some inkling of scenes on "the frontiers," where nature, unrestricted by civilization, still has almost supreme sway.

Among all the Indians of the plains, horseracing is a favorite sport. The more intelligent tribes have traditions relating to the circumstance of the "Great Spirit" conferring the horse upon them as a mark of approval for their courage. The time when this happened is not attempted to be definitely stated; but that they did not always have their favorite steed, is clearly admitted. It is beyond doubt



HORSE-RACING ON THE PLAINS.

true, that the conquest of Mexico introduced the horse into the American continent. caping from his master after the fortune of battle, the horse found a natural home on the great plains which stretch from the base of the heights of Montezuma's palace in an unbroken level to the shores of the Red River, which empties into the Mississippi. They soon became so plentiful that they were eventually possessed by the Indians in droves of hundreds and thousands, and were scarcely of any appreciable value. They were always used, however, by the red man more for ornament and pleasure, and the pomp of war, than for useful purposes. It was, and is still, no uncommon sight in Indian caravans to see dogs harnessed to heavy loads, and women carrying great bundles on their shoulders, while the horses, if not ridden by the warriors, follow in long lines, unemployed, in the rear.

The Indian Apollo and his wild horse make up a splendid sight. The race, in all of its qualities and characteristics, gives the Indian a sense of absolute intoxication, and when he adds to these elements the additional stimulus of being admired by the warriors of his tribe, and possibly winning some great prize, if a conqueror, his aspirations for earthly happiness rise no higher.

California, as it is now known, was, under Spanish rule, a great field for Jesuit missions. Through the training of the priests, the native population possessed a certain degree of civili-Their passion for war seemed to be entirely destroyed, but they became so abject and seemingly dispirited, that they were at best a most wretched and pitiable race of beings, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for their spiritual guides. When Mexico passed from the iron rule of Spain, the missions of California became disorganized; and when the country came under the authority of the United States, they were found to be in more or less ruin.

Among the priests who deplored this state of things was one Father Gavaza, an Italian by birth, of remarkable personal presence, and a face so peculiar that it inspired a sort of awe from the Christian and savage alike. This man, thirty-five years ago, had just become comfortably situated at San Francisco, and was busily engaged in training up the aboriginal population, when the revolution which made Mexico an independent country interfered with his plans. Disgusted, but not disheartened, he bade adieu to his beloved field of labor, and starting alone into the heart of the great North American continent, resolved never to rest until, in some isolated waste,

away from all outside influences, he could find a native people whom he could train for heaven in accordance with his views

and inspirations.

After long wanderings, he finally reached what is now known as Washington Territory, and here he settled, conciliating the savage bands with which he was surrounded by deeds of charity, sacrifice, and humiliation. Never offending the people with whom he cast his lot, acting the part of a physician, going with the warriors on their hunts, and finally mastering their language, he at last accomplished the ambition of his heart, by establishing what is now becoming known as the "Condelane mission."

The people of this mission were chosen from the least favorable specimens of the aboriginal character—roving bands of

Flat-heads. Yet in the course of time he has brought hundreds of these degraded savages into a settled community, the members of which have given up war, and obtain their livelihood by cultivating the field and raising He has erected a little chapel, which the Indians in the immediate vicinity attend morning and evening, being brought together by the ringing of a bell. The walls of this church, dedicated to religion, and so strangely isolated from the Christian world, are handsomely decorated with pictures of rare value, sent from Rome, as evidences of the Pope's especial approval of Father Gavaza's zeal and success. One of the gratifying evidences of the influence of this mission is shown by the fact that chiefs of roving bands of savages

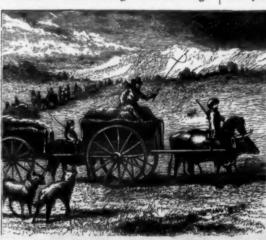


CONTRIANT MISSION.

have often sought Father Gavaza's advice with regard to contemplated warlike expeditions, and have been induced to give up their bloody forays through the earnestly expressed desire of this remarkable man. But his greatest triumph is in the effect he has wrought upon the Indian women. They have, through his teachings, learned something of the palefaces' estimation of the sanctity of the marriage tie; and while they submit patiently to the customs of their own people, they have compelled the white hunter to go with them hundreds of miles to reach the little chapel of Condelane, where Father Gavaza could pronounce his blessing upon the marriage ceremony. The Indian maiden thus blessed triumphantly tells the less fortunate of her sex:

"Me no wife now for a few moons; me wife always." In the course of time, when the star of empire shall have shed its refulgent rays into the solitudes where Father Gavaza has labored so earnestly and so long, his fame will shine brightly, and what he has accomplished by love and self-sacrifice will shame the cruel policy which has encouraged the red man in contracting the faults of civilization, and then destroyed him from the face of the earth.

Pembina, conventionally located in Dakota Territory, is situated on the line of Canada West and the extremest northern part of Minnesota, on the Red River of the North, which flows into Lake Winnipeg, far above the sources of the great river Mississippi. The inhabitants in the town and im-



PROPER OF PERSONA AND THEIR OX-CARTS.

VOL. III .- 10

mediate vicinity number some eight or ten thousand people, principally half-breeds, a cross of the Chippewa Indians, the white traders, the employés of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the refugees and outcasts of all nations, who, for a century or more, have found an asylum in the great northern wilderness. These people, who are really citizens of the United States, and living on American soil, have been left under the care of the British or Canadian government. They dislike their masters, and are at this very time struggling to free themselves from the yoke that rests so heavily upon their shoulders. Under the Constitutional Amendment, here is an immense voting population, which must sooner or later be added to the permanent residents of Minnesota and Dakota Territory; and it may not be uninteresting to the general reader to know, that, however unpromising the early history and origin of these people have been, they are now peaceable, and industriously disposed.

Their habits of life are nomadic, and the government is patriarchal. Although they cultivate the earth, and have settled villages, still they rely mainly for subsistence upon the great annual hunts, which take place in the early part of July and late in October. On these occasions they spend many weeks on the great plains of Dakota Territory, catching and killing buffalo for their meat and skins. A moving caravan of these people sometimes takes with it two or three thousand

small carts—made entirely of wood, without a piece of iron about them—which are drawn by oxen, harnessed in a neat and practical manner. In these foraging expeditions the Pembinas meet the bloody Sioux and the treacherous Crees, with whom they often have long and bloody contests. The Indians vainly struggle to maintain their supremacy on these richly provided hunting-grounds.

These Pembinas, while traveling, carry with them their priests and the discipline of a good government, so that they are never without wholesome laws, and the influence of religious instruction. For the purposes of good order they are divided into bands, which divisions are under specially appointed offi-At night their ox-carts are disposed of in a circle, within which they place their cattle and property, and if attacked when thus arranged, they fight from behind the walls of an extemporized fortification. The future of these people and their final disposition as citizens of the United States will prove an interesting problem, and their characteristics and civilization will afford speculation for the philosopher and philanthropist.

The ancient fort of Walla-Walla is about thirty miles from the mining town of that name, on the Columbia River. It was built and owned for many years by the British Hudson's Bay Company, and was the important deposit for furs, and also for property which was to be eventually distributed to the hunters and friendly Indians attached to the

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OLD FORT WALLA-WALLA

service of the company. When Oregon became "disputed territory," the Hudson's Bay Company sold the establishment to John Jacob Astor, since which time it has gradually become a center of frontier civilization. The gold expresses coming from the Nezperces mines stop at this fort; it is also on the general route from the mines to San Francisco. Here are also a store, a post-office, and a hotel. The boats in the foreground, which are large, serviceable, and handsomely modeled, are cut from the trunks of the enormous trees which distinguish the forests of the Pacific They have reached the landing-place of the fort, from the upper waters of the Columbia, loaded with bales of buffalo robes, which are being borne on the

shoulders of the hunters within the protecting walls of this old place of refuge in the

far West.

The emigrants frequently indulge in practical jokes. They enliven the monotonous hours of their journeyings with this common-place wit as a relief probably to the dullness of their every-day life. They are fond of odd and characteristic names and designations, and some of the most fanciful and strange appellations are common to towns and streams that have been christened by these tame-wild people. A few years ago, two men made themselves conspicuous by painting in large letters on the sides of their wagon cover, "Pike's

Peak or bust!" In their haste to reach this, their newly discovered "Eldorado," they scorned the safety which was afforded by "the train," and traveled alone and on their "own hook." For days and weeks they escaped the dangers attending their folly, and passed unharmed from St. Paul's to far beyond Minnesota, even until they reached the "bloody ground of the Here they were surrounded, and cruelly and wantonly murdered; their bodies, which encased hearts of such foolish recklessness, were pinned by sharp arrows to their mother earth, and left to sunshine and storm.

Among civilized nations, the centers dedicated to the manufacture of warlike weapons are places of profound interest, where the mechanism, genius, and wealth of a nation are concentrated to produce engines of death. With the



"PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST."

Indians, this warlike propensity finds employment in less pretentious forms; but still it is with the savage as with his Christian brother—his best efforts at mechanical art are directed to the production of "things which kill." The Indian bow and arrow are the highest developments of their creative skill, and the arrow especially is deserving of consideration.

From the small branches of the dog-wood, or some other hard wood resembling birdseye-maple, simply with their knives and a flame of fire, they work out the shaft, which is smooth and almost as straight as a sunbeam. This done, by the aid of a piece of hoop-iron, sharpened upon a stone, they make a point,



MANUFACTURING ARROWS



THE SQUAWS' SCALP-DANCE.

which, with the feathers, is bound on the The next step is to ornament it, by means of pigments, with the national colors of the tribe, and to so mark the polished sides with lines, that the completed arrow, to the Indian's eye, is the very representative of the armorial bearings of his people. with his bow, and a quiver of these arrows, he will mount his favorite horse, and dashing into a drove of buffalo, he will drive these feathered messengers through the hard ribs of a veteran bull with such force that it will pass beyond, and make a second one bite the dust; and do this too against walled sides, which flatten the rifle bullet into a pellet that falls harmless to the ground.

The scalp-dance is one of the national ceremonies of the North American Indians; the symbol is a terrible evidence of the destruction of an enemy. While our correspondent was a guest of a band of the Crows, seven hundred in number, encamped on the banks of the "Quaking Asp," a small tributary of the Missouri, his entertainers were attacked by a band of those American Arabs-"the bloody Sioux"-supposed by their camping fires to be two thousand strong. The Sioux sought plunder rather than war, and taking advantage of their su-perior strength, they robbed their enemies of twelve hundred head of cattle and took them away without losing a scalp. Inflated with their success, the Sioux reached a convenient place on the plains, where they divided up their plunder; then the different bands, each taking its share, started homeward by separate routes. The Crows had out

their spies, and at the proper time they divided into two parties, and sweeping down upon the plunderers, successively attacked the isolated bands of the Sioux, and recaptured all their property,—taking besides, thirty-three scalps, and losing only seven of their own.

The exultation of the victors was extreme, and in the height of their enthusiasm they gave the scalps to the squaws, wives and relatives of the slain Crows. These bloody trophies were suspended on long poles and carried from lodge to lodge, the mourners chanting the virtues of the deceased and expatiating on their own sorrows. At given places they arranged themselves in two rows facing each other, and replied in a sort of response to each other's woes, while the musicians beat their drums with in-

creased vehemence. While this was going on, the women not especially interested in the funeral ceremonies continued their labors with stoical indifference,—those engaged in tanning and preparing buffalo robes for use scraping away at their work, apparently unconscious of the noise and confusion around them. In stoical indifference, or the affectation of it, there are no people superior to our North American Indians.

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The grizzly bear, if we except the buffalo, is the largest animal native to our continent, and was, fifty years ago, considered by the Indians of such superior prowess, that a warior who could grace his person with a necklace of grizzly-bear claws was honored by his tribe. But the gradual introduction of fire-



INTERVIEW WITH A GREEKLY.



INDIANS GAMBLING

arms has deprived the grizzly of much of his reputation of being dangerous, and he has finally taken his place as a sort of superior game, "to bag" which affords camp gossip for an hour. One of the queer characters who make an impression on the frontiers was a man who was utterly paralyzed at the sight of a hostile Indian, yet he would seek a contest with a grizzly bear, and fight one almost without weapons. One day, seeing a black speck on the plains, this man borrowed a spy-glass from one of his companions, and, having satisfied himself that a bear was approaching, he started out, rifle in hand, with more than his usual bravado, to have a tilt, which was carried on in sight of a numerous audience.

This hunter's manner of killing his victim was to approach boldly within ten paces, and when the animal, in accordance with his instinctive propensity, rose on his hind legs and assumed an attitude of defense, the hunter would bring his rifle to his shoulder, take quiet and sure aim at the hairless spot under the jaw, and send the ball through the

windpipe into the brain.

On this occasion the hunter, either from oversight or other cause, failed to promptly strip his rifle of its covering, and the consequence was, the bear seized the weapon in his mouth; the hunter, now fully roused to his danger, with great presence of mind managed to fire and mortally wound the bear, but in his death struggles he bent the rifle barrel into the form of a horseshoe, and then caught the hapless hunter in his gigantic arms and attempted to crush his head between his powerful jaws. By this time the traveling party came up, rescued the unhappy victim to sensational sport, and turned him over to the care of the squaws for hospital services.

The lasso is the most effective weapon, if used with skill, to conquer the grizzly. The animal, when on the defense, invariably rises on his hind legs and walks toward you, threatening vengeance with his exposed claws, shining teeth, and enraged eyes. At this moment the lasso is thrown with the precision of a rifle shot; the slip nooseend catches the extended paw or encircles the neck. The equestrian now secures the animal, and at a perfectly safe distance commences irritating the poor beast, jerking him forward and backward and otherwise tormenting

him until the infuriated creature rolls on the ground covered with sweat and foaming with The hunter finally manages to drag his victim to a stump of a tree, to which the animal is literally lashed, to be killed at leis-

A pleasant contrast to this dangerous amusement is the pursuit of the mountain sheep. This animal is one of the most timid on the approach of the hunter, but desperately brave in its efforts to escape. It is more active and daring in springing from precipice to precipice than the gazelle or antelope, and is rarely victimized except by the most cunning strategy.



THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.



GEORGE TICKNOR.

By a happy coincidence, shortly after the close of the last war with Great Britain, among the young Americans who went abroad to partake of the culture of Europe were two who were destined to play leading parts in organizing on a large scale two American libraries of different but necessary types, which, it may be hoped, will in due time approximate to the importance of similar institutions in Europe; and which have already done great service to American education as models and an encouragement for other libraries among us. These young men advanced together in the special culture which has associated their names with what is highest in American literature and bibliography; and in the library of the University of Göttingen they inhaled together the atmosphere of large masses of books.

One of these youths was the organizer of the Astor Library, and so far its founder that his persuasive power diverted him who supplied the money from his original purpose of rearing a costly monument to American civil glory. The venerable Doctor Cogswell still lives in his honored retirement at Cambridge, having left with the Astor Library, when he resigned the duties of the superintendency, a collection in bibliography of his own gathering, which must probably take the leading rank in this department among the similar collections of the country.

The other of these young men was the late George Ticknor, of Boston, who when he died,

in January last, left behind him the highest reputation for pure scholarship that, perhaps, an American ever acquired, and as the historian of Spanish Literature contributed one of the most solidly valuable works to a high department of letters which the present cen-tury has produced; and, in the biography of his friend Prescott, the historian, a memoir that may well claim a place among the most engaging of books. Mr. Ticknor lived to see, in the Public Library of the city of Boston, his cherished ideas of library usefulness well assured of permanent success; for the good offices of liberality which he had bestowed upon it have been an incentive to others, till the Library has found its surest safeguard in the favor in which it is held by the citizens for whose behoof it is maintained. Mr. Ticknor's will disclosed his continued interest in the institution. He left by it, and by the consent of his widow there became immediately available for its shelves, his entire collection of Spanish and Portuguese books and manuscripts, with their illustrative commentaries in other languages, which through many years. he had been collecting, not merely as a lover of books, but in pursuit of the paramount study of his life: and its four thousand volumes were at the same time hardly a quarter part of his entire private collection. bequest, with the fund accompanying it, places the Boston Library immeasurably in advancein this department of any other library in America, and perhaps ranks it with such. European libraries of this description as the rich collections of Holland House and the British Museum.

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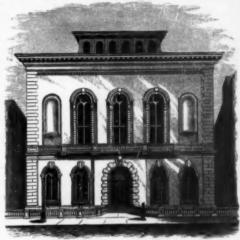
And this accumulation of volumes was not larger than the aggregate of Mr. Ticknor's previous benefactions, which had included a valuable series of the Italian classics, and a collection of books illustrative of the career and plays of Molière, which had been originally formed by Prescott, at a time before entering on his Spanish studies, when that historian had contemplated writing a life of the French dramatist.

These two friends, Ticknor and Cogswell, with kindred purposes, had yet differing ideasof the full significance of a public library, based in some degree upon the conditions amid which their respective efforts were to be exerted. The Astor Library preceded by a little the development of the Boston scheme, and it was planned upon a system in no essen-

pean libraries. Doctor Cogswell said of the system that was to prevail in Boston, that it might do for that city, but that in New York a library wherein such freedom was permitted would be dissipated by theft in a few years. Although the population of Boston is far less heterogeneous than that of New York, it is unquestionably true that the danger of administering a library with great freedom increases in a larger ratio than pertains to the growth of population or to the diversity of it. It has been proved at Boston, that by the thorough organization of a system of identifying borrowers, and tracing their migrations, even without guarantees of any sort, the losses to which a great public library is subjected can be kept down to an average of one volume in every seven or eight thousand which are delivered into borrowers' hands for use at home. If guaranties were required and bonds filed, judging from the experience of the free public libraries of England, the absolute uncompensated loss might, with a rigid enforcement of rules, be kept as low as one volume in every thirty or forty thousand so delivered. The difference is certainly very great; but the question at Boston has been, whether the immunity from loss is not sufficient, without diminishing the range of circulation, which would follow upon a demand for sureties. Pecuniarily the loss at Boston is so insignificant that in a money point of view the question of further protection will hardly be raised. Twenty-five or fifty dollars will probably cover the yearly loss of this description-a sum little to be thought of beside a total annual outlay of over seventy thousand dollars. It is extremely doubtful whether, with our American people. and especially since it was not made a part of the plan in the first actual experiment,—the English system of vouchers, repellant as in a certain degree it is to our national instincts, would work as well as it seems to have worked in England, and with little, if any, limitation to the range of usefulness.

tial differing from that of the great Euro-

The manner in which our libraries do suffer, and against which all cleverly devised checks fail in practice to afford the necessary protection, is in the abuse which the books receive. The habit is both thoughtless and wanton, and all that can be said in its extenuation is, that it is in full accordance with the undeniable recklessness with which our people treat all manner of property, and with the waste, which foreigners are so quick to discover in our habits, and so prone to follow and even



FRONT ON BOYLSTON STREET.

outdo in their own, when once they become habituated to it. It is sometimes said that a higher appreciation of literature will, as it comes to our busy people, bring with it a fonder care for the vehicles of it; but this, we suspect, will hardly succeed in prevailing, except as the national characteristics are changed. Culture is, in fact, wider spread with us than in England, and it is this rather than the larger number of individual instances of the highest culture (in which England excels us) that should yield a safeguard, if any is to be had at all.

It is held by Sir Redmond Barry, one of the Trustees of the Public Library of Melbourne, that in that new and flourishing country, whose characteristics are presumably not much unlike our own, they have found the true philosophy of library protection in the rule, that a manifest great respect on the part of the guardians will beget similar care in the users of the library. On this ground they furnished their rooms with sumptuous furniture and dressed their books in elegant bindings, and they claim that the care with which readers use both is commensurate with the condition in which they find them. There is doubtless much truth in all this, but the experiment will not be widely tried, since libraries are rarely possessed of a fuller treasury at their start than suffices for the purchase of the books they need in mere ordinary condi-Their circumstances are quite analogous to those of most tradesmen, who have neither the boldness nor capital to incur the immense outlay of indiscriminate advertising,



JOSHUA BATES.

which a few make the foundation of great success.

A certain confidence in this direction, however, has put this philosophy to the test at the Boston Library. Its main hall is a readingroom, lofty and imposing in its general effect; the floor of marble, the chairs, tables, and desks of black walnut, and the upholstery rich though simple. A careless use of pens, the snapping off of superfluities of ink, would

disfigure the furniture and stain the floor; and through fear of such results the use of those ordinary writing materials has been denied till within a few years past. Since, however, they have been furnished, it has been found that the untidy habits prevalent in other places have not been experienced, and the general elegance of the place has seemed to compel a corresponding neatness of habit.

A philosophy somewhat akin governs the dressing of the books in the lower department of the library, which are kept covered with paper; and the covers are so often renewed that some sixty thousand are required a year. Manufacturers have sometimes been surprised when they have offered samples of exceptionally stout paper, and have learned that a paper which will outlast cleanliness is not to be desired.

To return to the safeguards against theft in the borrowers. The true mean-

ing of the Boston policy is, that the Library and not the public guarantees the preservation of its property; and this guarantee is partly made good out of the delinquents themselves. The process is as follows: - the applicant for the right to use the Library gives his name, occupation, and residence, and, if required, the name of some one person who knows If the directory confirms his statements, he has his card at once; this failing, and there being no other ready means of verification, his application is sent to the local police of his section of the city, who report upon the case. Such is all the preliminary security, and the erring is on the side of insecurity rather than otherwise. The card-holder who borrows a book may keep it a fortnight, but after that time he is informed, through the mail, that he is incurring a fine of two cents a day; and if the book is not returned in another week, a messenger is sent, who exacts the fine and an additional penalty of twenty This is no hardship to those requiring longer use, since, on due request and for good reasons, an extended detention is allowed. It will be seen, that, if this system is thoroughly carried out, as it is, the property of the library is fully insured against loss, provided the borrower can be found, though at considerable expense; for on an annual circulation of 300,000 there will be some 18,000 post-notices and 500 messenger-notices, which cost for time, postage, paper, and printing no inconsiderable amount, and

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LOWER HALL DELIVERY BOOM

something in excess of the receipts from the fines.

The chief difficulty, of course, arises from the fact that the preliminary precautions of the registration are not enough to insure that the delinquent shall always be found when wanted; and Doctor Cogswell's reasoning is so far true, that if such cases occur in Boston to a troublesome degree, in a city like New York they must occur to an increased extent greatly disproportionate to the excess of population. Neglect to inform the Library of a change of residence, even without intention to defraud, will work trouble; though the books usually come back. It is where this neglect has been taken advantage of, or was devised for ulterior fraud, that the insurmountable trouble arises, when the delinquent has left behind him at his last abode no trace of his subsequent movement, and his referee, if he can be found, is as ignor-

ant as the Library is. It is some consolation, doubtless, that the delinquent, having once put himself on the black-list, comes to the Library ever after with great chance of detection, unless under an assumed name, which in turn is likely to lead to a discovery in the new preliminary investigation. chief satisfaction, however, arises from the fact, that, out of a circulation of some 300,000, less than forty cases occurred last year, or not one a week, where the trained messengers of the Library-adept in fathoming all devices of delinquents, for they have a certain likeness -are completely thrown off the scent. It must be borne in mind, however, that one year's results are not altogether the fruit of that year's activity on the part of the officers; for the public, after a series of years, become educated to understand that the obligations between them and the Library are mutual, and they are less prone to commit an error when there is a certainty of discovery and pursuit.

When, in 1852, Mr. Ticknor, as the organ of a provisionary board of Trustees, sketched out a scheme so at variance with what had been the practice in Europe, and thus far in this country, the way was not clear to a full realization of the project, which must be, in fact, the result of experiment. It was thought and said, that, with the exception of such well-known classes as the clergy and teachers, a pecuniary responsibility would have to be imposed; and when, just about the same time, the British Parliament was passing the Free-Libraries Act, and Manchester and Liverpool



LOWER HALL DELIVERY ROOM.*

were leading off in accepting it, this principle of individual guarantee was not only acquiesced in there, but was continued in force with manifest utility, and, as we have before said, with little or no manifest impediment to the libraries' usefulness.

In most respects Mr. Ticknor would have been considered among Bostonians as a conspicuous example of conservative aloofness; but from the start his views upon the policy of the Library were liberal even to radicalness, and Mr. Everett, prominent as he was as president of the Trustees, yielded to a faith in his friend's insight rather than to his own convictions, and to the day of his death was not convinced that the scheme had passed the stage of experimental trial, or had any ground for assured permanence, notwithstanding the Library had then had twelve years of unexampled prosperity, and through the devising brain and bibliographical attainments of the late Professor Jewett, its first Superintendent, had

^{*} The Indicator represented in this cut is an instrument for showing the public whether a book is at the moment on its shelf or lent out. Reversible pegs, bearing on each end the shelf-number of a book, when they present the white end, indicate the book to be in, and when the black end, to be out. When this instrument was planned, four years ago, it was thought to be a novel idea, but it was subsequently discovered that at Manchester, in England, the exigencies of administering their public library had led, eight years previously, to the invention of an instrument similar in purpose, but somewhat different in detail. It is now used in several American libraries.

emerged from obscurity and a narrow field of the commonest work into an institution of

extended reputation and usefulness.

The preliminary report of 1852 had, however, been taken in full confidence by another; -but before making this point, it were well to say that, like most dominating ideas, this one was the concentration and embodiment of many persons' notions, which for some years previously had been current in the community.

It first began to be felt that the small collection of books which had accumulated from one source and another at the City Hall could be made to assume something like dignified proportions, when Monsieur Vattemare was in this country seeking to effect international exchanges of books. It may not be generally known, that when John Quincy Adams was stricken down in his place in the House of Representatives at Washington, in 1848, he held in his hand and was about presenting a petition for the National Government to lend its countenance to the scheme of Monsieur Vattemare. This gentleman had already secured from the municipality of Paris and elsewhere a small collection of books for the city of Boston. To these had been added a collection of United States Documents, which, under fortuitous circumstances, the ever-vigi-

lant Colonel Force had lent his services in enabling Mr. Everett to gather during his public career at Washington, and whichsince increased by the care of Mr. Winthrop and the heirs of Josiah Quincy-now stands on the Library's shelves, and is thought to be the fullest documentary record of our history in existence. A retiring mayor of the city, the Hon. John P. Bigelow, had also paid over to a Library fund the value (\$1,000) of a service of plate which his friends had designed giving him; while his predecessor, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, junior, had already made an unaccepted offer of \$5,000, contingent upon the city's appropriating a similar amount.

After thus much had been done, the first definite constitution of the scheme came through the plan devised in the report to which we have made reference; and it found, as has already been intimated, a willing friend in an expatriated Boston boy, if his birth in a suburban town and his youth passed in Boston can entitle him to that designation. his early days in that commercial center he had known what it was not to have easy access to books, and to steal his enjoyment of them on winter evenings in the shops. At this time he was the head of the eminent banking house of Baring Brothers & Co., of

London. The City of Boston, seeking to negotiate a loan, had sent to this house sundry documents indicative of its prosperity, and among them this report of 1852. It attracted Mr. Bates's attention; and when he saw at the head of the appended names those of Mr. Everett and Mr. Ticknor, he felt sure that its management was in good hands, and at once proffered it \$50,000, which was accepted and funded. The city, thus made confident of a prosperous future for a library, erected a costly building, when Mr. Bates added to his benefactions by an offer to give another like sum for such books as Mr. Ticknor and the experts he employed might select, as the foundation of its upper department. These books and those to be bought with the income of his fund were to be of a "solid and permanent value;" and the same restrictions have usually been imposed by subsequent benefactors, who have now swelled the available invested funds of the Trustees to the even amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

But this had reference to but one



LOWER HALL LIBRARY.



READING-ROOM FOR PERIODICALS.

side of the great problem of a free public library; and that there was another side was where the scheme now contemplated differed from everything before matured, and from the contemporary experiment in New York. This difference was based upon the fact, recognized, we think, by all whose experience has led them to a knowledge of the matter at all-namely. by editors, librarians, lecturers, and other special observers—that the average intellectual taste and capacity of the great masses is very low. Mr. Galton, in his recent work on "Hereditary Genius," speaks of it as "ridiculously small," and further says that nineteen out of every twenty persons are not much removed from this average, either up or down. With this fact then staring them in the face, and with the restrictions upon expending the income of the endowments, it became very clear that, unless some money should be received from other sources, untrammeled by such restrictions, there could be no books for the masses of readers, except in the case of some obvious classics, good for all time and all people. Therefore, as it was to become a library of the people, and for the people, it was fitting that the people's money should pay for this part of the experiment; while for obvious convenience and facility of administration these most popular books should be kept separate; and hence the origin of what is known as the Lower Hall, in contradistinction to the Upper Hall (or Bates Hall, as it has been called since the death of Mr. Bates),—a distinction likewise preserved in the correlatives of the Lower Hall, namely, the Branches in remote sections of the city, a series of which has lately been begun.

The plan of supplying the people out of their own money with books naturally raised the question, whether they should be such as the people would read, or such as it were a thousand pities they would not read. We speak now of the great masses, and not of any exceptional sections, which under one influence or another may be brought to read, with very doubtful advantage, what they do not relish. Such a question as this-as long as people who are accustomed to think for others are so constituted that what is one man's preference is another man's abhorrence-will not be settled to everybody's acceptance. There are obvious arguments, convincing to either extreme, whether the policy be to duplicate profusely the

wordiest fiction—to use no harsher term just in proportion to the demand for it, or to reject all fiction, save, possibly, Scott and Miss Edgeworth, as Mr. Everett was inclined to do.

We must not now stop to discuss the value of fiction as a source of intellectual enjoyment or elevation, but merely to lay down a few fundamental rules, which the experience of public libraries of a popular sort affords:—

First. That the extent of circulation will depend, beyond a small margin,—if there be no local or special reasons to the contrary,—entirely upon the supply of fiction, and especially upon the duplicating of books of the hour.

Second. That the popular taste for fiction is low, and that it is third and fourth rate story-tellers, and not first-rate ones, that please the many.

Third. That the masses will only read persistently what they like to read; and that the frequenters of a library will drop off just in proportion to the rigidity of the censorship of their taste, manifest in the selection of new books.

Fourth. That the self-educating power of the mind is more likely to lead readers out of the ruts of common novel-reading than any deprivation of the power to gratify an inherent love of fiction, which deprivation despoils the habit of reading one of its most potent in-

Fifth. That the highest efforts of literature cannot be enjoyed, even by the better class of minds, except in moments when all the influences are favorable; and that it is folly to expect such books to be read by the masses, who never experience such happy inspiration.

Sixth. That intellectual enjoyment and elevation are comparative, and what is exhilarating and even ennobling to a low grade of intellect may be mean to a much higher standard; and, conversely, that what is ennobling to the higher will be arrant nonsense to a very

low grade.

Seventh. That a library is well selected if adapted to all classes of its natural readers, and will make readers as well as elevate them, while the demand for the lighter books is met to such an extent as is possible without abridging the rights of those who may desire a more solid literature, or who may grow to desire

such

The spirit of this final section may be said to be that which has governed the administration of the Boston Public Library, particularly in its popular department. It has never been lost sight of that, through a library, the people are reached both directly and indirectly,-directly by their own reading, and indirectly by the reading and study of those who are the purveyors of the ideas on which the people live, -the clergy, teachers, and authors of every kind. Hence, it has been a great point that a system of purchasing such books as were actually inquired for should be conducted in a more liberal manner than is done else-The Bates Hall collection had originally been formed with great care, for, while at the Astor Library, Doctor Cogswell rarely went outside his own excellent judgment in the selection of books, at Boston a variety of proficients and experts in all departments of learning were called upon to give their assistance; and accordingly it is doubtful if ever 50,000 volumes (which, including Mr. Bates's 25,000, constituted the basis of the Bates Hall collection) were selected with more discrimination, or combined more of what is desirable in a general collection. Thus far expert testimony ruled supreme; but thereafter the absolute wants of the users were to supplement, to any extent which such users might compel, the choice of its officers in the purchase of books; and this was in good

measure on the ground that even a secondrate book read would do more service than a first-rate one not read. The officers were not, indeed, to remit their judgment, but if the funds did not admit the purchase of both theirs and the users' choice, the one actually asked for should be furnished first. As, in the administration of a library, the difficulty is usually not so much to amass books as to get them read when amassed, so it was proved that the public must be educated not only to read but to make their wants known. For nearly twenty years this liberal policy has been pursued, with almost no check put upon the buying of every book recommended, save in a very few instances of viciousness, and an occasional exception because of the great cost; and yet it was twelve years before the average number of titles recommended yearly rose much above 200, and this was the case notwithstanding persistent efforts and many devices to get the frequenters of the Library to express their wants more freely. But the desired alacrity came at last. Four years ago, the number of titles rose to 546, and for the last three years there has been an average of over 1,200 titles; and these do not include the requests for duplicates in the popular department, which are met independently. It is not easy to see how the facilities of a growing library can be more satisfactorily adjusted to the wants of a community. There are many books asked for which it is of course difficult to get, and some unattainable except at long intervals; and it is not reasonably to be expected that the student can derive from so recent a gathering anything like the satisfaction which awaits him in the reading-room of the British Museum, or in others of the great European libraries. But here is the next best thing—a willingness and promptness to do all that the circumstances warrant, with agents in all the principal book-marts of the world ready, without pay, to do his bidding.

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The Public Library of the city of Boston, then, seems to be administered on the broad plan of meeting every expectation of the community, with no denial of individual desires that is not demanded for the good of the whole; and, fortunate in having the confidence of the citizens and the favor of the guardians of the municipal treasury, it is in receipt of such an annual income that there is practically little abridgment to be imposed

in meeting the wants of any person.

MISS MARIGOLD'S THANKSGIVING.

M. MARIGOLD.—That was all the sign said, but in the window there were a box of plumes, half a dozen rolls of ribbon, and two standard frames, upholding, in modest display, the one a satin, the other a velvet bonnet.

It is true the window was small, and the light a good deal cut off by the shop of Pinkham Sisters, adjoining Miss Marigold's, and built further out into the street; the plumes were a little thin and faded, the colors of the ribbons were not arranged so as to harmonize into any very happy effect, and the bonnets could not be said to have much of an "air," but, such as they were, they told the story and invited customers in. And when once in, there was something about Miss Mary Marigold that made them pretty sure to buy, if the stock at all approached what they wanted.

But the stock was so small that it often failed to do so; that was the very trouble in Miss Marigold's business, and one that was constantly reflecting its difficulty back upon itself, so that the occasions when she heard the tinkle of the little bell at the door, and put down her work to come in from the back room only to say that she hadn't what was wanted, or that she hadn't it in just that shade, or precisely the width, outnumbered her sales a good many times, and were rather discour-

aging to the customers. But not in the least so to Miss Mary Marigold. She said good afternoon, and what an unusually pleasant day it was, and went back to her little room with just as bright a smile, and began humming just as serene a little tune as when she had made an extraordinary sale, or as if the trip hadn't given her lame knee a good deal of pain. And the customers went on to the larger shop that cut off Miss Marigold's light, really regretting that they could not have bought of her. The old patrons knew very well what it was they preferred in Miss Marigold, but, further than her

smile, the new ones would have found it difficult to tell, for she hardly talked at all; while at the next door one of the Pinkham Sisters not only talked a great deal, but the other maintained a position she was known to have held for years,—just one pace and a half behind her sister's right elbow, on the next breadth in the carpet,—and repeated every word she said in a voice pitched just one key higher.

But this morning Miss Marigold was neither making sales in the front shop nor repairing bonnets in the little sitting-room behind; she had been having a wonderful time brushing up the rather ancient carpet of the smaller room, and watering her clove pink, and just now she seemed to be giving her whole attention to something at the little table that stood on a certain seam in the carpet where was drawn, in Miss Marigold's imagination, the dividing line between kitchen and sitting-room.

It was Thanksgiving morning, and as it is quite a matter to get dinner properly even for one, Miss Marigold wished to have it well under way before she dressed for church, so that she might neither be late nor disturbed in her mind during the services.

The poet says:

"The mind of man doth move amazing quick;"



WHAT MISS MARICOLD RENEMBERED.



"SUCH CHANGES!" SHE SAID AT LAST.

and though like most poets he made no allowance in his rhythm for that of woman, Miss Marigold's, the instant she placed the little saucepan on the table, repassed the space of all the years since her girlhood: those days so long gone by were like the very touch of things around her, and only the present seemed far away and dim. Such a stretching of the table to make room for the scattered ones come home; such handsome, hilarious brothers, grown so manly since the year before; such odors from the kitchen, and ranges of everything in the pantries, and such wandering of thoughts toward them before the seventy-five minute sermon in the church was done! Then there were the endless tricks and mischief of the brothers, and the sleigh-ride in the afternoon, and such doings in the evening as no pen could describe, and somebody else beside the brothers who was sure to come, and a sweet placid face, with folds of whiter muslin fastened underneath the chin, that smiled peace and benediction over all. The little saucepan was the talisman that had brought them back, and set Miss Marigold in their very midst again.

"Such changes!" she said at last, and wiped her eyes with a napkin scarcely whiter than the snowy table where it lay.

But it wasn't at all about the changes that Miss Marigold wanted the napkin; it was only on account of the onion she was peeling.

Perhaps another person would not have chosen that vegetable for their special treat; but Miss Marigold had naturally quite a weakness that way, and the one reasonable objection to them she considered quite removed by her solitary life. "So wonderful," she used to say to herself, "how one can find a bright side to everything in this world. Now if one must live quite alone, that to be sure gives a shadowy feeling now and then, but how perfectly one can enjoy an onion!" So she was smiling behind the napkin at the very moment she was wiping her eyes; and Miss Marigold had a superb set of teeth, though everything else about her had been growing very thin for a good many years.

"Such changes!" she went on, "and so wonderful, the way I have been carried through them all! So many mercies! Do be sure, Miss Marigold, that you get to church in good season, for certainly there is no one who has more to reflect upon to-day than you. And as you haven't much but your feelings to make thank-offerings with, you want

to be sure to get the stew well off your mind before you start. There, if you leave that just simmering, it will be done to a bubble when you get back; unless, indeed, the minister should be *more* than usually carried away by the occasion."

At this suggestion Miss Marigold looked thoughtfully into the saucepan a moment and shook her head.

"Well, you'll have to risk that," she said at last; "some things must be risked in this life. Now I do hope you are nearly ready. It would never do for a person like you to be late. So many mercies!"

In a few minutes more Miss Marigold set off, with her heart all in a glow, and her head in a rather unbecoming second-hand bonnet, which she had taken from a customer in payment for the work on a new one.

"Wonderful," she said to herself, every time she put it on, "how my wants are always met."

And in just one hour and a half she came back, limping a good deal, to be sure, but smiling radiantly, and finding that the stew was at the very point to put in the onion. That would need at least twenty minutes, so Miss Marigold sat down on the other side of the seam in the carpet, to enjoy a little season with a copy of Selections from Sacred Poets, bound in red morocco, one of the few tangible relics of the days her little hardware

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talisman had just now conjured from the past. The fragrance of the saucepan had hardly been pushed aside by the sweet savor she found in its pages when a knock was heard at the shop door. Miss Marigold was really startled. " So unusual on a legal holiday," she But when she opened it she found a no more terrifying object than the little servant girl of Pinkham Sisters, in a green calico dress with yellow spots, and very tight in the waist, to say that "the ladies sent their best compliments, and would Miss Marigold favor them by coming right away to take a very simple dinner?"

"Dear me!" said Miss Marigold, "such kindness! Of course I will, and be only too happy. Right way, yes indeed, and my best thanks to the ladies. So unexpected!"

"Wonderful," said Miss Marigold again, as she closed the door behind the messenger; for if the truth were to be told, at the very moment she opened the "Selections," a question altogether mundane was pressing upon her mind. Could she, by adding a little water to the stew, make it appear quite enough for two Otherwise, unless some customer should drop in in the morning, she did not quite see how she was to manage about the next day's marketing. The quarter's rent, always a rather heavy drain, had been paid the day before, and the one little piece of currency left from that had been dropped in the poor-box at the church. For certainly there was no one there more distinctly called upon; so wonderfully as she had always been carried through.

So she smiled more radiantly than before as she lifted the saucepan over to the stone shelf in the pantry to cool, and, withdrawing the onion, laid it on a plate by its side. Then one moment at the looking-glass on the other side of the seam, and she was ready. Not the bonnet this time; that had done very well for once, but a second time might disarrange her hair. So it was another relic. A hood, of a silk that had once been apple green,



"PINKHAM SISTERS."

close fitting on the inside, but puffed out with eider-down until it would, at first sight, give the impression that Miss Marigold's brain had become suddenly inflated by some tremendous enthusiasm, and that the first breath of encouragement from outside might carry her entirely away.

"I hope I have not come too soon," she said, as she stepped into the sitting-room of Pinkham Sisters, and was met by her hostesses standing in their usual relative positions, and arrayed in ancient brocades, with very full skirts and skimping sleeves, and wearing, the one a yellow, and the other a plum-colored bow of broad ribbon just over the thin spot on the top of the head. Pinkham and Pinkie, the customers called them if they wished to speak of them separately, for the sign said only "Pinkham Sisters;" and they never were known to use any more individual term in addressing each other.

"Not a minute," said Pinkham; "on the other hand, we really feel that we must apologize."

"Oh, not a minute," said Pinkie in the supersoprano; "yes, we really should apologize."

"The truth is, we felt such an anxiety

about the chicken, whether it was going to take a handsome brown."

"Such an anxiety," said Pinkie; "we were afraid it wasn't going to take a handsome brown."

"And then again, sister wasn't at all well yesterday; she could hardly raise her head from the pillow."

"Oh! no, could hardly raise my head from the pillow."

"But she's been brightening up every minute to-day, so we felt we must have the pleasure of sending for you."

"Oh, yes, brightening every minute to-day; we felt we must

have the pleasure."

"Well, I'm sure," said Miss Marigold, as her little head slipped out of the inflated hood, not a hair disturbed, "I'm so gratified—so *entirely* unexpected."

"Oh, don't speak of it," said Pinkham, while she waved the tight-waisted calico a majestic sign to place the chicken on the table; "the favor is altogether on one side. But still, don't you find it a little solitary on such occasions, Miss Marigold?"

"Altogether on one side," said Pinkie. "A little solitary?"

"Why, bless you, no," said Miss Marigold; "how could I? I'm so surrounded; so many mercies!"

"Well, it's a beautiful thing if you can say so, Miss Marigold. I only wish we all had the same spirit."

"Oh, a beautiful thing," said Pinkie; "I

only wish we could all say so."

The tight-waisted calico made Miss Pinkham a return signal from the corner of her eye, to the effect that the central orb of the occasion was successfully placed in its sphere; which was equivalent to saying that the whole prandial system was adjusted, for Miss Pinkham had with her own hands completed the arrangement of every minor satellite, moon, and ring, in its own mathematical relations, and on its own particular figure of the table-cloth, at the very instant Miss Marigold's knock was heard.

"Did you say dinner was ready? Ah, then, Miss Marigold, if you please, we will sit right down. I hope you find yourself with an appe-

tite after your walk to church."

"Yes, we'll sit right down," said Pinkie; "I hope you find yourself with an appetite."

"Dear me, yes," said Miss Marigold, and if her humility had not been so genuine, she would have felt almost embarrassed at the



MISS MARIGOLD'S STRANGE CUSTOMER.

contrast with her own little preparations left at home. The apartment also seemed so crowded with furniture, and there was no dividing seam in the carpet here; it was all sitting-room, and there were peacock's feathers over the looking-glass. And she saw under the corner of the cloth that the table was of shining mahogany. Then there were not only three kinds of pickles, but—six stalks of celery in a very tall tumbler; no onions, but the tight-waisted calico standing behind Miss Pinkham's chair, with a peacock-feather flybrush in one hand, and the other at liberty to remove the covers.

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But Pinkham Sisters were so affable that there seemed very little restraint after all, and Pinkham, when she had carved with dexterity, begged to know Miss Marigold's favorite part. Miss Marigold declared she had no favorite part; but after Pinkie had said with great freedom that she was never satisfied if she couldn't have a walker, and Pinkham had said she considered there was no portion equal for delicacy to the left wing, Miss Marigold got up courage to say that she had rather a weakness for the part that went over the fence last, although she always had some scruples about mentioning it. Then she ventured to speak of the table, and Pinkham said it was her mother's, and had eight

claw feet, and Miss Marigold said her mother had one with six claw feet, and after that she felt perfectly at her ease. So much so indeed that she began to tell them about the sermon, and its wonderful appropriateness to the day, though she lamented that her mind did not succeed in tracing it as accurately as she could have wished, and that she had found her thoughts sometimes wandering towards common mercies. But she knew the fault was her own; it could never have been with the subject; that was—The future glory of our country as contrasted with the present condition of the island of Zanzibar.

Meantime the tight-waisted calico, in obedience to various stately signals from Miss Pinkham, had passed one dish after another, but being a good deal crippled by the flybrush, accomplished it slowly, so that just as Miss Marigold pronounced the word "Zanzibar," she raised something to her mouth that she had not tasted before, and the tears rushed

violently to her eyes.

"A very affecting subject," said Pinkham, as Miss Marigold was forced to take out

her handkerchief quite suddenly.

"Oh, a very affecting subject," said Pinkie.

"Yes," said Miss Marigold, but her conscience would not allow any such little subterfuse, though innocently provided by another.

fuge, though innocently provided by another. "Yes," she repeated, "but it wasn't altogether the sermon; I'm afraid it was the pickle. So precisely like one my mother used to make, I have never met with it since. Such a reminiscence!"

"Ah!" said Miss Pinkham, "I consider there is nothing like a pickle for bringing up old associations. So pungent."

"Nothing like a pickle," said Pinkie; "so

very pungent."

"I really must beg your pardon," said Miss Marigold, putting up her handkerchief and smiling, quite herself again, "but it was so sudden; I was so entirely unprepared. Why, only this very morning I was thinking over all those things, and the changes that have come, and the more I thought, the more my heart seemed to sing. So wonderful the way I have always been carried through! So many mercies!"

The tight-waisted calico at another mysterious signal from Miss Pinkham now disappeared, and after an absence of at least five minutes, during which the Pinkham Sisters were evidently suffering from extreme nervous uneasiness, reappeared with a pudding much the size and shape of a very small cannon-ball, and of such evident importance that the flybrush had been laid aside, and both hands lent

to its triumphal entry. After this crisis was passed, an air of repose, which Miss Marigold wouldn't have quite liked to say she had missed before, stole over Pinkham Sisters, and everything went on more delightfully than ever; and when Miss Marigold had declared it wouldn't be physically possible for her to eat another piece of the pudding as large as a pea, Miss Pinkham proposed they should take their nuts and raisins over to the window, and hold their plates in their laps.

"I consider there is nothing," she said,
"that finishes a dinner with an air of more
ease and elegance, than taking your nut-plates
in your lap. It places one so entirely at
leisure, and at the same time allows one to

see all the passing."

"Oh, nothing!" said Pinkie; "so entirely at leisure, and one can see all the passing."

Miss Marigold said she should be delighted with any way that would allow her to eat them slowly, for she had really taken so much more than usual, and then she fell into great admiration of the three nut-plates, which Pinkham said were all that was left of her mother's wedding dinner-set, that had been ordered for her in China, one hundred and thirty pieces, and a different design on each. On Miss Marigold's crawled three large beetles with sharp cornered legs; Chinese architecture was illustrated on the next, and Miss Pinkham reserved for herself a club-footed mandarin prostrate before a lady of whom little could be seen but her fan. Then they all spread fringed napkins in their laps, and the tight-waisted calico brought a box of stilettos from the shop, of which they each took one, and after that Miss Marigold seemed irresistibly led to refer to the pickle again.

"I'm sure," she said, "I can't think how I should have been so overtaken. Of all days in the year to appear like an ungrateful, discontented person! Why, I was thinking this very morning, as I sat in church, I did not believe there was a soul there so called upon to give thanks. So many mercies!"

"And yet," said Pinkham, "you have seen

a great many changes."

"Oh, a great many changes," said Pinkie.
"Yes," said Miss Marigold, "but it is so wonderful the way I have always been carried through! Why, I can remember when there were so many of us, and not one of them would have believed I could ever take care of myself, and here I have never wanted for anything, and it's only my left knee that is lame, and this very morning I counted five

buds on my clove pink!" And a smile of

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ineffable sweetness gave the Miss Pinkhams

a glimpse of the superb teeth.

"Well," said Miss Pinkham, "that is a great deal to say, especially the five buds at this season. Still, Miss Marigold, if that were all, I'm afraid I shouldn't feel as thankful as you do."

"Oh, a great deal to say," said Pinkie, "but

I'm afraid I shouldn't."

"But it isn't all," said Miss Marigold, "not nearly; but I always feel such a delicacy in speaking of myself. So uninteresting to a stranger. But you know, dear friends," and her voice grew low, and a soft light shone in her eyes, "I am always looking for an inheritance, where we shall all be gathered home once more. All these mercies that I speak of are only a sprinkling by the way! And the way is so short, and it is so wonderful the way I am always carried along!"

"Well, it's a beautiful thing if you can feel so," said Miss Pinkham, "but it seems to me a very solitary way. I think of you a great deal, Miss Marigold, and I cannot feel that it is good for you. Now I consider that it is a terrible thing to be married, but if one had not one's sister to live with, I don't know but

I should even-"

"Oh, a terrible thing," said Pinkie, "but

I don't know but I should even-"

The light in Miss Marigold's eyes grew still softer, as, with a little knob of English walnut on the end of her stiletto, she gazed absently down at the beetles on the plate. "Some day," she said, "some day—but not here. It's so many years since he was lost."

"Now, you don't mean to say!" said Pink-

ham.

"No, you can never mean to say!" said

Pinkie.

"No," said Miss Marigold, "because I don't really know. Such uncertainty at sea, you know. I heard that he was, and I suppose it was true, though of course I would not believe it until I was forced. But it is wonderful how one can become reconciled. I felt so divided for a number of years; but you've no idea how natural it has seemed now for a good long while to be just myself and live by myself."

They all fell into silence for a few moments—there was something so awe-inspiring in having a real love affair to speak of.

"What should you say if he were to come back?—such things have happened," said Pinkham, suddenly, piercing a pecan-nut and Miss Marigold's composure at the same moment.

"Yes, what should you say if he were to

come back?" said Pinkie.

"Oh! dear me," cried poor little Miss Marigold, throwing up her hands with such a start as to shake several of her nut-shells down upon the carpet. "I should be so embarrassed I shouldn't know what to do. The i-dea of having a man about! Oh, dear me!"

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Pinkham,
"if you had not any one else. To be sure,
I should not think of such a thing myself;
but then if you had no one to speak to, week

in and week out-"

"Oh, I shouldn't think of such a thing myself," said Pinkie; "but then if you had no

one to speak to."

"Oh, dear me," said Miss Marigold again, "I should be so embarrassed!" But then, as old memories began to steal back, the tender light came into her eyes again, and she held her stiletto thoughtfully pointed into vacancy.

"He used to call me 'Marigold—Goldi-Mary,'" she said softly, "and I"—with a little laugh—"used to call him 'Jack-at-a-pinch,' because his name was Jack Pynchon, and because it teased him. I am sorry now that I

ever did, but it was so amusing!"

And then, as it flashed upon her that she was talking a great deal about herself, she changed the subject, with an air that did not admit of recurring to it; the tight-waisted calico took away their plates; they all took their knitting-work, and another hour passed very happily, until Miss Marigold declared she positively must go home. She was ashamed of herself that she had stayed so

ong.

"Dear friends," she said, as by a return to the inflated hood she became once more suddenly deformed, "you can't imagine what a pleasure this has been to me. So unexpected, and such social entertainment! And besides, I have really had such an appetite! Everything so delicious! Why, what do you think I was going to have at home? A poor little stew, with an onion! And now that will all be ready for to-morrow! But it is only a specimen of the way my wants are always met, so wonderful!" and a radiant smile, that irradiated itself again by bringing the superb teeth into view, made the little bit of face that could be seen out from the hood very beautiful.

But when she had slipped round the projecting corner of the shop, and into her own little back-room again, she could not tell why the words of Pinkham Sisters would press in

upon her mind so persistently.

"A little solitary?"
Almost an echo about the room. What did make it seem so? And there seemed so

little furniture, and the color of the carpet seemed very dim, and the top of the lookingglass had a sharp look for want of peacock feathers.

"It's only the sudden change," said Miss Marigold cheerily, "it will all come right in a few minutes; and I do believe that second bud has tipped out a little since morning."

She sat down in a low red-cushioned rocking-chair, on the sitting-room side of the seam. The twilight was falling, and she felt quiet after the unusual excitement of the day. More words of Pinkham Sisters began to press back, and the soft look began to gather in Miss Marigold's eyes once more. How close they were drawing again, those days so long gone by! Just as they had done in the morning, only with such a strange tenderness added in their touch. Miss Marigold closed her eyes and leaned her head upon her chair, as if she felt a caress. And so, as the twilight deepened, the present hour still more grew dim, and, as if the years between now and then were blotted out, Miss Marigold How soft seemed to herself a girl again. and delicate her cheek was; how rounded every outline of her form; how long, and soft, and golden her hair, and how lightly she breathed as some one bent over her and whispered many things.

"Jack! Jack-at-a-Pinch!" she said, and stretched out her hands into the dim light. Then starting up, she shook the red cushion

into shape again with a little spat.

"Why, this will never do!" she exclaimed; " do get a light, Miss Marigold, and find out the longitude of Zanzibar! So unintelligent!"

But just as she was taking the match in her hand, there came another knock at the shop door, and Miss Marigold was startled again.

" A second time!" she said. " So unusu-

al on such a day."

Nevertheless, seeing there was still a little glow of sunset on that side of the way, she ventured to step to the door and open it.

Not the tight-waisted calico this time, but a tall stranger, his face much concealed between his hat and a handsome curling beard of iron gray.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised the hat slightly. "I don't know that you attend to sales to-day; I don't know that I

ought to ask you.'

"Oh, yes, sir," said Miss Marigold, with her own smile, "if there is anything really required;" and between that moment and taking her place behind the counter, she had arranged in her own mind the whole account of how he had come in town with his wife for Thanksgiving, and how they either lived where they could not make purchases, or how some accident had befallen her hat since she came

The stranger hesitated a moment; but Miss Marigold was accustomed to see men do that, when they forgot the name of the article they were sent for.

"Handsome eyes," thought Miss Marigold, "very;" but what a strange thrill they gave her, and how steadily they gazed into her

"What is that in the window?" he said.

"Ribbon? That is what I want."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Marigold; "did she send a sample?" and she reached her hand half over the counter to receive it.

"No," said the stranger; "I'll take it all."

Then, seeing a startled look on her face, and reflecting that she might not like so sudden a diminution of her stock, he added, "Never mind. Give me any one of the pieces. And what are these? Feathers?"

Miss Marigold silently placed the box on the counter. Her little vision of the happy

Thanksgiving party had vanished.
"Oh dear!" she said to herself, "I'm afraid he is going to a masquerade!"

"I'll take these," said the stranger, "and
..." He looked about for some further purchases, and seeing nothing but rows of ... boxes, whose contents were past his divining, he turned his eyes towards the bonnets upon the frames, and added quietly, "One of

The masquerade became a nullity in Miss Marigold's mind, and the fearful thought of escape from the lunatic asylum was just ready to take its place, when the hat was suddenly lifted from over the eyes, the hands stretched toward her, and the very tones she had just been listening to in the red-cushioned chair cried, gently and lowly, "Marigold? Goldi-Mary!

What Miss Marigold felt or did then, she never knew; only in an instant he had pushed away the boxes, sprang across the counter, and lifted her over to the little chintz-covered sofa in the back room. Then she did not know anything for a little while, and when she opened her eyes the handsome face was bending over her. She reached out a hand and touched it. "Jack? Jack-at-a-Pinch!" and a smile such as Pinkham Sisters had never seen spread over her own.

That evening they were astonished in their turn by a knock at their door, and when they saw Miss Marigold come in, leaning on

a tall, strong arm, they experienced a shock that displaced Miss Pinkham's plum-colored bow so far as to reveal an edge of the thin spot, and Pinkie, for the first time in her life, was startled off her relative breadth in the

"Dear friends," said Miss Marigold, "I could not help coming to tell you. I knew

you would like to hear that Jack was not lost, after all; it was only I; and how he has found me again, and my cup runneth over, as it always has. So wonderful the way I am always led! So many mercies! And was ever anything so fortunate," she whispered in Pinkham's ear, "as the way I was preserved from eating that onion to-day!"

ESTHER WYNN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

My uncle, Joseph Norton, lived in a very old house. It was one of those many mansions in which that Father of all sleepers, George Washington, slept once for two nights. This, however, was before the house came into the possession of our family, and we seldom mentioned the fact.

The rooms were all square, and high: many of the walls were of solid wood, paneled from the floor to the ceiling, and with curious china tiles set in around the fire-places. In the room in which I always slept when I visited there, these wooden walls were of pale green; the tiles were of blue and white, and afforded me endless study and perplexity, being painted with a series of half-allegorical, half-historical, half-Scriptural representations which might well have puzzled an older head than mine. The parlors were white, with gold ornaments; the library was of solid oak, with mahogany wainscoting, and so were the two great central halls, upper and lower. The balustrade of the staircase was of apple-tree wood, more beautiful than all the rest, having fine red veins on its dark polished surface. These halls were lined with portraits of dead Nortons, men and women, who looked as much at home as if the grand old house had always borne their name. And well they might, for none of the owners who had gone before had been of so gentle blood as they; and now they would probably never be taken down from the walls, for my uncle had bought the house, and my uncle's son would inherit it; and it had never yet been known that a Norton of our branch of Nortons had lived wastefully or come to want.

My uncle had married very late in life: he was now a gray-haired man, with little children around his knee. It was said once in my presence, by some one who did not know I listened, that his heart had been broken when he was little more than a boy, by the faithlessness of a woman older than himself, and that he would never have married if he had not seen that another heart would be broken if he did not. Be that as it may, his bearing towards his wife was always of the most chivalrous and courteous devotion, so courteous as to perhaps confirm this interpretation of his marriage.

My aunt was an uninteresting woman, of whom one never thought if she were not in sight; but she had great strength of affection and much good sense in affairs. Her children loved her; her husband enjoyed the admirably ordered system of her management, and her house was a delightful one in which to visit. Although she did not contribute to the flavor of living, she never hindered or thwarted those who could. There was freedom in her presence, from the very fact that you forgot her, and she did not in the least object to being forgotten. Such people are of great use in the world, and create much comfort.

At the time when the strange incidents which I am about to tell occurred, she had been married twelve years, and had four children; three girls, Sarah, Hilda, and Agnes, and a baby boy, who had as yet no name. Sarah was called "Princess," and her real name was never heard. She was the oldest, and was my uncle's inseparable companion. She was a child of uncommon thoughtfulness and tenderness. The other two were simply healthy, happy little creatures, who gave no promise of being any more individual than

their serene, quiet mother. I was spending the winter in the family, and attending school, and between my uncle and me there had grown up an intimate and confidential friendship such as is very rarely seen between a man of fifty and a girl of fifteen. I understood him far better than his wife did; and his affection for me was so great and so caressing that he used often to say, laughingly, "Nell, my girl, you'll never have an-

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other lover like me!"

We were sitting at breakfast one morning when Princess came in, holding a small letter in her hand.

"Look, papa mia!" she said; "see this queer old letter I found on the cellar stairs. It looks as if it were a hundred years old."

My uncle glanced up, carelessly at first, but as soon as he saw the paper he stretched out his hand for it, and looked anxious and eager. It did indeed seem as if it were a hundred years old; yellow, crumpled, torn. It had been folded in the clumsy old way which was customary before the invention of envelopes; but the part of the page containing the address had been torn out. He read a few words, and the color mounted in his cheek.

"Where did you say you found it, Prin-

cess?" he said.

"On the cellar stairs, papa; I went down to find Fido, and he was playing with it."

"What is it, Joseph?" said Aunt Sarah, in tones a shade more eager than their wont.

"I do not know, my dear," replied my uncle; "it is very old," and he went on reading with a more and more sobered face.

"Robert," said he, turning to the waiter, "do you know where this paper could have come from? Have any old papers been carried down from the garret, to light the fire in the furnace?"

"No, sir," said Robert, "not that I know,

sir."

"There are whole barrels of old papers under the eaves in the garret," said Aunt Sarah; "I have always meant to have them burned up; I dare say this came out of one of them, in some way;" and she resumed her habitual expression of nonchalance.

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jo, folding up the paper and putting it in his vest pocket.

"I will look, after breakfast."

She glanced up, again surprised, and said,

"Why? is it of any importance?"

"Oh, no, no," said he hastily, with a shade of embarrassment in his voice, "it is only an old letter, but I thought there might be more from the same person."

"Who was it?" said Aunt Sarah, languidly.

"I don't know; only the first name is signed," said he evasively; and the placid lady asked no more. The children were busy with Fido, and breakfast went on, but I watched my uncle's face. I had never seen it look just as it looked then. What could that old yellow letter have been? My magnetic sympathy with my uncle told me that he was deeply moved.

At dinner-time my uncle was late, and Aunt Sarah said, with a little less than her usual dignity, "I never did see such a man as Mr. Norton, when he takes a notion in his head. He's been all the morning rummaging in clouds of dust in the garret, to find more of those old letters."

"Who wrote it, Auntie?" said I.

"Heaven knows," said she; "some woman or other, fifty years ago. He says her name was Esther."

"Did you read it?" I asked tremblingly. Already I felt a shrinking sense of regard for

the unknown Esther.

Aunt Sarah looked at me with almost amused surprise. "Read it, child? no, indeed! What do I care what that poor soul wrote half a century ago. But your uncle's half out of his head about her, and he's had all the servants up questioning them back and forth till they are nearly as mad as he is. Cook says she has found several of them on the cellar stairs in the last few weeks; but she saw they were so old she threw them into the fire, and never once looked at them; and when she said that, your uncle just groaned. I never did see such a man as he is when he gets a notion in his head,"—she repeated, hopelessly.

My uncle came in flushed and tired. Nothing was said about the letters till, just as dinner

was over, he said suddenly :-

"Robert, if you find any more of these old papers anywhere, bring them to me at once. And give orders to all the servants that no piece of old paper with writing on it is to be destroyed without my seeing it."

"Yes, sir," said Robert, without changing a muscle; but I saw that he too was of Mrs. Norton's opinion as to his master's oddity when he once got a notion in his head.

"Who was the lady, papa," said little Ag-

nes. "Did you know her?"

"My dear, the letter is as old as papa is himself," said he. "I think the lady died when papa was a little baby."

"Then what makes you care so much,

papa," persisted Agnes.

"I can't tell you, little one," said he, kissing her, and tossing her up in the air; but he looked at me.

In the early twilight that afternoon I found my uncle lying with closed eyes on the lounge in the library. He was very tired by his long forenoon's work in the garret. I sat down on the floor and stroked his dear old white hair.

"Pet," he said, without opening his eyes, "that letter had the whole soul of a woman in it."

"I thought so, dear," said I, "by your face."

After a long interval he said: "I could not find a word more of her writing; I might have known I should not;" and again, after a still longer silence, "Would you like to read it, Nell?"

"I am not sure, Uncle Jo," I said. "It seems hardly right. I think she would not so much mind your having it, because you are a man; but another woman! no, uncle dear, I think the letter belongs to you."

"Oh, you true woman-hearted darling," he said, kissing me; "but some day I think I shall want you to read it with me. She would not mind your reading it if she knew you as I do."

Just then Aunt Sarah came into the room,

and we said no more.

Several days passed by, and the mysterious letter was forgotten by everybody except my

uncle and me.

One bitterly cold night we were sitting around a blazing coal fire in the library. It was very late. Aunt Sarah was asleep in her chair; my uncle was reading. Suddenly the door opened and Robert came in, bringing a letter on his little silver tray: it was past eleven o'clock; the evening mail had been brought in long before.

"Why, what is that, Robert?" said Uncle

Jo, starting up a little alarmed.

"One of them old letters, sir," replied Robert; "I just got it on the cellar stairs,

My uncle took the letter hastily. Robert still stood as if he had more to say; and his honest, blank face looked stupefied with per-

"If you please, sir," he began, "it's the queerest thing ever I saw. That letter's been put on them stairs, sir, within the last

five minutes."

"Why, Robert, what do you mean?" said

my uncle, thoroughly excited.

"Oh dear," groaned Aunt Sarah, creeping out of her nap and chair, "if you are going into another catechism about those old letters, I am going to bed;" and she left the room, not staying long enough to understand that this was a new mystery, and not a vain rediscussing of the old one.

It seems that Robert had been down cellar to see that the furnace fire was in order for the night. As soon as he reached the top of the stairs, in coming up, he remembered that he had not turned the outside damper prop-

erly, and went back to do it.

"I wasn't gone three minutes, sir, and when I came back there lay the letter, a right side up, square in the middle of the stairs; and I'd take my Bible oath, sir, as twan't there when I went down."

"Who was in the hall when you went down, Robert?" said my uncle sternly.

"Nobody, sir. Every servant in the house had gone to bed, except Jane" (my aunt's maid), "and she was going up the stairs over my head, sir, when I first went down into the cellar. I know she was, sir, for she called through the stairs to me, and she says, 'Master'll hear you, Robert.' You see, sir, Jane and me didn't know as it was so late, and we was frightened when we heard the

clock strike half-past eleven."

"That will do, Robert," said Uncle Jo. "You can go," and Robert disappeared, re-lieved but puzzled. There seemed no poslieved but puzzled. sible explanation of the appearance of the letter there and then, except that hands had placed it there during the brief interval of Robert's being in the cellar. There were no human hands in the house which could have done it. Was a restless ghost wandering there, bent on betraying poor Esther's secrets to strangers? What did it, what could it mean?

"Will you read this one with me, Nell?" said my uncle, turning it over reverently and

"No," I said, "but I will watch you read it;" and I sat down on the floor at his feet.

The letter was very short; he read it twice without speaking; and then said, in an unsteady voice: "This is an earlier letter than the other, I think. This is a joyous one; poor Esther! I believe I know her whole story. But the mystery is inexplicable! I would take down these walls if I thought I could get at the secret."

Long past midnight we sat and talked it all over; and racked our brains in vain to invent any theory to account for the appearance of the letters on that cellar stairway. My uncle's tender interest in the poor dead Esther was fast being overshadowed by the

perplexing mystery.

A few days after this, Mary the cook found another of the letters when she first went down-stairs in the morning, and Robert placed it by my uncle's plate, with the rest of his mail. It was the most singular one of all, for there was not a word of writing in it that could be read. It was a foreign letter; some fragments of the faded old stamps were still hanging where the address had been cut out, on the back. The first page looked as if it had been written over with some sort of sympathetic ink; but not a word could be deciphered. Folded in a small piece of the thinnest of paper was a mouldy and crumbling flower, of a dull-brown color; on the paper was written :-

"Pomegranate blossom, from Jaffa," and a few lines of poetry, of which we could make

out only here and there a word.

Even Aunt Sarah was thoroughly aroused and excited now. Robert had been into the cellar very late on the previous night, and was sure that at that time no papers were on the stairs.

"I never go down them stairs, sir," said Robert, "without looking—and listening too," he added under his breath, with a furtive look back at the cook, who was standing in the second doorway of the butler's pantry. The truth was, Robert had been afraid of the cellar ever since the finding of the second letter. And all the servants shared his uneasiness.

Between eleven at night and seven the next morning, this mute ghostly waif from Palestine, with the half-century old dust of a pomegranate flower in its keeping, had come up that dark stairway. It appeared now that the letters were always found on the fourth stair from the top. This fact had not before been elicited, but there seemed little doubt about it. Even little Princess said—

"Yes, papa, I am sure that the one I found was on that stair; for I now remember Fido came up with only just one or two bounds to the top, as soon as he saw me."

We were very sober. The little children chattered on; it meant nothing to them, this breath from such a far past. But to hearts old enough to comprehend, there was something infinitely sad and suggestive in it. I already felt, though I had not read one word of her writing, that I loved the woman called Esther; as for my uncle, his very face was becoming changed by the thought of her, and the mystery of the appearance of the letters. He began to be annoyed also; for the servants were growing suspicious, and unwilling to go into the cellar. Mary the cook declared that on the morning when she found this last letter, something white brushed by her at the foot of the stairs; and Robert said that he had for a long time heard strange sounds from that staircase late at night.

Just after this, my aunt went away for a visit; and several days passed without any further discoveries on the stairs. My uncle and I spent long hours in talking over the mystery, and he urged me to read, or to let him read to me, the two letters he had.

"Pet," he said, "I will tell you something. One reason they move me so is, that they are strangely like words written by a woman whom I knew thirty years ago. I did not believe two such women had been on the earth."

I kissed his hand when he said this; yet a strange unwillingness to read Esther's letters withheld me. I felt that he had right, and I had not. But the end of the mystery was near. And it was revealed, as it ought to have been, to my uncle himself.

One night I was awaked out of my first sleep by a very cautious tap at my door, and my uncle's voice, saying—

"Nell—Nell, are you awake?" I sprang to the door instantly.

"O uncle, are you ill?" (My aunt had not yet returned.)

"No, pet." But I want you down stairs. Dress yourself and come down into the library."

My hands trembled with excitement as I dressed. Yet I was not afraid; I knew that it was in some way connected with "Esther," though my uncle had not mentioned her name.

I found him sitting before the library table, which was literally covered with old letters, such as we had before seen.

"O uncle!" I gasped as soon as I saw

"Yes, dear! I have got them all. There was no ghost!"

Then he told me in few words what had happened. It seemed that he had gone down himself into the cellar, partly to satisfy himself that all was right with the furnace, partly with a vague hope of finding another of the letters. He had found nothing, had examined the furnace, locked the door at the head of the cellar stairs, and gone up to his bed-room. While he was undressing, a strange impulse seized him to go back once more, and see whether it might not happen to him as it had to Robert, to find a letter on returning after a few moments interval.

He threw on his wrapper, took a candle, and went down. The first thing he saw, on opening the door, which he had himself locked only five minutes before, was a letter lying on the same fourth stair!

"I confess, Nell," said he, "for a minute I felt as frightened as black Bob. But I sat down on the upper step, and resolved not to go away till I had discovered how that letter came there, if I stayed till daylight!"

Nearly an hour passed, he said; the cold wind from the cellar blew up and swayed the candle-flame to and fro. All sorts of strange sounds seemed to grow louder and louder, and still he sat, gazing helplessly in a sort of despair at that motionless letter, which he had not lifted from the stair. At last, purely by accident, he looked up to the staircase over head—the front stairs, down which had just come from his room. He jumped to his feet! There, way up among the

dark cobwebbed shadows, he thought he saw something white. He held up the candle. It was, yes, it was a tiny corner of white paper wedged in a crack; by standing on the beam at the side he could just reach it. He touched it,—pulled it;—it came out slowly,—another of Esther's letters. They were hid in the upper staircase! The boards had been worn and jarred a little away from each other, and the letters were gradually shaken through the opening; some heavier or quicker step than usual giving always the final impetus to a letter which had been for days slowly working down towards the fated outlet.

Stealthily as any burglar he had crept about his own house, had taken up the whole of the front staircase carpet, and had with trouble pried off one board of the stair in which the letters were hid. There had been a spring, he found, but it was rusted and would not slide. He had carefully replaced the carpet, carried the letters into the library, and come for me; it was now half-past one o'clock at

night.

Dear, blessed Uncle Jo! I am an old woman now. Good men and strong men have given me love, and have shown me of their love for others; but never, no, never did I feel myself so in the living presence of incarnate love as I did that night, sitting with my white-haired uncle, face to face with the faded records of the love of Esther Wynn.

It was only from one note that we discovered her last name. This was written in the early days of her acquaintance with her lover, and while she was apparently little more than a child. It was evident that at first the relation was more like one of pupil and master. For some time the letters all commenced scrupulously "my dear friend," or "my most beloved friend." It was not until years had passed that the master became the lover; we fancied, Uncle Jo and I, as we went reverently over the beautiful pages, that Esther had grown and developed more and more, until she was the teacher, the helper, the inspirer. We felt sure, though we could not tell how, that she was the stronger of the two; that she moved and lived habitually on a higher plane; that she yearned often to lift up the man she loved to the freer heights on which her soul led its glorified existence.

It was strange how little we gathered which could give clue to her actual history or to his. The letters were almost never dated with the name of the place, only with the day and year, many of them with only the day. There was an absolute dearth of allusions to

persons; it was as if these two had lived in a separate world of their own. When persons were mentioned at all, it was only by initial. It was plain that some cruel, inexorable bar separated her from the man she loved; a bar never alluded to,—whose nature we could only guess,—but one which her strong and pure nature felt itself free to triumph over in spirit, however submissive the external life

might seem.

Their relation had lasted for many years; so many, that that fact alone seemed a holy seal and testimony to the purity and immortality of the bond which united them. Esther must have been a middle-aged woman when, as the saddened letters sadly revealed, her health failed and she was ordered by the physicians to go to Europe. The first letter which my uncle had read, the one which Princess found, was the letter in which she bade farewell to her lover. There was no record after that; only two letters which had come from abroad; one was the one that I have mentioned, which contained the pomegranate blossom from Jaffa, and a little poem which, after long hours of labor, Uncle Jo and I succeeded in deciphering. The other had two flowers in it-an Edelweiss which looked as white and pure and immortal as if it had come from Alpine snows only the day before; and a little crimson flower of the amaranth species, which was wrapped by itself, and marked "From Bethlehem of Judea." only other words in this letter were, "I am better, darling, but I cannot write yet."

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It was evident that there had been the deepest intellectual sympathy between them. Closely and fervently and passionately as their hearts must have loved, the letters were never, from first to last, simply lovers' letters. Keen interchange of comment and analysis, full revelation of strongly marked individual life, constant mutual stimulus to mental growth there must have been between these two. We were inclined to think, from the exquisitely phrased sentences and rare fancies in the letters, and from the graceful movement of some of the little poems, that Esther must have had ambition as a writer. And then, again, she seemed so wholly, simply, passionately a woman, to love and be loved, that all thought of anything else in her nature or

life seemed incongruous.

"Oh," groaned Uncle Jo, after reading one of the most glowing letters, "oh, was there really ever in any other man's arms but mine a woman who could say such things as these between kisses? O Nell, Nell, thank God that you haven't the dower of such a double fire in your veins as Esther had!"

All night we sat reading, and reading, and reading. When the great clock in the hall struck six, we started like guilty persons.

"Oh, my childie," said Uncle Jo, "how wrong this has been in me! Poor little pale face, go to bed now, and remember, I forbid you to go to school to-day; and I forbid your getting up until noon. I promise you I will not look at another letter. I will lock them all up till to-morrow evening, and then we

will finish them."

I obeyed him silently. I was too exhausted to speak; but I was also too excited to sleep. Until noon I lay wide awake on the bed, in my darkened room, living over Esther Wynn's life, marveling at the inexplicable revelation of it which had been put into our hands, and wondering, until the uncertainty seemed almost anguish, what was that end which we could never know. Did she die in the Holy Land? or did she come home well and strong? and did her lover die some day, leaving his secret treasure of letters behind him, and poor stricken Esther to go to her grave in fear lest unfriendly hands might have gained possession of her heart's records? Was he a married man, and had the wife whom he did not love paced up and down and up and down for years over these dumb witnesses to that of which she had never dreamed? The man himself, when he came to die, did he writhe, thinking of those silent, eloquent, precious letters which he must leave to time and chance to destroy or protect? Did they carry him, dead, down the very stairs on which he had so often knelt unseen and wafted kisses towards the hidden Esther?

All these conjectures and questions, and thousands more, hurried in wild confusion through my brain. In vain I closed my eyes, in vain I pressed my hands on their lids; countless faces, dark, light, beautiful, plain, happy, sad, threatening, imploring, seemed dancing in the air around my bed, and

saying, "Esther, Esther!"

We knew she was fair; for there was in one of the letters a tiny curl of pale brown hair; but we believed from many expressions of hers that she had no beauty. Oh, if I could but have known how she looked!

At last I fell asleep, and slept heavily until after dark. This refreshed my overwrought nerves, and when at nine.o'clock in the evening I joined my uncle in the library, I was calmer than he.

We said very few words. I sat on his knee, with one arm around his neck, and hand in

hand we reverently lifted the frail, trembling sheets.

We learned nothing new; in fact, almost any one of the letters was a rounded revelation of Esther's nature, and of the great love she bore—and there was little more to learn. There were more than a hundred of the letters, and they embraced a period of fifteen years. We arranged them in piles, each year by itself; for some years there were only two or three; we wondered whether during those years they had lived near each other, and so had not written, or whether the letters had been destroyed. When the last letter was laid where it belonged, we looked at each other in silence, and we both sighed.

Uncle Jo spoke first.

"Childie, what shall we do with them?"

"I do not know, uncle," I said. "I should feel very guilty if we did not make sure that no one else read them. I should feel very guilty myself, except that I have read them with you. They seem to me to belong to you, somehow."

Uncle Jo kissed me, and we were silent again. Then he said, "There is but one way to make sure that no human being will ever read them—that is, to burn them; but it is as hard for me to do it as if they had been written to me."

"Could you not put them back in the stair,

and nail it up firmly?" said I.

It was a stormy night. The wind was blowing hard, and sleet and snow driving against the windows. At this instant a terrible gust rattled the icy branches of the syringa-bushes against the window, with a noise like the click of musketry, and above the howling of the wind there came a strange sound which sounded like a voice crying, "Burn, burn!"

Uncle Jo and I both heard it, and both sprang to our feet, white with a nervous terror. In a second he recovered himself, and said, laughing, "Pet, we are both a good deal shaken by this business. But I do think it will be safer to burn the letters. Poor, poor Esther. I hope she is safe with her lover now."

"Oh, do you doubt it?" said I; "I do

not."

"No," said he, "I do not, either. Thank

God!"

"Uncle Jo," said I, "do you think Esther would mind if I copied a few of these letters, and two or three of the poems? I so want to have them that it seems to me I cannot give them up; I love her so, I think she would be willing."

The storm suddenly died away, and the

painful silence around us was almost as startling as the fierce gust had been before. I took it as an omen that Esther did not refuse my wish, and I selected the four letters which I most desired to keep. I took also the pomegranate blossom, and the Edelweiss, and the crimson Amaranth from Bethlehem.

"I think Esther would rather that these

should not be burned," I said.

"Yes; I think so too," replied Uncle Jo. Then we laid the rest upon the fire. generous hickory logs seemed to open their arms to them. In a few seconds great panting streams of fire leaped up and rushed out of our sight, bearing with them all that was perishable of Esther Wynn's letters. Just as the crackling shadowy shapes were falling apart and turning black, my uncle sprang to an Indian cabinet which stood near, and seizing a little box of incense-powder which had been brought from China by his brother, he shook a few grains of it into the fire. pale, fragrant film rose slowly in coiling wreaths and clouds and hid the last moments of the burning of the letters. When the incense smoke cleared away, nothing could be seen on the hearth but the bright hickory coals in their bed of white ashes.

"I shall make every effort," said Uncle Jo, "to find out who lived in this house during those years. I presume I can, by old records

somewhere."

"Oh, uncle," I said, "don't. I think they would rather we did not know any

more."

"You sweet woman child!" he exclaimed.
"You are right. Your instinct is truer than mine. I am only a man, after all! I will never try to learn who it was that Esther loved."

"I am very glad," he added, "that this happened when your Aunt Sarah was away. It would have been a great weariness and annoyance to her to have read these letters."

Dear, courteous Uncle Jo! I respected his chivalrous little artifice of speech, and tried to look as if I believed he would have carried the letters to his wife if she had been there.

"And I think, dear," he hesitatingly proceeded, "we would better not speak of this. It will be one sacred little secret that you and your old uncle will keep. As no more letters will be found on the stairs, the whole thing will be soon forgotten."

"Oh yes, uncle," replied I; "of course it would be terrible to tell. It isn't our secret, you know; it is dear Esther Wynn's."

I do not know why it was that I locked up those four letters of Esther Wynn's, and did

not look at them for many months. I felt very guilty in keeping them; but a power I could not resist seemed to paralyze my very hand when I thought of opening the box in which they were. At last, long after I had left Uncle Jo's house, I took them out one day, and in the quiet and warmth of a summer noon I copied them slowly, carefully, word for word. Then I hid the originals in my bosom, and walked alone, without telling any one whither I was going, to a wild spot I knew several miles away, where a little mountain stream came foaming and dashing down through a narrow gorge to empty into our broad and placid river. I sat down on a mossy granite boulder, and slowly tore the letters into minutest fragments. One by one I tossed the white and tiny shreds into the swift water, and watched them as far as I could see them. The brook lifted them and tossed them over and over, lodged them in mossy crevices, or on tree roots, then swept them all up and whirled them away in dark depths of the current from which they would never more come to the surface. It was a place which Esther would have loved, and I wondered, as I sat there hour after hour, whether it were really improbable—of course it was not impossible—that she knew just then what I was doing for her. I wondered, also, as I had often wondered before, if it might not have been by Esther's will that the sacred hoard of letters, which had lain undiscovered for so many years, should fall at last into the tender, chivalrous hands of my Uncle Jo. It was certainly a strange thing that on the stormy night which I have described, when we were discussing what should be done with the letters, both Uncle Jo and I should have at the same instant fancied we heard the words "Burn, burn!"

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The following letter is the earliest one which I copied. It is the one which Robert found so late at night and brought to us in the library:—

"FRIDAY EVE.

"SWEETEST—It is very light in my room tonight. The full moon and the thought of you! I see to write, but you would forbid me—you who would see only the moonlight, and not the other. Oh, my darling! my dar-

"I have been all day in fields and on edges of woods. I have never seen just such a day: a June sun, and a September wind; clover and butter-cups under foot, and a sparkling October sky over head. I think the earth enjoyed it as a sort of masquerading frolic. The breeze was so strong that it took the

butterflies half off their air-legs, and they fairly reeled about in the sun. As for me, I sat here and there, on hillocks and stones, among ferns, and white cornels, and honeybees, and bobolinks. I was the only still thing in the fields. I waited so long in each spot, that it was like being transplanted when I moved myself to the north or the south. And I discovered a few things in each country in which I lived. For one thing, I observed that the little busy bee is not busy all the while; that he does a great amount of aimless, idle snuffing and tasting of all sorts of things besides flowers; especially he indulges in a running accompaniment of gymnastics among the grass-stalks, which cannot possibly have anything to do with honey. I watched one fellow to-day through a series of positive trapèze movements from top to bottom and bottom to top of a grass-tangle. When he got through he shook himself, and smoothed off his legs exactly as the circus-men do. he took a long pull at a clover well.

"Ah, the clover! Dearest! you should have seen how it swung to-day. The stupidest person in the world could not have helped thinking that it kept time to invisible band-playing, and was trying to catch hold of the butter-cups. I lay down at full length and looked off through the stems, and then I saw for the first time how close they were, and that they constantly swayed and touched, and sometimes locked fast together for a second. Stately as a minuet it looked, but joyous and loving and passionate as the wildest waltz I ever danced in your arms, my darling. Oh, how dare we presume to be so sure that the flowers are not glad as we are glad! On such a day as to-day I never doubt it; and I pick one as reverently and hesitatingly as I would ask the Queen of the Fairies home to tea if I met her in a wood.

"Laughing, are you, darling? Yes, I know it. Poor soul! You cannot help being a man, I suppose. Nor would I have you help it, my great, strong, glorious one! How I adore the things which you do, which I could not do. Oh, my sweet master! Never fear that I do you less reverence than I should. All the same, I lie back on my ferny hillock, and look you in the eye, and ask you what you think would become of you if you had no little one of my kind to bring you honey! And when I say this—you—ah, my darling, now there are tears in my eyes, and the moonlight grows dim. I cannot bear the thinking what you would do when I said those words! Good night! Perhaps in my sleep I will say them again, and you will be there

to answer. In the morning I shall write out for you to-day's clover song.
"Your Own."

The clover song was not in the letter. We found it afterward on a small piece of paper, so worn and broken in the folds that we knew it must have been carried for months in a pocket-book.

A SONG OF CLOVER. I wonder what the clover thinks?-Intimate friend of Bob-o-links, Lover of Daisies slim and white Waltzer with butter-cups at night: Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees, Serving to them wine dregs and lees, Left by the Royal Humming-Birds, Who sip and pay with fine-spun words; Fellow with all the lowliest. Peer of the gayest and the best; Comrade of winds, beloved of sun, Kissed by the Dew-Drops, one by one; Prophet of Good Luck mystery By sign of four which few may see; Symbol of Nature's magic zone, One out of three, and three in one; Emblem of comfort in the speech Which poor men's babies early reach; Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by sills, Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills, Sweet in its white, sweet in its red, Oh, half its sweet cannot be said; Sweet in its every living breath, Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death!
Oh, who knows what the Clover thinks? No one! unless the Bob-o-links!

The lines which were written on the paper enclosing the pomegranate flower from Jaffa we deciphered with great trouble. The last verse we were not quite sure about, for there had been erasures. But I think we were right finally.

"Pomegranate blossom!" Heart of fire I I dare to be thy death,
To slay thee while the summer sun Is quickening thy breath;
To rob the autumn of thy wine;
Next year of all ripe seeds of thine,
That thou mayest bear one kiss of mine
To my dear love before my death.

For, Heart of fire, I too am robbed
Like thee! Like thee, I die,
While yet my summer sun of love
Is near, and warm, and high;
The autumn will run red with wine;
The autumn fruits will swing and shine;
But in that little grave of mine
I shall not see them where I lie.

Pomegranate blossom! Heart of fire!
This kiss, so slow, so sweet,
Thou bearest hence, can never lose
Even in death its heat.
Redder than autumns can run with wine,
Warmer than summer suns can shine,
Forever that dear love of mine
Shall find thy sacred hidden sweet!

The next letter which I copied was one written five years after the first; it is not so much a letter as an allegory, and so beautiful, so weird, that we wondered Esther did not set it to tune as a poem.

"SUNDAY MORNING.

"My Darling—Even this blazing September sun looks dull to me this morning. I have come from such a riotous dream. All last night I walked in a realm of such golden splendor, that I think even in our fullest noon I shall only see enough light to grope by for

days and days.

"I do not know how to tell you my dream. I think I must put it in shape of a story of two people; but you will know, darling, that in my dream it was you and I. And I honestly did dream it, sweet, every word just as I shall write it for you; only there are no words which so glow and light and blaze as did the chambers through which we walked. I had been reading about the wonderful gold mines of which every one is talking now, and this led to my dream.

"You can laugh if you like, sweet master mine, but I think it is all true, and I call it

"THE MINE OF GOLD.

"There is but one true mine of gold; and of it no man knows, and no woman, save those who go into it. Neither can they who go tell whether they sink into the earth's heart or are caught up into the chambers of the air, or led to the outer pavilions of the sea. Suddenly they perceive that all around, above, below them is gold: rocks of gold higher than they can see; caves whose depths are bright with gold; lakes of gold which is molten and leaps like fire, but in which flowers can be dipped and not wither; sands of gold, soft and pleasant to touch; innumerable shapes of all things beautiful, which wave and change, but only from gold to gold; air which shines and shimmers like refiner's gold; warmth which is like the glow of the red gold of Ophir; and everywhere golden silence!

"Hand in hand walk the two to whom it is given to enter here: of the gold, they may carry away only so much as can be hid in their bosoms; grains which are spilled, or are left on their garments, turn to ashes; only to each other may they speak of these mysteries; but all men perceive that they have riches, and that their faces shine as the faces

of angels.

"Suddenly it comes to pass that one day a golden path leads them farther than they have ever gone before, and into a vast chamber, too vast to be measured. Its walls, although they are of gold, are also like crystal. This is a mystery. Only three sides are walled. The fourth side is the opening of a gallery which stretches away and away, golden like a broad sunbeam: from out the distance comes the sound of rushing waters; however far they walk in that gallery, still the golden sunbeam stretches before them; still the sound of the waters is no nearer: and so would the sunbeam and the sound of the waters be forever, for they are Eternity.

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"But there is a fourth mystery. On the walls of crystal gold, on all sides, shine faces; not dead faces, not pictured faces; living faces—warm, smiling, reflected faces.

"Then it is revealed to the two who walk hand in hand that these are the faces of all who have ever entered in, as they, between the walls of crystal gold; flashing faces of the sons of God looking into eyes of earthly women;—these were the first; and after them, all in their generations, until to-day, the sons of men with the women they have loved. The men's faces smile; but the faces of the women have in them a joy greater than a smile.

"Presently the two who walk hand in hand see their own faces added to the others, with the same smile, the same joy; and it is revealed to them that these faces are immortal. Through all eternity they will beam on the walls of crystal gold; and those who have once looked on them can never more see in each other change or loss of beauty.

"If as they walk there, in the broad sunbeam, an angel meets them, bearing the tokens of a golden bowl that is broken and a silver cord that is unloosed, they follow him without grief or fear, thinking on that chamber

of crystal gold!

"Good-bye, darling!
"ESTHER."

The third letter was written three years after this one. Sadness was beginning to cloud the free, joyous outpourings of Esther's heart. Probably this sadness was one of the first symptoms of the failure of her health. It was from this letter chiefly—although there were expressions in others which corroborated the impression—that we inferred that her lover had endeavored to stimulate in her an intellectual ambition.

"WEDNESDAY EVENING.

"DEAR ONE—Your last letter gave me great pain. It breaks my heart to see you looking so earnestly and expectantly into my future. Beloved, because I have grown and developed so much in the last eight years is no proof that

I can still keep on growing. If you understood, darling, you would see that it is just the other way. I have grown year by year, hour by hour, because hour by hour I have loved you more. That is all! I have felt the growth. I know it, as clearly as you do. But I know the secret of it as you do not; and I know the limit of it, as you cannot. I cannot love you more, precious one! Neither would I if I could! One heart-beat more in a minute, and I should die! But all that you have so much loved and cared for. dear, calling it intellectual growth and expansion in me, has been only the clearing of atmosphere, the refining and stimulating of every faculty, every sense, by my love for you. When I have said or written a word which has pleased you thus, if there were any special fitness or eloquence in the word, it was only because I sought after what would best carry my thought to you, darling! What would be best frame, best setting, to keep the flowers or the sky which I had to see alone,-to keep them till you could see them too! Oh, dear one, do understand that there is nothing of me except my heart and my love! While they were wonderingly, tremblingly, rapturously growing within me, under the sweet warmth of your love, no wonder I changed day by day. But, precious one, it is at end. The whole solemn, steadfast womanhood within me recognizes it. Beloved master, in one sense you can teach me no more! I am content. I desire nothing. One moment of full consciousness of you, of life, of love, is more than all centuries of learning, all eternities of inspiration. I would rather at this moment, dear, lay my cheek on your hand, and sit in my old place by your knee, and feel myself the woman you have made me, than know all that God knows, and make a universe!

"Beloved, do not say such things to me any more; and whenever you feel such ambition and hope stirring in your heart, read over this little verse, and be sure that your child knew what she said when she wrote it:—

THE END OF HARVEST.

Oh, Love, who walkest slow among my sheaves, Smiling at tint and shape, thy smile of peace, But whispering of the next sweet year's increase,—Oh, tender Love, thy loving hope but grieves My heart! I rue my harvest, if it leaves Thee vainly waiting after harvests cease, Like one who has been mocked by titled lease To barren fields,

Dear one, my word deceives
Thee never. Hearts one summer have. Their grain
"Is sown not that which shall be!"

Can new pain
Teach me of pain? Or any ecstasy
Be new, that I should speak its name again?
My darling, all there was or is of me
Is harvested for thine Eternity!

ESTHER."

The fourth letter was the one which Princess had found, the first which my uncle had read —Esther's farewell to her lover before going abroad. No wonder that it so moved him!

"SUNDAY NIGHT.

"My Darling—I implore you not to come, Have I not loved you enough, all these years long, for you to trust me, and believe that it is only because I love you so much that I cannot, cannot see you now? Dear, did I ever before ask you to forego your wish for mine? Even in hours crowded with all love's sweetness, did I ever stay your hand, my darling? Ah, love, you know—oh, how well you know, that always, in every blissful moment we have spent together, my bliss has been shadowed by a little, interrupted by a little, because my soul was forever restlessly asking, seeking, longing, for one more joy, delight, rapture, to give to you!

"Now listen, darling. You say it is almost a year since we met; true, but if it were yesterday, would you remember it any more clearly? Why, my precious one, I can see over again at this moment each little movement which you made, each look your face wore; I can hear every word; I can feel every kiss; very solemn kisses they were too, love, as if we had known.

"You say we may never meet again. True. But if that is to be so, all the more I choose to leave with you the memory of the face you saw then, rather than of the one you would see to-day. Be compassionate, darling, and spare me the pain of seeing your pain at sight of my poor changed face. I hope it is not a weak vanity, love, which makes me feel this so strongly. Being so clearly and calmly conscious as I am that very possibly my earthly days are near their end, it does not seem as if mere vanity could linger in my soul. And you know you have always said. dearest, that I had none. I know I have always wondered unspeakably that you could find pleasure in my face, except occasionally, when I have felt, as it were, a great sudden glow and throb of love quicken and heat it under your gaze; then, as I have looked up in your eyes, I have sometimes had a flash of consciousness of a transfiguration in the very flesh of my face, just as I have a sense of rapturous strength sometimes in the very flesh and bone of my right hand, when I

strike on the piano some of Beethoven's chords. But I know that, except in the light of your presence, I have no beauty. I had not so much to lose by illness as other women. But, dear one, that little is gone. I can read in the pitying looks of all my friends how altered I am. Even if I did not see it with my own eyes, I should read it in theirs. And I cannot—Oh, I cannot read it in yours!

"If I knew any spell which could make you forget all except some one rare moment in which you said in your heart, 'Oh, she never looked so lovely before!' Oh, how firmly I would bind you by it! All the weary, indifferent, or unhappy looks, sweet, I would blot out from your memory, and have the thought of me raise but one picture in your mind. I would have it as if I had died, and left of my face no record on earth except one wonderful picture by some great master, who had caught the whole beauty of the one rarest moment of my life. Sweet, if you look back, you will find that moment; for it must have been in your arms; and let Love be the master who will paint the immortal picture!

"As for this thin, pale, listless body, which just now answers to name of me, there is nothing in or about it which you know. Presently it will be carried like a half-lifeless thing on board a ship; the winds will blow roughly on it, and it will not care. If God wills, darling, I will come back to you well and strong. If I cannot come well and strong,

I hope never to come at all.

"Don't call me cruel. You would feel the same. I also should combat the resolve in you, as you do in me. But in my heart I should understand. I should sympathize, and

I should vield.

"God bless you, darling. I believe He will, for the infinite goodness of your life. I thank Him daily that He has given it to me to bless you a little. If I had seen you to say farewell, my beloved, I should not have kissed you many times, as has been our wont. That is for hours of joy. I should have kissed you three times—only three times—on your beautiful, strong, gentle lips, and each kiss would have been a separate sacrament, with a bond of its own. I send them to you here, love, and this is what they mean!

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.
Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat,—

But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung, When hope and fear are spent, And nothing is left to give, except A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!"

It was on my sixteenth birthday that I copied these letters and poems of Esther Wynn's. I kept them, with a few other very precious things, in a curious little inlaid box, which came from Venice, and was so old that its sides were worm-eaten in many places. It was one of my choicest treasures, and I was never separated from it.

When I was twenty years old I had been for two years a happy wife, for one year a glad mother, and had for some time remembered Esther only in the vague, passing way in which happy souls recall old shadows of other hearts' griefs. As my boy entered on his second summer he began to droop a little, and the physician had recommended that we should take him to the sea-shore; so it came to pass that on the morning of my twentieth birthday I was sitting, with my baby in my arms, on a rocky sea-shore, in one of the well-known summer resorts of the New Hampshire coast. Near me sat a woman whose face had

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interested me strangely ever since my arrival. She seemed an invalid; but there was an atmosphere of overflowing vitality about her, in spite of her feebleness, which made her very presence stimulating and cheering to every one. I had longed to speak with her, but as yet had not done so. While I sat watching her face, and my baby's, and the face of the sea, she was joined by her husband, who had just come from a walk in the fields, and had brought her a large bouquet of red clover and feathery grasses. She took it eagerly with great delight, and exclaimed:

"I wonder what the clover thinks? Intimate friend of Bob-o-links!"

I could not control the sudden start with which I heard these words. Who was this that knew Esther Wynn's verses by heart? I could hardly refrain from speaking to her at once, and betraying all. But I reflected instantly that I must be very cautious; it would be almost impossible to find out what I longed to know without revealing how my own acquaintance with the verses had come about. Days passed before I ventured to allude to the subject; but one evening, as we were walking together, she stooped and picked a clover-blossom, and said:

"I really think I love red clover better

than any wild flower we have."

"I thought so," said I, "when I saw you take that big bunch your husband brought you the other morning. That was before I knew you: I felt almost rude, I watched you so, in spite of myself."

"But I had watched you quite as much," said she, smiling; "I thought then of giving you a part of the clover. Edward always brings me huge bouquets of it every day; he

knows so well how I love it."

"I heard you quote a charming little couplet of verse about it then," said I, looking away from her, that she might not see my face: "I was so near you I could not help hearing what you said."

"Oh, yes," said she,

" 'I wonder what the clover thinks? Intimate friend of Bob-o-links—'

"I do not know but that old clover-song is the real reason I love clover so. My mother taught it to me when I was a little child. It is all very quaint and sweet. Would you like to hear it?"

I felt myself color scarlet as a thief, but I

replied :-

"O yes, pray repeat it."

When she had repeated the verses she

went on speaking, to my great relief, saving me from the necessity of saying anything.

"That was written a great many years ago, by an aunt of my mother's. My mother has a little manuscript book bound in red morocco, very faded and worn, which my grandmother kept on her bureau till she died, last year; and it has in it this little clover-song and several others, with Aunt Esther's diary while she was abroad. She died abroad; died in Jerusalem, and was buried there. There was something mysteriously sad in her life, I think: grandmother always sighed when she spoke of her, and used to read in the little red book every day. She was only her half-sister, but she said she loved her better than she did any sister of her own. Once I asked grandmamma to tell me about her, but she said, 'There is nothing to tell, child. She was never married: she died the autumn before your mother was born, and your mother looked very much like her when she was young. She is like her, too, in many ways,' and that was all grandmamma would ever say. But we always called her Aunt Esther, and know all her verses by heart, and the diary was fascinating. It seems strange to read such vivid written records of people you never saw; don't you think so?"

"Yes, it must, very," said I.

She went on: "I always had a very special love for this old Aunt Esther, which I could hardly account for. I am to have the little red book when my mother dies; and"—she hesitated a moment—"and I named my first baby for her, Esther Wynn. The baby only lived to be a few weeks old, and I often think, as I look at her little gravestone, of the other one, so many thousand miles away, alone in a strange land, bearing the same name."

On my way home I stopped for a few days' visit at Uncle Jo's. Late one night, sitting in my old place at his feet in the library, I told him this sequel to the romance of the

etters

"Oh, childie, how could you help showing that you knew about her?" said he. "You

must have betrayed it."

"No, I am sure I did not," I said. "I never spoke about it after that day, and she was too absorbed herself in the reminiscences to observe my excitement."

"What was your friend's name?" said

Uncle Jo.

I told him. He sprang from his chair, and walked rapidly away to the end of the library; presently he came back, and standing before me, said:

"Nell! Nell! your friend's mother is the

woman of whom I once spoke to you! I might have known that the subtle kinship I he exclaimed, felt between Esther Wynn and her was no chance resemblance. I never heard of the name 'Wynn,' however. But you said she was only a half-sister; that accounts for it. I have known!"

I might have known! I might have known!" he exclaimed, more to himself than to me, and buried his face in his hands. I stole away quietly and left him; but I heard him saying under his breath, "Her aunt! I might have known!"

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MARE IGNOTUM.

Dost thou behold that sea?
It stretches out before thee calm and still;
No sound of tumult does the soft air fill;
All speaks serenity.

The path along the shore
Is bright with flowers that bloom and fade by turns,
And high above the grasses and green ferns
Waves the tall sycamore.

That road thou still must tread;
And though the woods grow wilder by the walk,
And Summer blossoms wither on the stalk,
By blessèd showers unfed—

Still shalt thou track that strand, And gaze on the horizon roll'd in mist. 'Tis useless to complain or to resist, Fate holds thee by the hand!

Thou too the flood must cross—
At some strange moment shall thy pathway bend,
Ere yet perchance its beauty is at end,
Or thou hast felt its loss.

Then happy shalt thou be
If the dull vapor on the waters' rim
Shall rise and show, however faint and dim,
Some blest reality:—

Some Eden ever bright,
That crowns the further shore in emerald sheen,
Entrancing with its fresh and fadeless green
The watcher's feeble sight.

Or if a city fair
Should ope its golden gates to thy repose—
Oh! happy he who enters gates like those,
That shut out all despair!

But if the clouds be black,
Or open but to caverns vast and cold,
Though the fierce spirit be untamed and bold,
Nor heeds the body's rack,

Think not to brave it through,
Nor look for happiness thou hast not won.
Remember! For thy soul what life has done,
Death never can undo.

CYPRUS-AFLOAT AND ASHORE.



FAMAGUSTA, ONCE THE VENETIAN CAPITAL OF CYPRUS.

Weary with the slow progress of acclimation under a Syrian sun, and suffering all the tortures of bile,—that enemy which no man can shake off, at home or abroad,—I was advised to take a sail across the Cilician Sea to the Island of Cyprus.

"You can make the run in a single night, and you will be all the better for it; besides seeing something of an island not generally visited, and one for which there is no guidebook."

The excursion was arranged, and the cabin of a Greek schooner, waiting for a favorable wind, was placed at my disposal. It was expected that the land-breeze would waft us beyond the capes, and I went submissively on board on the last evening in June, without the slightest doubt that I should be able to land next morning at Larnaca. Having the entire cabin, I was able to stow myself away with some degree of comfort, and after watching the half-dozen deck-passengers fold up their duds like the Arabs, "and as silently steal away," I counted the lights in the harbor, and then attempted the stars in the sky, by way of wooing sleep, which in this country seems unusually coy and hard to win.

The night was spent—no matter how. We were in pursuit of health and recreation, and we were to land in the morning, so we must have patience. But alas! the morning found us becalmed off Dog River, about six miles from our Beirût anchorage, and—will you believe it?—there we remained, rising and falling with the swell of the sea, till the evening of the third day.

Miserably sea-sick, the solitary cabin pas-

senger was miserably wretched. Without books-for none were needed for one night's sail-and without writing materials, I had no means for alleviating my own sufferings by inflicting my distress upon others. That the Dog River was the "Lycus" of the Romans was no relief; for although that classic stream reminded me of the armies of antiquity that passed over its bed, it suggested at the same time that these armies had the satisfaction at least of reaching it by land. The occupations of the Greek sailors constituted my only entertainment; but the deck passengers increased my torments by the periodical display of the contents of their larder, and the exhibition of the most unaccountable appetites. Their principal dish was kamandeen, or dried apricots rolled out into thin layers of sweet paste which resembled so many sheets of brown paper soaked in molasses.

I would willingly have gone ashore and walked back to the town, but for a constitutional unwillingness to abandon any enterprise when once undertaken. But I was ready to believe with the Moslems that in the center of every man's heart there is a black drop, which drop is the black drop of original sin—only I would locate the drop in another organ, and label it by the synonymous name of bile, which I sincerely believe to be the parent of a large proportion of crime, and certainly of the ill-humors that plague society and harass the domestic circle.

The captain pitied me, and administered consolation in his best modern Greek; and his sympathy was indicated even more in his eyes and by his gestures than by his words. I think he was trying to convince me that the island was not loose at the bottom and had not floated away. The third night, the land-breeze fortunately came to our relief, and took us outside of the headlands, so that in twenty-four hours, on the morning of Independence Day, we dropped anchor in the

Bay of Larnaca.

When the usual port formalities were complied with, the captain's boat put me ashore; and I found my way to the house of my old friend, the American consul, who was engaged in doing the honors of the day by entertaining the governor of the town, under the stars and stripes at the consulate, at nine o'clock in the morning. Although somewhat reduced by my four days and nights of sea-sickness, my patriotism was aroused, and induced me to join in the celebration of the day, and to converse with the Pasha, who, to my surprise, talked with me in the English language. Then, the consuls of the European powers, great and small, called to make their visits of ceremony in honor of the day; and these notables were followed by the officials of the custom-house and the quarantine, and by the principal residents of the town, who came in squads and platoons, all of whom offered their congratulations. The Ottoman flag was floating from the fortress and the consular flags from the respective consulates, so that nothing was left undone that could be done to make an American feel proud of his birthright. Besides the consul, I was the only American on the island, and may therefore be excused for throwing back my shoulders with something of complacency when, at noon, twenty-one guns were fired by the local authorities in honor If there had been any of our national flag. fire-crackers on the island, I should have made an immediate investment in behalf of the large crowd of boys who stood gaping at the loud-mouthed cannon, and thus imagined myself on American soil.

My host was a bachelor, and his house was as large as his heart; but it was made of different material, for while the house was constructed of mud and stone, his heart was a heart of oak. Two stories high, and with fifteen rooms and two flat terraces, the house stood upon the beach, so that the spray of the sea kept the threshold wet when the wind blew inshore. In a line with this house, and on both sides of it, ran a score or more of similar houses, all cool and well ventilated, with stone floors, and balconies looking out upon the harbor. Several other streets ran back of this, with bazaars for the sale of vegetables

and fruit, and shops containing the assortment of merchandise usual in small towns.

The powers of Europe are represented here by consuls of various grades, rank, and respectability; and French, English, and other foreign merchants have established themselves for the purposes of trade. In addition to these elements of society are the old native families, mostly of Greek, but some of Venetian descent, who are proud of their birth, proud of their money, and still more proud of their connection with some of the consulates, which afford them "protection."

The language of society here is the French, while that of the people is Greek or Turkish, but all speak a dialect of modern Greek. The houses are built of large bricks made of dried mud and straw; the rooms are well ventilated, and some are of vast dimensions. Many residences have airy corridors, large courts and pleasant gardens, adorned with shrubbery, statues, and pleasant promenades. My attention was attracted to the ceiling of the consul's house, which, he said, was a very good specimen of the native style. Stout beams of dark-colored wood, with ornamental carvings, are extended across from wall to wall, and covered with coarse matting. The flat roof is made of thick layers of dried mud, mortar, and pebbles, which keep out the heat and rain, and upon all this dust collects, so that upon many terraces grass was growing in profusion.

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The inhabitants were showing some public spirit in draining the marshes to improve the climate and the land, and in collecting the eggs of the locusts which, almost every year,

greatly devastate the island.

As there was no steamer for Beirût within ten days, and as I was not disposed to tempt the treacherous sea, for whose calms I had as great a dread as for its storms, I gladly accepted the consul's invitation to stay and see something of the Island, its ruins and its people. We were to return the calls already made, and then make excursions into the interior.

The town of Larnaca is situated upon a plain about a mile distant from the shore, and is surrounded by a mud wall about six feet high, while at the port, or Scala, as it is called, a village almost as large has grown gradually into importance, since danger from the pirates that infested these waters has ceased to terrify the people; and here, ranged along the beach, are the consulates and mercantile houses. One or two little wharves run out a short distance into the water, but they serve only for the embarkation of passengers. The imports and the exports are carried in bales

and boxes on the backs of porters, who wade up and down the shelving beach between the boats and the shore.

And now while we are talking about Larnaca, let us see what it amounts to in the commercial world, for Cyprus was once an important cotton-producing country. While under Venetian rule, thirty thousand bales were annually exported; but at the present time not more than five thousand bales are produced, the principal part of which is shipped to France and Austria. The principal articles of import are sugar, coffee, leather, silk, woolen and cotton goods, lead, iron, and cop-

per, principally from France, England, Austria, and Turkey. The exports are cotton, wool, linseed, sesame seed, wheat, barley, madder, karoub beans or locusts, and wine, together with the native manufactured silk

and cotton goods.

Seven hundred and forty-nine vessels were freighted and discharged at Larnaca last year, and the produce of the Island which was shipped to Europe during that period was estimated at £140,000. The growing importance of the place is seen in the arrival here of two Austrian Lloyd's steamers every alternate week: one from Trieste vià Smyrna for Beirût and Alexandria, and the other from Egypt viâ Syria for Smyrna and Trieste. In addition to these, French and English merchant steamers run irregularly between Larnaca, Marseilles, and Liverpool.

Among the late improvements introduced are steam flour-mills and agricultural implements, which, with the cotton-gins and other inventions, are working with approved suc-

cess.

The Imperial Ottoman bank has an agency at Larnaca which seems to be doing a good business.

The Island is said to be rich in mines of copper, silver, lead, coal, and iron; and the soil is of the most productive character. But the mines have not been worked to any extent by the government, and, as yet, foreign private capital and enterprise have not been freely admitted for that purpose. This is to be regretted, as the expense of working the mines would be small and the returns large. Labor, food, and house-rent are very cheap, and it is to be hoped that the reforms proposed by the Sultan's government will soon result in the restoration of this fair province to its former productiveness and prosperity.

The government of the Island is confided



BUINED CHURCH AT FAMAGUSTA.

by the Sublime Porte to a civil and a military Pasha, the former residing at Nicosia, a well-fortified town of 15,000 inhabitants, which iscentrally situated between the northern and southern coasts. The population of the Island is about 200,000—of which three-fourths are Christians. The Christian community is composed of Greeks and Latins, the latter numbering about 1,500. At Larnaca, the principal seaport, reside the military Pasha, the Mudir, and the Consular corps.

Among the various plans proposed for seeing the interior were these: to take tents and go around the northeast coast to Famagusta. the Venetian capital of the Island, where the ruins are in a fine state of preservation; to ride to Nicosia, the seat of government, about seven hours from the Scala, and from thence to Bela Païs; or to take the Greek schooner that brought me from Syria for an excursion to the port of Limasol, from which we might visit Paphos, the reputed birthplace of Venus, and the Crusaders' Castle, a few hours beyond. Strange as it may seem, after my seafaring life, we chose the latter programme, for while it included a greater variety of entertainment, it involved less fatigue.

Fortunately the moon favored our projected sail, and going on board with the consul, and his secretary, Zeno, a native Greek, we took possession of the cabin, which on the previous voyage had been my prison. A little six-pounder on the forecastle sounded the parting salute, and the smoke cleared away, the anchor was lifted, and the sails unfurled just as the sun was setting behind Mount St. Croix in the distance. The evening was delicious in all its bearings upon our present position, and as we rounded the cape which shut out the town of Larnaca, and the site of the ancient Citium, or Chittim, from our view, we concluded that the night was too beautiful for

There was much to be said about our own past, present, and future, and when personal topics were disposed of, there was the Island to talk about-its history, traditions, ruins, and people; and we found that the hours had sails, and sped as lightly and as quickly as the vessel that bore us over the sea-that tranquil sea, which now glistened in the moonlight, but without a trace of foam, as if that element had been exhausted in the creation of Venus when she rose from these waters so many years ago. Our imaginations were not idle during the moments of silence, as our eyes traced the rippling wake into the dim background of this wondrous picture of illuminated marine beauty at midnight; and it was not strange that, in such hours as these, chambers in the heart never before opened to the light should resound with voices till then unheard.

Zeno, who had been talking Greek and Italian and Arabic with the captain and sailors, now joined us and talked French with equal volubility. Still, with all his linguistic merits, Zeno resembled but little the famous Greek of that name, except in having been born in the same town, and in his stoical abstinence from the use of wine and tobacco. Our Zeno was no philosopher, and he had never traveled beyond the limits of the island on which he was born. He wrote verses, however, and was immoderately fond of the society of ladies; but, for all this, he was a useful member of the consular staff.

"Well, Zeno, bring the Captain's lantern and read us your last original sonnet dedicated to Venus, the Island Queen, or to some one of her daughters of the present generation. Don't blush; I know you have your pockets full of verses. Well, well, never mind, you can compose a few stanzas while the consul tells all he knows about the

I will not attempt to reproduce the conversation as it occurred while we skirted the Cyprian shore on that bright night,—the best imitation of etherealized daylight I ever saw,

—but will limit myself to giving as much of its substance as my memory retains.

Island."

"Of the several islands which are scattered along the Asiatic coast, Cyprus is the largest, and lies opposite Syria, from which it is separated by what was once known as the Sea of Cilicia. It is one hundred and sixty-four miles in length and sixty-three in breadth. A range of mountains, called Olympus by the ancients, runs through it from east to west, the highest summits of which are about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. On account of its copper mines, Cyprus is called by the Turks,

Kibris: by the Arabs, Kupros; by the Greeks it was known by various names, such as Paphos, Amathusia, Acamatis, Asphelia, Cythena, etc. Its ancient cities were Limeria, Agidus, Carpathia, Soli, Arsinoë, Salamis, Paphos, Citium, Sencolia, Cunium, Anathus, Bousoura, Treta, and Palea, most of which have entirely disappeared, and others are in Recent explorers have also discovered interesting ruins at Colossi, St. Georgio, Achaima, and Dali, the ancient Idalium, where gold, silver, and copper coins and marble statues, bearing marks of Phœnician origin, have been found. History accords to the Phœnicians the first occupancy of this island, they having been found here in colonies 2.000 years before the Christian era. Among them, also, were some Ethiopians and Egyptians, who were probably slaves. Beyond these facts very little is known of Cyprus until it was colonized by the Greeks. It was subsequently conquered by the Egyptians in the sixth century before Christ, and at this period is described by Strabo as being divided among several petty tyrants and chiefs, who were at times in alliance with the neighboring powers of Asia Minor, and sometimes at war with them. It soon passed into the hands of the Persians, from whom it was wrested by Alexander of Macedon; passing then to the Ptolemies, it was sometimes united to the kingdom of Egypt, and at other times governed as a separate principality by one of the royal family. The last of these princes, who was the uncle of that famous and beautiful queen, Cleopatra, incurred the enmity of the Romans by his niggardly conduct. The pirates of Cilicia having captured a Roman named Publius Clodius Pulcher, he earnestly besought the king of Cyprus, through a messenger, to provide his ransom; but the king, unwilling to draw largely on his treasury, sent too small a sum to induce the pirates to release their Clodius, however, being fortunate enough to gain his liberty through other means, returned to Rome, and in the course of time became tribune of the people, which enabled him to avenge himself upon the king of Cyprus. Having caused a decree to be passed for reducing the island to a Roman province, he sent a strong force to take possession. Soon the report of his approach reached the king, who was so terrified at the fearful intelligence that he committed suicide, and thus robbed himself, by his own conduct and his own hands, of his crown and "So abundant was the population of the

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island in those days, that the number of its inhabitants was estimated at more than a million: the women are said to have been famed for their beauty, and gayety and pleasure reigned everywhere. A division having been made of the Roman empire, Cyprus fell into the hands of the Byzantine emperor. and, after undergoing several other changes, became a distinct principality, and was assigned to a branch of the royal family of Afterwards Richard I. of Eng-Comneni. land became ruler of the island; from whose hands it passed into those of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, whose rule was so much despised on account of its tyranny, that the inhabitants refused to submit to their sway, and the island was again consigned to Guy of Lusignan next became Richard. its ruler-he who had at one time been king of Jerusalem; and the island remained under the Lusignan sway three hundred years. This contested island, then in a most prosperous condition, was seized upon by Charlotte of Lusignan, whose father's death gave her rightful possession of the crown; but she was soon dethroned by her illegitimate brother James, whose forces, strengthened by the of assistance he obtained from the Mamelukes Egypt, she was unable to resist. After a reign of a few years, the death of James in 1473 caused the island to pass into the possession of his widow, and then into that of his son, whose birth occurred some little time after the death of James. Catharine Cornaro, the widow of James, being a Venetian lady, placed the young prince under the guardianship of the republic of Venice; but on his death his mother was persuaded to abdicate the crown in favor of the republic, and Cyprus was thus transferred to the dominion of Venice.

"Under no rule has the island so highly prospered as under that of the Venetians, and the population at that time, consisting of more than two million inhabitants, was certainly enormous. The palmy days of the Venetians continued for a century, but they were doomed to end most unfortunately, for in 1570 the Turks invaded the island, took Nicosia by storm, massacred twenty thousand of the inhabitants, and laid siege to Famagusta, which, though long and gallantly defended, was at last forced to surrender.

"In 1837 a most fearful massacre occurred, and a large number of the rich and influential Greeks on the island were beheaded. Its beautiful chateaux and gardens were destroyed, and the fair island of Cyprus, famous in mythology and song, the home of a once happy and contented people, became a scene of desolation.

"With almost all parts of the island are connected mythological fables of olden times. Being represented as the birthplace of Venus. it was long since consecrated to her, and is also represented by the Greek and Latin poets as the abode of the Graces. Hence Venus obtained the name of Cypria, and was sometimes called the Cyprian goddess. A magnificent temple was erected to her at Paphos, and travelers visiting the island seldom fail to explore its ruins. On each of the hundred altars erected in this splendid temple, a quantity of frankincense was daily burned in honor of the goddess of love, who is thought to have arisen from the foam of the sea in the immediate vicinity of Paphos, and consequently to have first touched the earth on that spot, in memory of which Paphos was founded.

"The tradition that Venus was created from the froth of the sea is still preserved among the people, her Greek name, 'Aphrodite,' being given by them in proof of the verity of this tradition; and it is believed that she was here married to King Adonis, and crowned Queen of Cyprus. Among other curious traditions of this kind is one in connection with her worship. It is said that the altars erected in her honor were exposed to the open heavens, yet they were never wet with rain, although the clouds might pour down torrents of the watery element.

"But however improbable these traditions may be, it is a well-known fact that Zeno the philosopher was a native of Cyprus."

"What of this Stoic Zeno? Tell us some-

thing about him." "The first years of his life were spent in merchandising, and on one of his trading voyages, by the wreck of his vessel he lost his ship and all that it contained. Wretched and penniless he wandered to Athens; being naturally fond of books, he stepped into the shop of a bookseller, and by chance picked up a work of Xenophon, which so much interested him that he inquired where he might find its au-While seeking he met Orates the Cynic, and, pleased with his companionship, remained with him ten years. After passing ten years more with Stilpen of Megara, Zenocrates, and Polemon, he promulgated new doctrines, and selected as a place for delivering his lectures a porch, called in Greek 'Stoa,' from which we have the word Stoic, a name not only adopted by his followers in that day, but used at the present time to designate that peculiarly austere manner of con-



GREEK GIRL OF CYPRUS.

duct and feeling for which he was distinguished. He preached his doctrines for fortyeight years and died at the age of ninety - eight, and the Athenians erected a tomb to his memory and adorned it with a crown of gold. He was distinguished not only for his mental powers, but for a wonderful degree of physical strength, never having suffered from the slightest bodily disease, and dying, it is said, by his own hands; which is not im-

probable, inasmuch as suicide was defended during his life both by himself and his follow-He differed from the Cynics in wholly discarding speculative studies, but resembled them in his austere habits. Had the question been put to them, 'How shall I be happiest?' the reply would have been 'Train your mind to a perfect indifference to all the ills and pleasures that man is heir to, and your as-pirations will be met:' The destruction of the world, said the Stoics, would be accomplished by a most terrific conflagration, but after this wreck of matter a new and purer world would burst upon the delighted gaze of mankind."

I did not interrupt the steady flow of words to ask where mankind was supposed to be while the conflagration is going on, for I have noticed that many good talkers are confused by interruptions of this kind. But when the consul's oil of spontaneous information began to run low, it was only necessary to put a wellturned question in order to trim his lamp

"Tell me something about the people and their customs. Have they any traditions of the Phœnician and Roman occupation?"

"Yes. Among the chief of their festivals-in all of which the Cypriotes show great love of dress and trade—is the feast of the Cataclismos. It is held on the seashore at Larnaca, the day after the Greek Pentecost; but, although a relic of heathenism, it is not a religious

festival, for no sacrifice or offerings are made. The day is given up to pleasure and amusements, which, however simple, are anticipated by the pretty Coconas (young ladies) with great excitement. It occurs in the latter part of May, and is doubtless derived from some pagan festival. As the ceremonies are observed on the beach, it is probably in honor of Venus. Every boat that can be obtained is filled with gay young people, and these go sailing over the waters, with flags floating, while they give back to the shore merry strains of music and ringing peals of laughter. Dancing is one of the amusements of the day, and in this the young Greeks are particularly graceful. On the same day a fair is held for the sale of trinkets, clothes, horses, mules, and donkeys, wines, liquors, and fruits, and two or three thousand people come together on these occasions.

"The Babylonians and Assyrians also had their mythology connected with the nativity of Venus. They believed that an egg of prodigious size fell from the heavens into the Euphrates, and that a dove settled on it after the fish had rolled it on the bank. In a short time Venus sprang from this egg, and was afterwards called the Syrian Goddess. Lucian informs us that at Hierapolis, in Syria, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to this goddess, and in accordance with some law, instituted by Deucalion in commemoration of the Deluge, people from all parts carried water to this temple twice a year and poured it into an aperture which was believed to communicate with the sea. A similar festival was also observed at Athens in the temple of Olympus."

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Zeno, not the philosopher, now interrupts to say that in his opinion the ladies in Cyprus are the most beautiful in the world.

"But how do you know that, Zeno? Have you ever been beyond the limits of the Isl-

and?"

" No, never farther than I am at present. But what proves that I am right is the fact that most all foreigners who visit Cyprus for any considerable period, if they are not already married, become fascinated with some of our pretty Coconas and linger till a wife is secured; which is no sooner done than they establish themselves permanently."

"Come, come, Zeno! don't talk about the world till you have traveled at least as far as Syria and Egypt, to say nothing of Greece, where some 'Maid of Athens' may enchain your heart. I admit that your mules and donkeys are unsurpassed, but I cannot admit that a glass of your Comandaria wine every



PHOENICIAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT CYPRUS.

morning will add ten years to one's life until I have tried it by personal experiment."

"But you shall decide at once on our return to Larnaca about the wine, for I shall give you a glass of wine that was made in my grandfather's time, and which is at least a hundred years old. It is as thick as honey, and as smooth as oil."

Zeno did give me some very old Cyprus wine, which was thick, sweet, and smooth, and so very strong that a spoonful sufficed. It was from one of the old casks of immense size which, according to the custom of the Island, are put away by the old aristocratic families on the birth of each male child, not to be opened until his nuptials are celebrated. And now, whatever may be said of the tarry taste of exported Cyprus wine, which arises from the tarred skins in which the wine is carried to the place of exportation, it is still claimed by the Venetians that there is no wine like that of Cyprus. Its tonic and astringent qualities make it useful medicinally, while its sweetness and strength are opposed to its use as a beverage. But the consul had not yet finished his allusions to ancient history.

"The Phoenicians, the sole inhabitants until the close of the Trojan war, were joined by Teucer, the brother of Ajax, who built the city of Salamine; and Agapenor, who, with a colony of Arcadians, built Paphos.



FROM GENERAL CESNOLA'S COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES.

After this came many other colonies, and it is not uncommon in these days to find on the same spot, among the ruins of the ancient cities, objects of art belonging to the Phœnicians, Greeks, Egyptians, and Romans.

"It is said that Marcus Cato, the first Roman tribune of Cyprus, when recalled to Rome, loaded three ships with gold and silver statues, and other works of art; and although two of the vessels were lost, the contents of the third were sufficient to enrich all the Roman senators."

"Has Cyprus any connection with Scriptural times and events?"

"It is said that Lazarus, after being raised from the dead, escaped from the Jews, who persecuted him, and found an abode at Citium or Larnaca. He was made bishop of this town, where he died; and here his tomb, over which the Greek church bearing his name has been erected, is to-day shown to travelers.

St. Barnabas, a coworker with Paul, came also to Cyprus, where he made many converts and died an archbishop."

Zeno, improving a flash of silence on the part of the consul, now referred with animation to the fact that Ciniras—a criminal act in whose life gave material to

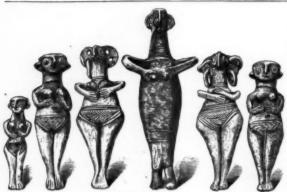


FROM CESNOLA'S COLLECTION.

Alfieri for his tragedy of Myrra—was king and high-priest of Paphos, and that the island was also the scene of the dusky Othello's jealous frenzy, which resulted in the death of the too confiding Desdemona, when the Venetians were in power. And Zeno, finding that his superior officer was becoming a little drowsy, was just entering upon a description of the landing of Richard of England at Amathus, and the capture of the island from Isaac Comnenus, the Byzantine ruler, when our vessel rounded a point and entered the port of Limasol, a little after daybreak.

The captain now cleared the decks of idlers, and all hands were called up to bring the schooner to anchor.

After a good morning nap we had an opportunity to survey the little town, in which the different consular agents, having recognized the American flag, carried in honor of the consul, had floated more than a dozen national standards upon the morning breeze.



The consular agent of the United States, being a venerable and portly gentleman of one of the aristocratic families, sent his brother-in-law off in a comfortable boat, with an urgent invitation for us to go to his house. These islanders are all exceedingly hospitable, and seem to vie with each other in extending courtesies to foreigners who visit their shores. Finding that there was no hotel in the town, and that our agent would not only feel hurt, but disgraced, if we did not honor his residence, we went forthwith, and during the few days we remained we had no reason to regret it, barring the little item of no breakfast till midday, according to the custom of the country, which was a little severe on full-blooded Americans, accustomed to three meals a day.

Our excursion to the Crusaders' Castle was a success: a ride of three hours across a level country brought us to a little stream, on the other side of which stood a grand chateau, three stories high, with casemates in its enormously thick walls for the use of cannon, and a glorious view from its turreted terrace.*



MARBLE HEADS FOUND AT PAPHOS.

* I regret to say that the notes taken on the spot descriptive of this castle have been mislaid; but it probably belonged to the age of Guy of Lusignan, and was retained by the Crusaders long after they lost their hold upon Palestine.

An excellent dinner of game and vegetables, fresh from the gardens, was served for us, and conspicuous among the courses was a roast pig, a dish unknown

in Syria.

The place is now uninhabited except by the farmer of the estate on which it stands, and he occupies only a few of the outhouses. The winding staircases and the massive walls and the immense chambers suggested the days of Cœur-de-Lion, and the Tales of the Crusaders; but we had not time to dwell upon the past, or talk about Ivanhoe, the Knights

of St. John, or the dethroned kings; we had a three hours' ride before us, and a party to attend in the evening, where we were to see something of native society. So, leaving the castle to antiquarians who might come after us, we cantered across the plain to a village not far from our road, where we hoped to find some sour milk or good water to quench the thirst engendered by the scorching heat and dust of the day. But here the horse of our cicerone, esteemed for all good qualities, unless we may except his horsemanship, took French leave, and wildly careered over the flat fields, leaving his rider to walk home as best he might. His helplessness was an appeal to the chivalry of the rest of the party, two of whom were well mounted, and galloped after the wayward steed. Fortunately for our friend, his horse was headed off and captured before his second mile, and he was soon put into his saddle, where he appeared to much better advantage than on foot in the dusty road.

The gentleman at whose house we spent the evening was a Cypriote who had amassed a fortune in the service of the generous and over-indulgent Said Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. His rooms were fitted up in the most gorgeous manner with immense gilt mirrors and sofas,

and other palace furniture. His sister was pretty, but spoke nothing but Greek. Zeno was in his element here, and wrote more verses while in Limasol than the rest of the party ever wrote in their lives. The graceful head-dresses of the Coconas attracted my attention. Nowhere have I seen more beautiful coiffures than upon the Greek girls of Cyprus. Half the merit is, I



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OLD AND UGLY.

am confident, to be attributed to their luxuriant hair, all their own, which is braided and wound round a small crimson cap worn on the back top of the head. Hanging from the cap is a long black tassel, flat, and spread over one side with a rosette; and the folds of a delicate gauze handkerchief are so brought into requisition that the whole is arranged with exquisite taste, and is so coquettishly poised on the head that all foreigners admit its peculiar Their features are in general purely Grecian, with a countenance at once sweet and expressive, while their costume is a pretty mingling of the Greek and Italian; and, strange to say, crinoline and Greek jackets seemed not inappropriately worn together when sported by these graceful Coconas. Balls and soirées were of frequent occurrence at Larnaca, and several assemblages of this kind occurred during my visit, at the residences of the consuls. In the evening dress I remarked a very pretty feature, consisting of minute pearls made into bouquets and worn upon the side of the ladies' heads. They are immoderately fond of dancing, especially on board the European ships-of-war. One lady is said to have fallen down the hatchway of an English gunboat while waltzing with a middy, and to have been quite ready for the next ball, hatchway or no hatchway.

Our time had expired, and the return to We were accom-Larnaca was sounded. panied on board by many newly made acquaintances, and we sailed out of port amid the waving of friendly handkerchiefs, the unfurling of consular flags, and the slowly given reports of our little six-pounder, whose salute was all we could render in the way of a return for the courtesies of the good people of Limasol. Zeno was silent during the return voyage; his heart was sorely wounded, and his thoughts all ran to verse. Consoling him

with the thought that

"Twas better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all,"

we left him to his meditations, and talked of

Cyprus as it is. It appears that there is no Protestant mission work in operation here. Some years ago the A. B. C. F. M., which has so successfully extended its missions in other parts of the East, attempted to establish one here, and Rev. Messrs. Pease, Shedd, and Thompson began their labor of love. But it was soon discontinued for want of encouragement, the elements of the Greek character affording no grounds for hope. The graves of Mr. Pease



VASE PURCHASED OF GEN. CESNOLA FOR \$400 IN GOLD.

and his child may now be seen in the Greek cemetery; and the memory of this pious man is still cherished by the members of the Greek church, who held him, when living, in great esteem, and offered his body a burial-place when the Latins refused to allow its interment in their consecrated ground.

And there are no Jews in Cyprus—not a Jew in all the Island. The only light thrown by history on this point, that I can find, is the fact that Hadrian drove every Jew from the

Island.*

On our return to Larnaca after another pleasant sail we had many pleasant walks and rides, so that the place, with all its attractions, is distinctly photographed upon my memory. The country immediately around Larnaca and the Scala, or port, is wanting in two important respects. The only mountains are in the hazy distance, and the trees are too few in number to break the monotony of the dead level of the plain.

Our walks were frequently directed to the



ANCIENT POTTERY POUND AT PAPHOS.

* The Jews once formed quite a large proportion of the population, but they rebelled in the reign of Tra-jan and massacred 240,000 of their fellow-citizens. Hadrian was sent from Rome to quell the insurrection, and only succeeded in restoring peace by banishing every Jew from Cyprus.



ANCIENT TAR

Latin convent, midway between the Scala and the town, from whose gray walls sweet strains of music issued in the soft twilight. We entered the little chapel once during vespers, and were fully repaid for the fatigue of standing, by the melody of the evening chants, accompanied by a rich, full-toned organ.

The Latins pay especial regard to the Virgin Mary during the month of May, when daily service is performed and hymns are sung in her praise. The chapel is decorated with flowers throughout the month, and the pretty Coconas occupy themselves assiduously in forming and hanging garlands upon the necks and heads of statues of the Virgin, before which they may be seen kneeling for hours together in adoration.

An expedition to Famagusta and to the other ruins, although skillfully planned, was not put into execution, for the breaking out of the Syrian massacres made it necessary to return to Beirût with all speed, and a chance English steamer afforded the desired opportunity.

I have made subsequent visits to Cyprus, but none had for me the charm of my first impressions, which half convinced me that the pagan idea of "the isles of the blessed" was not altogether an erroneous one. The bachelor consul, who was then my host, is now the head of a family, and a rising man in his

own country. It has been said that few office-holders die and none resign; but he resigned his consulship, preferring the duties of citizenship at home to the precarious enjoyment of \$1,000 while representing his country abroad. Zeno writes no more verses, for he too is a married man, and his three children have given his thoughts a more practical turn. The truth of history also compels me to relate that Zeno has traveled along the Syrian and Egyptian coast, and has consequently become quite a man of the world.

The present consul, General Cesnola, has been successful in keeping up the prestige of the American flag, and in finding treasures of antiquity among the tombs and ruins of the ancient Idalium, and at Baffo the ancient Paphos, where he stumbled upon a temple of Venus. These consist of works of art, and crusaders' and Oriental arms, bronzes, marbles, antique Greek glass, statues in limestone and terra cotta, gold and silver, and engraved stones, Greco-Phœnician and red glazed pottery.

This is an interesting discovery to all Oriental scholars and antiquarians. The British, Russian, and Berlin Museums have sent out commissioners to examine the collection and to purchase specimens. The consul hoped to sell the entire museum, consisting of about 6,000 pieces, to some American society, but, despairing of success, he has decided to sell by parcels, and has already received a good return upon his investment from lots sold at auction in Paris.

Many American travelers have inspected his series of duplicates, and many have expressed the hope that a full set may yet find its way to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or to the rooms of the New York Historical Society, where it would prove worthy of a place by the side of Abbot's collection of Egyptian antiquities.

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A VISIT TO CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S SCHOOL AT BRUSSELS.

We were a party of twelve—a couple of complete family circles, and a segment or two from others over the sea, but all linked into a chain unbroken for many weeks; and we stayed our feet one June day in the old city of Brussels.

Table d'hôte over, "Where shall we go? What can we do?" queried one of the four girls in our party, two of whom had but just now escaped from the thraldom of a French pensionnat.

"It would be so delightful if we could walk out for once by ourselves. If there were only something to see, somewhere to go."

"Girls!" exclaimed Axelle suddenly, "was not the scene of *Villette* laid in Brussels? Is not Charlotte Brontë's boarding-school here? I am sure it is. Suppose we seek it out—we four girls alone."

"But how and where?" and "Wouldn't that be fine?" chorused the others. There was a hasty search through guide-books, but,

alas! not a clue could we find, not a peg upon which to hang the suspicions that were almost certainties.

"I am sure it was here," persisted Axelle. "I wish we had a Villette."

"We could get one at an English library," suggested another.

"If there is any English library here," added a third, doubtfully.

Evidently that must be our first point of We could ask for information there. Accordingly we planned our crusade, as girls do,—the elders smiling unbelief, as elders will, -and sallied out at last into the summer sunshine, very brave in our hopes, very glad in our unwonted liberty. A commissionnaire gave us the address of the bookstore we sought as we were leaving the hotel. "There are no obstacles in the path of the determined," we said, stepping out upon the Rue Royale. Across the way was the grand park, a maze of winding avenues, shaded by lofty trees, with nymphs and fauns and satyrs hiding among the shrubbery, and with all the tortuous paths made into mosaic pavement by the shimmering sunlight. But to Axelle, Villette was more real than that June day. "Do you remember," she said, "how Lucy Snow reached the city alone and at night?how a young English stranger conducted her across the park, she following in his footsteps through the darkness, and hearing only the tramp, tramp before her, and the drip of the rain as it fell from the soaked leaves? This must be the park."

When we had passed beyond its limits we espied a little square, only a kind of alcove in the street, in the center of which was the statue of some military hero. Behind it a quadruple flight of broad stone steps led down into a lower and more quiet street. Facing us, as we looked down, was a white stuccoed house, with a glimpse of a garden at one "See!" exclaimed Axelle joyfully, "I believe this is the very place. Don't you remember when they had come out from the park, and Lucy's guide had left her to find an inn near by, she ran, being frightened, and losing her way, came at last to a flight of steps like these, which she descended, and found instead of the inn, the pensionnat of Madame Beck?" Only the superior discretion and worldly wisdom of the others prevented Axelle from following in Lucy Snow's footsteps, and settling the question of identity then and there. As it was, we went on to the library, a stuffy little place with a withered old man for sole attendant, who, seated before a table in the back shop, was poring

over an old book. We darted in, making a bewildering flutter of wings, and pecked him with a dozen questions at once, oddly inflected:—"Was the scene of Villette laid in Brussels?" and "Is the school really here?" and "You don't say so!" though we had insisted upon it from the first and he had just replied in the affirmative; lastly, "Oh, do tell us how we may find it."

"You must go so-and-so," he said at length,

when we paused.

"Yes," we replied in chorus; "we have just come from there."

"And—" he went on, "you will see the statue of Gen. Beliard."

We nudged each other significantly. "Go down the steps in the rear, and the

house facing you -

"We knew it. We felt it," we cried triumphantly, and his directions ended there. We neither heeded nor interpreted the expression of expectation that stole over his face. We poured out only a stream of thanks which should have moistened the parched sands of his soul, and then hastened to retrace our steps. We found the statue again. We descended into the narrow, noiseless street and stood—an awe-struck group—before the great square house, upon the door-plate of which we read—

PENSIONNAT DE DEMOISELLES.

HEGER-PARENT.

"Now," said Axelle, when we had drawn in, with a deep breath, the satisfaction and content which shone out again from our glad eyes. "We will ring the bell."

"You will not think of it," gasped the

choir of startled girls.

"To be sure; what have we come for?" was her reply. "We will only ask permission to see the garden, and as the portress will doubtless speak nothing but French, some one of you fresh from school must act as mouth-piece." They stared at Axelle, at each other, and at the steps leading into the upper town, as though they meditated flight. "I cannot," and "I cannot," said each one of the shrinking group.

Axelle laid her hand upon the bell and gave one long, strong pull. "Now," she said quietly, "some one of you must speak. You are ladies: you will not run away."

And they accepted the situation.

We were shown into a small salon, where presently there entered to us a brisk, sharp-featured little French woman—a teacher in the establishment—who smi ed a courteous welcome from out her black eyes as we apol-

ogized for the intrusion and made known our wishes.

"We are a party of American girls," we said, "who, having learned to know and love Charlotte Brontë through her books, desire to see the garden of which she wrote in Villette."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," was the gracious response. "Americans often come to

visit the school and the garden."

"Then this is the school where she was for so long a time?" we burst out simultaneously, forgetting our little prepared speeches.

"Yes, mesdemoiselles; I also was a pupil at that time," was the reply. We viewed the dark little woman with sudden awe.

"But tell us," we said, crowding around her, "was she like—like—" we could think of no comparison that would do justice to the sub-

ject.

The reply was a shrug of the shoulders and "she was just a quiet little thing in no way remarkable. I am sure," she added, "we did not think her a genius; and indeed, though I have read her books, I can see nothing in them to admire or praise so highly!"

"But they are so wonderful!" ventured

one of our number gushingly.

"They are very untrue," she replied, while something like a spark shot from the dark eyes. O shade of departed story-tellers! is it thus

ye are to be judged!

"Madame Héger," she went on, "who still has charge of the school, is a most excellent lady, and not at all the person described as 'Madam Beck.'"

"And M. Paul Emmanuel—Lucy Snow's teacher-lover,"—we ventured to suggest with

some timidity.

"Is Madam Héger's husband, and was at that time," she replied with a little angry toss of the head. After this terrible revelation

there was nothing more to be said.

She led the way through a narrow passage, and opening a door at the end we stepped into the garden. We had passed the classrooms on our right—where "on the last row, in the quietest corner," Charlotte and Emily used to sit. We could almost see the pale faces, the shy figures bending over the desk in the gathering dusk.

The garden is less spacious than it was in Charlotte's time, new class-rooms having been added, which cut off something from its length. But the whole place was strangely familiar and pleasant to our eyes. Shut in by surrounding houses, more than one window overlooks its narrow space. Down its length upon one side extends the shaded walk, the "allée défendue," which Charlotte paced alone so many weary hours, when Emily had returned to England. Parallel to this is the row of giant pear-trees-huge, misshapen, gnarled-that bore no fruit to us but associations vivid as memories. From behind these in the summer twilight the ghost of Villette was wont to steal, and buried at the foot of "Methuselah," the oldest, we knew poor Lucy's love-letters were hidden to-day. A seat here and there, a few scattered shrubs, evergreen, laurel, and yew, scant blossoms, paths damp, green-crusted-that was all. Not a cheerful place at its brightest; not a sunny spot associated in one's mind with summer and girlish voices. It was very still that day; the pupils were off for the long vacation, and yet how full the place was to us. The very leaves overhead, the stones in the walls around us whispered a story as we walked to and fro where little feet, that tired even then of life's rough way, had gone long years before.

"May we take one leaf-only one?" we

asked as we turned away.

"As many as you please," and the little Frenchwoman grasped at the leaves growing thick and dark above her head. We plucked them with our own hands, tenderly, almost reverently; then with many thanks and our adieus we came away.

"We have found it," we exclaimed, when we had returned to the hotel and our friends.

They only smiled their unbelief.

"Do you not know?—can you not see?—oh, do you not feel?—" we cried, displaying our glistening trophies, "that these could have grown nowhere but upon the pear-trees in the old garden where Charlotte Brontë used to walk and dream?"

And our words carried conviction to their

hearts.

THE BLIND BOY-A PARABLE,



THE valley smiled; not so the hills
Where rock and somber pine arose:
But constant were the silver rills
That sought the valley for repose.
They chafed if but a passing gust
Into mid-air their current thrust.

So lofty were the topmost peaks

That where they stopped the clouds began;
And not till noon the early streaks

Of sunshine through the valley ran:
So all the night and half the day
Blind was that valley to the ray.

The peaks in snow, the clouds in gold,
The fields in verdure scattered round,
Wild shadows gamboled towards the wold;
Tame shadows stretched along the ground.
At noon the mountain-shadow moved
And took slow leave of all it loved.

Then were the clouds consumed apace;
Then were the shadows, like a scroll,
Drawn nearer to the mountain's base,
Beneath it suddenly to roll.
Nor wondering eyes asked how it went,
The sun once in the firmament.

There live two orphans: one in shade Finds all his joy, and one in light. These, of a pair by nature made, Are perfect in each other's sight. Sister and brother, side by side They wander, and their joys divide.

When through the woods, the lanes, the fields,
The brother has a wish to stray,
The sister takes the hand he yields,
For she by habit leads the way.
Her skipping feet direct his pace,
And so they run from place to place.

O'er plains that strike the gray-white line Where earth's mild curve in distance ends, O'er streams that on the dwelling shine, O'er quiet mead that homeward tends, O'er sand-dunes waiting on the shore, The sister's eyes his wealth explore.

Despite these gifts, his sister's hand, Her gentle voice, her sayings dear, He cares for more than all his land, That stretches far or gathers near. The path he loses she can find, For all his sight is in her mind.

At early morn, embraced by her, He sits within the shadow's dip To list to his sweet minister, And paint his visions from her lip. She tells him all that earth and skies Reveal to her enchanted eyes.

Sister and brother, side by side,

Her eyes are bright and his are blind.

These are the gifts which they divide:

They halve their thoughts and share their mind.

Darkness he gives and she gives light,

She finds the day and he the night.

She tells him how the mountains swell
Till rocks and forests touch the skies;
He tells her how the shadows dwell
In purple dimness on his eyes.
His wandering orbs the while he lifts,
As round his smile their spirit drifts.

Content beneath the shadow-tree,

Her heart round his to closer wind,
At his sweet smile her eyes, in glee,
She shuts to share his peace of mind.
So half in play the sister tries
To find his soul within her eyes.

She takes his hand and walks along
To lead him to the river's brink.
She stays to hear the water's song,
And closes still her eyes to think,
To tell him, now, the murmurs strike
On ear and heart of both alike.

"The river's flow is bright and clear,"
The blind boy said, "but were it dark,
How should we then its music hear?
And yet at eve-tide sings the lark.
Still if the stream no murmur made,
Methinks it then were like a shade."

"And yet, dear brother, when it stops,
And in the quiet lake is hushed,
Although its gentle murmur drops
"Tis bright as when past us it rushed.
It is not like a shade the more,
Except beneath the wooded shore."

They ramble slowly to the beach;
They sit before the splashing deep.
Their ear the louder voices reach,
And long their soul in silence keep,
"Now, sister, tell me once again
The wonders of the sea's domain."

"I see the waters like a bow
That bends into the dappled sky.
I see the breakers now in row
Without a motion distant lie:
Or if one vanish from the rest,
It .hows again its foamy crest.

"But nearer, midway toward the sands,
 I see each crooked billow creep:
 It stops and into froth expands
 To disappear upon the deep.
But nearer still huge billows strive
To reach the shore and first arrive."

"What color is the sky to-day?"
The blind boy asked. "It still is blue:
But racing clouds about it play,
Some white, and some of inky hue.
When sailors see its dappled form
They always say it bodes a storm."

"What color is the sea? no sun
Is shining now; it must be green."
"It is, but high the breakers run
And white the surf that rolls between.
A storm is lowering o'er the bay,
And all the sky is getting gray."

"The waves are louder: now they call
On me to look upon their might,"
The blind boy said; "and, as they fall,
I think they break upon my sight.
Perhaps at dusk, if we were nigh,
My eyes might see them dark and high."

"What noise was that?" again he cries.

"The sea-gull's scream and flapping wing.
Towards land before a storm he flies
When wind sets in at early spring."

"And tell me all that else betides?"

"A porpoise o'er the billow strides."

She leads him to the wooded belt
Where twisted boughs are thickly set.
"For soon," she said, "the rain must pelt,
And there is shelter from the wet.
When pattering drops soak through the leaves
We still can shun the dripping eaves."

"Stay, sister, hearken to that sound!
You did not say the lightning play'd?"
"It flashes now, and whirling round
The gull dips low and is afraid."
The boy now turns his floating eyes,
But not the way the sea-bird flies.

"The rain is come, for on my cheek
I feel a drop this instant splash.
Let us," he said, "the woodlands seek,
And hear it on the foliage dash.
On the ground-ivy let us tread
And through the grove its perfume spread."

And so they prattle as they leave
The stony beach: in pensive mood
He listens as the billows heave:
She leans her vision on the wood,
And as the honey-suckle clings,
About his neck her arm she flings.

The blind boy thus his sister's sight
From dawn to even fondly tasks,
And reads the world in borrowed light,
Whose equal good he freely asks.
And she, to skim all nature, plies
The infant passion of her eyes.

The sands upon the shore below,
The breakers off the ocean thrown,
The peaks that rob the earth of snow,
By him unseen, are yet his own.
On them were many born to gaze,
Yet none to better pierce their maze.

Though blind he saw, for he had light
To span the corn-fields and the meads,
The lake's repose, the river's flight,
Through her whose hand the blind boy leads.
A sister's love the world explores;
His heart accepts it and adores.

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And when the pleasant house is near, And ended all she had to say, She lifts her voice: "O brother dear, If good my eyes have been to-day, Kiss them for every new delight That kindles in your spirit's sight!" "I draw all vision through your eyes:

I see within, you see outside.

Your love has raised me to the skies,

So narrow once, now high and wide.

Nor always of the somber hue:

For I can dream the dark to blue.

"The hill that upward toils, the stream,
The valley, and the ocean's range,
These take the colors of a dream,
Though as it changes so they change.

But tinged by hope no more they fade Into the deep and narrow shade,

"Outside to you the world is told,
And all you learn you tell to me;
Inside do I the world behold;
There your fond eyes themselves I see;
There your kind hand is in my sight:
No longer dark, for love is light."

LONDON REVISITED.

"THE Dean of Westminster will preach in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall;" so we wended our way thither, for Dean Stanley is a man one must see and hear when one can. The chapel is in the Banqueting Hall of the palace, in front of which Charles I. was beheaded. It was a charity sermon for the benefit of an Asylum for the Blind. The Dean wins you at once by his refined and intellectual face-a pleasing contrast to the heavy features of the average English clergyman. His theme was the compensations attending blindness. He had an old quarto copy of Milton in the desk, and read with great feeling and force three long passages from "Paradise Lost" and "Samson," referring to his own loss of sight-especially the lines,

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse Without all hope of day,"—etc.

The Dean's reference to Milton was warmly eulogistic; and he proceeded in this wise:-"There is a dim tradition that some people once actually believed that Milton's blindness was a judgment of Heaven upon him for his defense of the tragedy which took place on the spot where we now stand. Such a sentiment is simply barbarous; it is unworthy of a civilized people. Englishman of the present day would tolerate it for a moment." Of the accuracy of this last statement, I have my doubts. But the protest of this high dignitary of the Church against the bigotry of a past age, and especially this emphatic reference to a notable event in English history, on the spot where it occurred, and by the official representative of Church and State, seemed to me noteworthy. We all know from Dean Stanley's various works that he is a large-minded man, nobly devoted to the best interests of his Church, for he is wise enough to see that these interests are not advanced by retaining the worst features of mediæval traditions. But one cannot help wondering how far such a man, even

in his high position of official dignity, is sincerely followed by the average audience of very respectable churchmen, whose very respectable faces seem to be the very embodiment of veneration for the traditions and the exclusiveness of the Establishment.

In the afternoon our excellent friend, Rev. Newman Hall, held a service in St. James's Hall (where during the week the "two-headed nightingale" held her crowded levees). The simple, dignified, and yet kind and effective manner in which Mr. Hall preached to the very large audience was admirable in every way.

In Westminster Abbey, where the service on Sunday is now conducted with excellent consideration for the comfort and edification of strangers, I heard another sermon which was notable as an explanation, rather than a justification, of "The Church's" Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. "There are certain technical terms used by the Church," said the preacher, "and this is one. Regeneration is not conversion; that must come, sooner or later, or else the baptism of the infant or the adult is of non-effect, and can never procure salvation." Is there not, after all, some sort of kinship between the "holy Catholic" views and those of the most orthodox "sects?" However one may be influenced by the preaching in these venerable cathedrals,-and it seems natural, somehow, to expect nothing but platitudes or drowsy essays,-no one can attend service in this ancient shrine without being impressed with the solemn beauty of the ritual, and the grandeur of the lofty arches and columns which echo back the chant, "Glory be to God on high." It is a rather trite remark-but after thirty-five years the first impressions of these grand Gothic structures are more than confirmed, and one must still wonder and admire the patient and pious zeal which reared and preserved them through those long dark years of mediæval ignorance.

Curiosity led me into what is called the "Pro-Cathedral," in Kensington,—a new and handsome church (reached from High street by a narrow passage),-which serves for the "Metropolitan" of Romanist Westminster, until they are strong enough to build a more gorgeous edifice. Here officiates the noted Archbishop Manning alternately with the more noted Monsignor Capel (chronicled The custodians of the seats in Lothair). took the shillings of each occupant with an air of business, as if it had been a concert; and I found that the handsome Capel himself was to be the preacher. He entered the pulpit with a jaunty air, put on his becoming cap with a graceful little gesture, as if conscious of his popularity, and began to talk in an easy, fluent manner, without notes, and apparently without study or effort, his theme being a defense of the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation—a fitting sequel, perhaps, to the Abbey discourse. He did not propose either explanation or defense of it, but simply firged that inability to comprehend it was no justification for want of faith. "How," said he, "can we fully grasp and understand the fact that the little child in the manger at Bethlehem was the infinite Jehovah himself? and yet we all believe this.'

Of course we heard Spurgeon again, and found the Tabernacle as full as ever—every one of the five thousand seats being filled, and hundreds standing. This famous preacher's sincerity and earnestness were more convincing even than at first, and so is the evidence of the great extent of his laborious usefulness;—but I could not detect any marked originality or ability in his sermon. His dismissal of the vast audience to-day appeared to me painfully injudicious, to say the least. He invoked a blessing upon all "the saints," and closed with these words: "and if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be

Anathema Maranatha!"

Ordinary sermons which I have heard in the parish churches of St. Martin's-le-Grand, at Paddington, and at "the Foundling," were not impressive in their intellectual ability, but were an improvement on those of olden time. English churchmen are evidently more awake to the practical wants of the people, and to the conflicts of the times, and are more earnest in efforts to do good than they were thirty years ago, though even then I used to hear such men as Baptist Noel, Croly, and Henry Melville.

People go to "the Foundling" to hear the fine singing there, and see the place and the children, who are very nicely housed on an old and ample "foundation." In the chapel the "arms" of the "governors" and patrons for a half-dozen generations are blazoned on the windows. Inquiring the way there of a couple of boys of fifteen in the vicinity, they did not know such a place as the "Foundling Hospital;" but at last a light beamed on the brow of one of them, and he said, "Oh, you mean the 'Fonlin;' but I say, Bill, is that 'ere a 'Ospital?" Query, as to the average English pronunciation of the "masses" here

and in Yankee-land? Parliament needed looking after; and Mr. Jacob Bright (his brother John is still an invalid) and Mr. Thomas Hughes both sent us orders for our friends, which they kindly "borrowed" from fellow-members, and put Mrs. R. on the list for the ladies' "cage" over the speaker's chair. The surroundings of the great edifice are far more fitting and more imposing than in my younger days, when the old "Houses" looked positively shabby. The great towers at each end of the building-which is probably the finest modern Gothic structure in the world-are really magnificent; and the chief entrances and corridors are all in keeping-yet "the House" is approached by the public through an adjoining building, the noble and venerable Westminster Hall, where English history, through seven or eight centuries, looks down upon us. This ancient and spacious hall is a worthy ante-room to the national Legislature; but the law-courts connected with it are only an unpleasant excrescence. When these are removed, and St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the ugly brick buildings next to the Treasury (which is to be done), the two finest buildings in London will have some better chance of being seen as they should be.

The comparative smallness, not to say meanness, of the actual session-halls of both Lords and Commons appears more anomalous than ever. Each has scant accommodation for about one hundred visitors, and scarcely

seats enough for all its members.

Mr. Gladstone's plucky coup d'état, abolishing by royal warrant the purchase of commissions in the army, in defiance of the snubbed House of Lords, had occurred this very week, and was the talk of the town. We could only look at the general aspect of things, and hear a debate on minor matters following this notable stroke of policy. The spasmodic minister, as the opposition journals called him, sat, as usual, facing his old antagonist, Disraeli, on the other side of the table; and the famous leader, ci-devant of the House of Israel, and now of English conservatism, made a snappish retort to some mild explana-

tion of the courteous premier. Surely this novelist-statesman is one of the "curiosities of literature" and of politics. He is in excellent preservation, and looks scarcely older than twenty years ago. Mr. W. E. Forster and two or three others of the ministers defended some minor points in the new Ballot bill, which advanced a stage in spite of the conservatives; but a display of oratory in Parliament is somewhat rare.

It is curious to see how the decadence of the House of Lords is referred to everywhere as an accepted fact. I don't attempt any analysis of English politics; but the headway made by the Democratic idea in England, whether for good or evil, is notably a sign of the times. The sharp criticism of the Queen's absence from London, and of her failure to entertain foreign potentates and to earn her salary-for that is what it amounts to-even in such moderate and conservative journals as the Pall Mall Gazette; the meetings of the people to protest against further grants to Prince Arthur or any more of the royal scions, and the indifference about the doings of the Queen and her children, and of the nobility, as compared with the early years of Victoria's reign, are too significant to be overlooked. Whether this change is premature or is altogether healthy may be questioned; but (as a straw) a remark may be quoted which I heard in a busy street: two citizens evidently "to the manor born:"-" One thing you may be sure of," says one, "the Prince of Wales will never sit on his mother's throne." In former times such a speech in the open street might have been hazardous. Sooner or later, the trappings and expensive luxuries of royalty will be largely simplified; but there are few conditions of life or forms of government that have not something to boast of as compensation for their evils. Oddly enough, the same day, and the next after the Dean's sermon at Whitehall, in glancing over the pages of egotistical and transparent Pepys, who diarized his doings in the days of the Restoration, this was the "lesson of the day."

"Oct 9. 1660.-Went out to Charing Cross to see "Maj. Gen. Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered— which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any "man could in that condition. He was presently cut "down, and his head and heart shown to the people, "at which there were great shouls of joy. " "
"Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at
"Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge "for the King, at Charing Cross."

With a special card of admission, I attended, with my friend L., two of the "Colonial Conferences" in session at the Westminster Palace Hotel. An audience

of about 300, largely composed of ladies, filled a large hall in the hotel-the Duke of Manchester in the chair, and Mr. Jenkins, author of Ginx's Baby, reading the opening address. This Mr. Jenkins (son of a Montreal clergyman),-a rather bald-headed man of forty,-made some sharp strictures upon Parliament and the ministers for their indifference to the wants of "Britain's Colonies," and their ignorance of the nature of those wants. Rev. Dr. Guthrie, editor of the Sunday Magazine, - a fine-looking elderly Scotchman,-followed, exploiting with some emphasis the excellencies of a certain Refuge or Asylum for destitute orphan children, of which he was one of the promoters,-and which he said would furnish a capital crop of good colonists. The gentleman from Australia, in a sharp, bright speech, protested against being supplied with emigrants taken from the gutters; whereupon the reverend doctor stoutly and warmly reiterated his assertion that neither Canada nor Australia ought to ask or expect better recruits than could be furnished by his pet charity. Conference was sweetened with ice-cream and strengthened with coffee, and was thus prolonged to a late hour for several days and evenings; but whether the Colonies were essentially helped, deponent saith not.

The second evening the leaders were on the qui vive to receive the Emperor of Brazil, who is now examining British institutions, and whose royal arms were put up over the platform; but that intelligent and sensible "foreigner" was so busy with other lions that he arrived only as the meeting was breaking One little incident here was amusing: the Australian delegate began saying that it had been asserted by some that the power and prestige of England were on the wane, and that English influence among the nations had become of late materially lessened. "No, no, no!" was the cry all over the hall; and the speaker corrected his sentence by remarking that he had merely quoted other people; but he himself believed that the position of England was never stronger than now. This soothed the sensitive listeners; their nerves had probably been excited by The Battle of Dorking, the publishers of which announce the "second hundred thousand"-while a dozen other "sensations," by way of offset, have been following in its wake. The last of these is The Battle of Berlin, which reverses the picture, and demolishes the German empire at the gates of its capital. But. all these straws show something of the popu-

lar currents flowing here just now.

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In London, the weather being exceptionally fine, I enjoyed long rides on the tops of omnibuses to all parts of the great metropolis and its suburbs. More than ever one is forced to see, in this way, some of the fearful degradation resulting from the thousands of glaring gin palaces at the corners of almost every street,—crowded with men, women, children, and some with babies in their arms; many cadaverous and half-starved, whose last pennies are spent, not for bread, but for the vile fiery compound in which they seek to drown their sorrows and privations.

What a fearful problem do these places present to the philanthropist and the statesman! The absence of pure water used to be the excuse for swilling the beer which is so large a part of the life of English workingpeople. I was glad to see that this evil had been greatly remedied by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association, which, in the spirit of Mr. Bergh, has provided water-fountains for man and beast in every part of the great city. Scarcely any practical charity was more needed; and how strange it is, that thirty years ago such simple and effective checks against intemperance had not been thought of. A person drinking a glass of pure cold water was then looked upon with wonder. Now, it is said that these fountains are used by 300,000 daily, who are thus so much the less tempted by the gin-shops. A strange statement, by the way, now floats in print, to the effect that 300,000 "members of the Church of England (!)" are habitual urunkards!

Wenham Lake ice was introduced into the Strand about thirty years ago, and now London begins to be well supplied with this luxury from Norway and Sweden. Another improvement is the recent introduction, in a few places, of "American Soda-Water Fountains." At one of these places in Regent street you can get ice-cream and soda-water equal to any in Broadway; and I was glad to see fashionable ladies coming in there in troops to enjoy the unwonted luxury—and well they might, in this unwonted temperature of 80° and more, in the shade.

Those frightful gin palaces remind me of a little sketch which was given me from life by an English friend, some years ago: Scene, the Old Hummum's Hotel, Covent Garden; J., taking his chop in the coffee-room, is forced to hear the talk of a couple at another table. "Waiter," J. whispers, "who is that old fellow?" "That, Sir, — Oh, that's Lord A— [a peer of the realm, who owns whole acres of tenants in the heart of northern

London]. His lordship often dines here, That's his medical man with him, Sir. He has him for company, Sir." [i. e., a good listener and endorser for my lord's wisdom.] My lord sipping his port, log. - "No, no! What I say is this: if a man wants his pint of wine or glass of spirits and water, let him have it! let him have it! But blast the coffee-shops! you may depend upon it that one-half of the vices of this great metropolis are contracted in those dcoffee-shops. And now mark what I say; tea's as bad: now tea's as bad. Here I hear many people complaining of the price of tea. They say tea's getting up; tea's getting up! I wish to Heaven 'twas a guinea an ounce. I never use it! Here's all the money going out of the country to those cursed Chinese. No, no! what I say is this," etc.

Doctor (after several repetitions of the above), to change the topic: "Anything going

on down at the House, my lord?"

"Not a d—d thing. I told Wellington, the last time I was down there, that the country's all going to the dogs, past redemption. No! no! what I say is this; if a man wants a pint of wine or a glass of spirits and water, let him have it! let him have it! But d—the coffee-shops," etc. etc., and so on to about a dozen repetitions. If peers like these prevail much in the upper House, no wonder Mr. Gladstone ignores them; but fortunately there is an Argyll, a Houghton, and a good many others who are noble by

nature as well as by title.

The problem of pauperism and vice must be one of the hardest for English philanthropy and State-craft to solve. "Old England," said an American friend years ago, "how magnificent are her charities! yet how desperate is her destitution!" Has she improved any? Let us hope so; though one still sees some wretched objects of pity, even in the busy streets under the very nose of the Beadle and of the "Peeler." What can be more dreary than the songs (!) you hear from those pitiable-looking men, women, and children who appeal for pennies by plaintive notes of woe, sometimes under the guise of comic (!) glees, under your window; the miserable creatures looking as though the driest crust would be greedily clutched to defeat absolute starvation. Passing through St. James's Park, Sunday morning, on my way to the Abbey, I observed on one of the benches near the pond a young man and woman of 18 or 20, apparently billing and cooing lovers; so I modestly looked the other way. But as I passed,

a second glance showed me in those two faces a picture of hopeless woe which haunted me for weeks. They seemed to be drearily, despairingly in want and misery. One passes often from such piteous people to another phase of street life, the lively doings of Punch and Judy-still a popular institution in London, and amusing enough to win coppers from people who abuse themselves for their absurdity in being so easily amused.

In thinking of the condition of the poor in London, one naturally inquires about the practical charities of recent years, and especially those of George Peabody and Miss Burdett Coutts. We went down to Shoreditch to see the first of Mr. Peabody's model houses, and the new market and tenements just erected by the Baroness, near the Great Eastern Railway. What could be a more beneficent transformation than that thus wrought in the regions before so dismally forlorn and wretched? The other tenement quadrangles, produced by Mr. Peabody's money, are at Islington and on the Surrey side.

Of the American notions which have been introduced here besides that real philanthropy, soda fountains, we have among others that great achievement, the sewing-machine, which Hood did not chronicle when he sang the Song of a Shirt. Wheeler & Wilson, Wilcox & Gibbs, Singer, Howe, and others have warehouses here, both in the City and at the West End: and Cramer, the leading music-dealer in Regent street, displays a big sign of "Ameri-

can organs."

The present International Exhibition at Albert Hall and the Horticultural Gardens appears to show little or nothing distinctively American. The display of pictures and sculpture, especially the English, is large and creditable, and there is a fair collection from Bel-The rest of the gium, France, and Germany. exhibition consists chiefly of draperies, machinery in motion, porcelain, carpets, and ornamental furniture—all admirable in their way. But the things best worth seeing are the buildings themselves, and the flower-gardens between them. Albert Hall is the best architectural success which London can boast in late years. Most people already know that this is a huge structure of brick and stone, designed partly as a "memorial" to the lamented Prince (in addition to the pretty Gothic structure in the Park, for which they say the Queen pays £200,000 from her privy purse—the city not being inclined to deprive her of that pleasure). The hall is utilized as a huge concert-room, capable of seating 10,000 persons, who can all see and hear almost equally well. It has a su-

perb organ-said to be the best in Europeand seats for 1,000 or more performers. A shilling admission to the lofty promenade gallery at the top gave me a chance for leisurely examining some 500 water-colors placed there as part of the exhibition, while listening at the same time to a fine concert of vocal, instrumental. and organ music, and looking down comfortably on the immense audience in four or five successive circles, rising above a parterre of living flowers, or rather of living ladies crowned with flowers and ribbons of all the tints in nature. The architectural effect of this vast interior is wonderfully grand; and yet, with all its immense dimensions, this building can contain only about one-eighth as many people as the old Roman Coliseum. In the daytime the beautiful gardens and conservatory of the Horticultural Society are open to visitors, and a fine band discourses choice music to the thousands who throng the grounds and the terraces on each side. The whole scene is extremely animating and beautiful.

This temporary exhibition, however, had to me less attraction than the galleries of the South Kensington Museum, which is reached from a corner of the garden. The buildings for this admirable collection, already erected, are still destitute of any main elevation, and have a crude and uninviting appearance externally. Mr. Cole, the chief inspirer and engineer of the enterprise, seems to glory in the fact that no money has yet been spent on fronts or external ornament.* Mr. Cole, who is a fine old English gentleman of sixtyfive, and his chief assistant, Mr. Owen, were very obliging in their manifestations of goodwill to our New York enterprise, the "Metropolitan Art Museum." They gave me two long interviews, in which all the main points in the history, theory, and practice of the Kensington institution were fully explained. They also liberally offered all kinds of facilities for our Museum to acquire the reproductions in casts-plaster and metal-and in photography and chromos, which have been obtained from the originals on the Continent as well as in England. As this thriving institution, through its various experts, has reaped the fruits of twenty years' study of the niceties of form and detail in its picture-galleries, its glass cases, and other requirements, it is a great thing for our Museum to have the advantage of all this experience, and to have the option and choice of all works of art that

[.] I presented him with the number of Scribner containing Mr. Beard's very original designs for an Art Museum entrance.

can be reproduced in fac-simile at a merely nominal cost: that is, we save the expense of the moulds, and need only pay for the manipulation of the duplicate. Of course we cannot thus reproduce oil paintings; but we can have, in the precise form and detail, an exact fac-simile of statuary, ornamental furniture, curious architectural details, medals, bronzes, etc., both modern, mediæval, and antique, by the time a suitable building, temporary or other, is ready to receive them. We shall thus possess in Central Park a collection which will instruct and delight all who have any curiosity or taste for the masterpieces of art and the progress of the "Art-Idea" in all ages and nations. From the Louvre and from Berlin we shall have duplicates of the great works in sculpture, antique and modern; and it is probable that the gov-ernments of England, France, and Germany will present to our Museum sets of their costly publications relating to Art. Those of France, especially, are of great value. best antiques in the British Museum can also be ours as far as form, size, and expression are concerned; and a moderate subscription of the American bankers in London would purchase all these reproductions, and form a suitable offering from them to the future commercial center of the world. Indeed, no enterprise of this sort was ever more opportunely started than the Art Museum of New York: the only wonder is, that it did not become a fixed fact years ago. Yet on some accounts we shall gain by the delay; -we shall have the benefit of all the wisdom and experience and zeal which have been so largely devoted to the subject in Europe during the last twenty years.

I was surprised to learn from Mr. Cole that the whole expense of construction of the galleries and courts containing the paintings and works of art at Kensington was less than £30,000,—nothing whatever being yet laid out on architectural fronts,—although the Museum has now been open to the public more than fifteen years. They are just completing three new buildings—one of which has a handsome front on the side of the gardens; the other two being designed for huge reproductions of architectural curiosities.

The Art Library and Schools of Design form important features of this institution. Mr. Owen described to me their system of competitive prizes—all the art schools in the kingdom sending their drawings and models to Kensington, where committees of experts select the best for exhibition and for reward. I understood Mr. Owen that no less than

70,000 of these drawings and models had thus been examined and sifted the present year, and the best of them remain in the

galleries.

They are also forming an immense library of books relating, more or less, to art, and have just printed "proof-sheets" of a Catalogue of Art-books, which itself fills two thick quarto volumes of more than 1,000 pages each! How little do even our intelligent people at home know of the vast amount of time and money which have been expended in Europe in developing the art idea, and teaching it how to draw, to paint, to mould, and to construct according to the eternal principles of truth and beauty!

The exhibition of the Royal Academy, at its new rooms in Piccadilly, appeared to be, in its extent and general character, superior to the average of olden time—even of those years when Turner and Stanfield, Landseer and Etty were leading exhibitors. Yet it is not so certain that there are now many works

of the highest excellence. Boughton, whose clever pencil belongs, I hope, to our side, shows two or three of the most notable, and there are some by Hennessy. But the greatest works are doubtless those of Millais, whose genius, with all its eccentricities, is

generally admired.

We made another visit to that charming collection at the delicious little village of Dulwich, where there are some of the best examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and two or three Murillos, familiar in prints—freely open to all visitors to be studied at leisure. Yet many American picture-lovers go to London and don't see Dulwich, though it is only an hour distant. If the collections purchased so pluckily by Mr. Blodgett for our New York Museum contain works of as much excellence as the Vandycks, and Cuyps, and Gerard Douws at Dulwich, our "knowing ones" will have new cause to admire the liberal zeal and public spirit of one of Gotham's most valuable citizens.

The "Vernon," "Sheepshanks," and other collections at Kensington, however, present the best attractions of the English school, and are very enjoyable even after a study of the Claudes, and Rubens, and Turners of the National Gallery. In pictures of this class we have hardly begun on our side to study the A B C, yet in landscape we have no cause to shrink from comparison.

We had this week a third chance to become familiar with the fine collection at Stafford House, where we can see also the finest entrance hall in London—superior to that at Buckingham Palace. At this last I once had a peep at royalty in the shape of the then young and good-looking queen, leaning on the arm of her handsome husband, both gorgeously arrayed in state costume, and coming down the long staircase on their way to hold a "Drawing Room" at St. James's. Poor Queen! she now has to endure the sharp severities of the cruel critics, who almost abuse her for keeping aloof from the splendors and frivolities that appertain to those unfortunate people who wear crowns and coronets.

One of the most notable changes of thirty years is that in the matter of beards. I was domiciled in London, even modest sidewhiskers were rare; respectable John Bull almost invariably practicing the most rigid scraping of his face. Nous arons changé tout cela. Then, a man with a full beard was invariably decided to be a foreigner; and if a clerk or other employé had been guilty of the enormity of a moustache he would have been discharged with a reprimand. Such a folly was deemed wholly unbusiness-like and un-English. Yet now, I noticed at the Colonial Conference that the audience, male and female, was much the same as you would see at Steinway Hall; and hirsute Englishmen are now rather the rule than the exception; even in the

pulpit they are not rare.

Returning from a pilgrimage to the Peabody and Coutts charities at Bethnal Green, we looked into Bunhill Fields burying ground

looked into Bunhill Fields burying-ground to see the new monument put up recently to the memory of De Foe. It was a bright thought to let the boys thus take part in honoring the name of the author of Robinson Some children, sitting over their books on the graves, guided us with great zeal and readiness to the tomb of John Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim" has visited more millions of homes even than Crusoe; and then the same children (who seemed to be saying their lessons to an elder sister, in a sunny spot of this city of the dead) guided us to the restingplace of Isaac Watts. What three other names-possibly excepting Shakespeare'sare more familiar in our mouths as household words? This cemetery of the dissenters, in the dullest portion of the older London, is a spot of great interest, and every American visitor to London should go there. It is a notable counterpart to the lordly mausoleum of Westminster. "I'm told there's snug lying in the Abbey," says Sir Lucius in the comedy-and the honor paid to Dickens in giving his bones a place among the celebrities of English history

was in most respects fitting. But were there

not other reasons why he should have been placed in the humbler resting-place among the men of the people in Bunhill Fields?

The peculiar pursuits of an Englishman of cultivated tastes, who has acquired independence and can ride hobbies at pleasure, may be sometimes curiously suggestive. An invitation to dine with such a one and to see his collection was not to be slighted. house may have stood for a hundred and fifty years, in the classic shades of Twickenham, a short distance from Pope's famous villa, and adjoining the extensive gardens of the Duc d'Aumale and Prince de Joinville; the very spot where their father Louis Philippe passed some of his days of early exile, in teaching both young ideas and tender plants "how to shoot." Mine host, who in the last generation had given us Anniversary feasts at the Star and Garter at Richmond, now enjoys his otium cum dignitate in the midst of a garden of seven acres filled with rare plants from all parts of the world, and shade and fruit trees,

all of his own planting.

No less than six thousand rose-bushes ornament these gardens, and the exotics would inspire enthusiasm in the driest of botanists. In the house he has a collection of seven hundred paintings, chiefly small and rare, and some of them of great value. With real Hogarths and Vandycks, Constables, Cuyps, and even Raphaels, repeated in every nook and corner, they must have been costly. These two pursuits-plants and rare pictures-one can understand and admire, and Mr. B. is a scientific botanist as well as connoisseur in art. But the third hobby is altogether beyond my limited comprehension. It is a marvelous and inordinate collection of old china and porcelain, of all shapes, ages, nations, and One can easily sympathize with this pursuit to a certain extent, and can appreciate the interest in specimens of Palissy, Wedgewood, and a few notable artists in this line, showing the progress of taste and skill. But to invest a fortune in such things, to place in a private house of moderate extent, filling every crevice, and even packing the windows with cases full, three or four deep-this is worse than bibliomania in its worst form. (1 hope my host will excuse the stupidity which prompts the remark.) I was told that Mr. B. had expended £50,000 in this one line of curiosities; and as he pointed out, here and there, a tea-cup which had cost £50, and even £100 a piece, I can believe the aggregate. But, as the Duke of Newcastle said when criticised for controlling the votes of his tenants, "Shall I not do what I will with my

own?" Strange and extravagant as the cost of these knickknacks appears, they say it would prove a good investment if sold at auction to-morrow, so eager are the Oldbucks and virtuosos in their competition for these old

cups and saucers.

Bibliomania is not extinct either. Mr. Quaritch showed me a "block book," of perhaps a hundred leaves, in small quarto, which he had just bought at auction for five hundred guineas—say \$2,800. This is a good deal worse than the case of the Guttenberg Bible, which I had the pleasure of purchasing in 1847 for Mr. Lenox for £500, and for which Mr. Q. now says he would pay, on speculation, a much larger sum. Mr. Lenox's copy is the only one on this continent, and is a miracle of bookmaking, considering that it was the first book ever printed with movable types.

One can hardly resist repeating a visit to that wonderful structure of glass and iron at Sydenham. The building and grounds are a marvel, perhaps beyond the imagination of the Sultan's daughter, and they must satisfy anybody's expectation. The courts which reproduce old Thebes, and Nineveh, and Athens, and Pompeii, and the Alhambra, are admirable in their details. The mercantile part of the affair, however, has become slipshod and shabby, and has probably ceased to be attractive or profitable. I was enticed to the Palace on the day of the "Scott Centennial;" but the plays and the pipers, and even the Scott relics and illustrations were less attractive than the historical courts, where one is transported back to the life of Greeks and Romans, Assyrians and Egyptians of ages before the advent of Christianity.

This glance over some of the notable changes in mighty London since my tenyears' residence began there, thirty-five years ago, has been intensely enjoyable and instructive. The material for study and reflection and comparison is immense in its scope;—but the theme is no novelty, and I forbear.

THE TWO MRS. SCUDAMORES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

AUTHOR OF "MISS MARJORIBANKS," "JOHN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," ETC.

(Continued from page 94.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE family dinner was at seven o'clock, and the family met and sat down as usual, The day before this had been a cheer-Mrs. Scudamore in her quiet and content had encouraged her children's talk, and their plans-what they were to do. It had been sweet for her to hear them, to feel that they were no longer to be crossed and thwarted capriciously, and that, at the same time, her own will and wish were sovereign with them, for the moment at least. It had been the pleasantest meal eaten at Scudamore for a long time. To-day, so far as Charlie knew, at least, everything was unchanged. exclaimed at his mother's paleness when she came into the drawing-room; but she had come down only at the last moment, when there was little time for remark.

She was dressed as carefully as usual, studiously, Amy thought, to avoid the least trace of any difference; but she was ghastly pale. Every trace of color had gone from her face. Her very lips were blanched, as if the blood had rushed back to her heart far too deeply to permit any return. A tremulous move-

ment was in her fingers, and even now and then in her hand, as if her nerves had been jarred; otherwise she showed no sign of what Amy had watched very anxhad passed. iously for the appearance of the strange visitor; but Mrs. Scudamore came down alone. Fortunately, Charlie's ignorance of all that had occurred kept him free from the restraint and painful consciousness which Amy felt up-They sat down as usual; the on herself. natural routine went on, and if the mother at the end of the table felt like a somnambulist walking in a dream, neither of the two divined Mrs. Scudamore looked out of the frightful mist which seemed to her own consciousness to envelop her, and saw Amy's wistful eyes watching her; but Charlie was quite unconcerned, eating his soup as usual. helped her to bear the awful weight that was upon her heart. And then the presence of the servants helped her in the story she had She began it, seizing the opportunity to tell. when Charlie paused for the third time to look at her across the flowers on the table, and ask what she had done to herself to be

"What I suppose I ought not to have done," she answered, forcing something which did duty for a smile; "talking over old affairs. I have not told you yet," she went on, clearing her voice, "of a visitor who arrived this afternoon-a-a relation, who will most likely stay with us-for a long time."

"Good heavens!" said Charlie, "a rela-

tion! What a terrible bore!"

Amy, who was watching her mother closely, felt disposed to check her brother's levity with indignation, but it was a help to Mrs. Scudamore. She panted as if for breath as she went on; but once more that faint watery gleam of a smile crossed her face.

"She is a lady, Charlie. I expect you to be very civil to her. She is-your aunt-the widow of your uncle Tom, who-died in America. She has been there most of her

"Worse luck," said the unconcerned Charlie. "My uncle Tom, my uncle Tom? Who was he? I never heard of him, that I know of-"

"Don't worry your mamma, Master Charles," whispered Woods under cover of an entrée. "He was poor master's brother, your uncle as went to America when you was a

baby; that's sure enough."

"By Jove! Woods," Charlie began, with boyish resentment, and then a better instinct saved him, and Woods covered the exclamation by dropping a spoon, picking it up with confusion, and begging pardon audibly. It was a pause for which Mrs. Scudamore was

grateful.

"I have invited Mrs. Thomas Scudamore," she said with a little shiver, which Amy perceived, "to stay-of course. She only came home about a month ago-about the time-I expect you to be very civil to her. I don't think that her own people are—perhaps—the kind of persons-but she herself is-Mrs. Scudamore made a pause, and then she shivered again, and said with a moaning sigh, "very good-oh, it is true-very good.

"She may be as good as she pleases," said · Charlie; "but, mamma, whatever you may say, such a visitor will be a dreadful bore."

"She is a good woman," repeated Mrs.

Scudamore, with a broken voice.

"A good woman is an appalling descrip-"One never falls back tion," said Charlie. upon that primitive fact if there is anything more interesting to say. I've always noticed in my experience-mother, what's the matter? You don't mean to say you are angry?"

"Another disrespectful word of your-aunt, and I will leave the table," cried Mrs. Scudamore passionately. "If I could imagine any child of mine treating her otherwise than as

she deserves-"Good Heavens!" said Charlie again, under his breath, and he shot an inquiring glance at his sister. But Amy, trembling and miserable, kept her eyes upon her plate. The girl had never seen her mother so. They seemed to have plunged back into the old days when the fretful father put a curb up on all they said or did. Shame, distress, and terror filled Amy's heart, and silence fell upon the table, a silence which seemed to irritate Mrs. Scudamore as nothing had ever irritated her be-

"You seem to have lost your tongues all at once," she said bitterly. "If this is the consequence of so mild a claim upon your obedience, nothing more than asking you to be civil to a-near-relation, it is a bad omen for If you cannot accept my statement

without proof-"

"Mother!" cried Charlie loudly, "what

can you mean? proof!"
"Yes, proof. What does your grumbling mean but an insinuation that you don't be-

"Mother, mother! what is the matter?

What do you take me for?"

"I take deeds, not words," she said with feverish agitation; and then it seemed that she had nearly burst into convulsive tears,

but she restrained herself.

All this time the servants went about the table softly, with the stealthy, deprecating consciousness of spectators at a domestic storm. They could not understand it any more than the children could. She was not herself, not like herself; they exchanged looks, as Amy and Charlie did. When dinner was over she gave orders peremptorily that the younger children were not to come down to dessert, and rose from the table almost before Woods had gone.

"I must go to my visitor," she said, sweeping out of the room with state, that hasty wind of suppressed passion about her. She went out so hastily that Amy had not time to follow. The two sat looking after their mother equally bewildered, but with very

different feelings.

"What is the matter?" said Charlie, with undisguised astonishment. "Is my mother I never saw her like this before. Amy,

you must know?"

"I am afraid she is ill, Charlie. Oh, don't say anything. I cannot bear to see it," said Amy, with tears; "it is so unlike mamma."

"I wish the doctor would call," said Charlie. "You should get her to go to bed. Don't you know something that you could make her take? Women used to know all about doctoring. And I am sure you could save her a great deal, Amy, if you were to try. She has been doing too much."

"Perhaps I could," said Amy doubtfully,

"if you thought it were that."

"Of course it is that. You have left everything upon her," said the young man, glad to find somebody to blame. "You have left her to write all her letters and things, and do the bills, and a hundred trifles you might have

spared her."

"I'll run now and see what I can do," said Amy, following her mother hastily out of the room. Amy, innocent and young as she was, had already learned the lesson women learn so soon, that a masculine conclusion of this kind is beyond the reach of argument. It satisfied Charlie. It comforted his mind to throw all the blame upon her, and to persuade himself that his mother's strange aspect had an easily removable cause. Amy could not so delude herself, but she said to herself, "What is the use of arguing?" and took the ready course thus offered her. Poor little Amy's heart was very heavy. No, it was not writing letters and reckoning up bills that had done it. It was something far more mysterious, something which she could not divine. The words she had heard at the window came back to her and made her shiver. "To save them from shame I would give my life, I would risk my soul!" O what, what could it mean?

There was no one in the drawing-room, of course, and Amy made her way wearily upstairs, wondering where her new aunt was, wondering what sort of person she was, and what she had to do with it. She had red eyes, but that was with crying, and her nose was red, and her whole person was limp. But then her voice and touch were kind. The door of the west room was closed as she approached it, but Stevens just then came out with a "Is the lady—is my aunt there?"— "La, bless us, miss, is she your aunt?" said Stevens nodding her head and refusing further comment. Amy paused a long time at the Should she go in, and make acquaintance with the stranger? Should she encounter her mother there with that changed face? With a little timid reluctance to take any decisive step, she ran to her own room, just to collect herself. Amy's room communicated with her mother's. Mrs. Scudamore had been glad to have her child so near to be able to call her in at any time; but the first thing Amy saw on entering the room was that the door of communication was closed. She gave a little sharp cry involuntarily. That separation hurt her and appalled her. "Why should she shut me out?" Amy said to herself. "Me?" She felt the door; it was locked. She listened even in the great perturbation of her thoughts, but nothing was audible.

It was more than Amy could bear. "Mamma, mamma!" she cried, beating on the door. There was no answer. She had something of the Scudamore temper too, and could be hasty and even violent when she was thwarted. She lost patience. "I will come in," she said; "I will not be shut out. -Mamma, you have no right to shut me out! Open the door! open the door!"

All at once the door opened wide—as if by magic, Amy thought, though it was solely the hurry of her own agitation, the fingling in her ears, the sound she was herself making, which prevented her from hearing the withdrawing of the bolt—and her mother stood very severe

and grave before her.

"What is the meaning of this, Amy?" she

said coldly, and Amy's head sank.

"Oh, mamma, don't go awayt Don't shut yourself up; at least don't shut me out-me, mamma! There may be things you cannot talk of to the rest, but, mamina, me!". cried Amy, in a transport of leve and pain. Mrs. Scudamore made a violent effort at selfcontrol. Her whole soul was full of passionate irritation. Her impulse was to thrust her daughter away from her,-to shut out all the world. But that unreasoning cry went to her heart. Oh, if the child but knew! Tell it to her ! The same thought that had moved her enemy came with a great swell and throb of pain over Mrs. Scudamore's heart.

"Amy," she said hoarsely, "child, go away. There is nothing the matter with me; or if there is it is my own business alone. Go away. I cannot be disturbed now."

Amy crept to her mother's feet and clasped her knees: "Only me!" she said, laying her soft cheek against the harsh blackness of the crape. "You can trust me, mother; let me share the trouble, whatever it is. Oh, mamma, mamma! why should you have secrets from me?"

Mrs. Scudamore trembled more than her child did as she stooped over her. "Hush, hush!" she said, "let there be an end of this. Listen, Amy—it is—papa's secret—not yours—nor mine. Now—ask me no more."

Amy shrank away with a strange look of awe. She looked wistfully into her mother's face; she acknowledged the difference. Those words which Mrs. Scudamore loathed to speak

were absolutely effectual. She rose from the ground, and putting her arms round her mother's neck, clung to her silently, hiding her "Is it very bad?" she whispered, kissing her neck and her dress. Amy's whole soul was lost in pity.

"It is very bad," said the poor woman, with a groan; and she held her child close to her heart, which broke over her with a very tempest of love and anguish. Oh, if Amy but knew! But she should never know -not if it were at the cost of her mother's

life-at the peril of her soul.

When Amy had been thus dismissed, calmed down, and composed in the most magical way-for, after all, the dead father's secrets, whatever they might be, were nothing in comparison to what the very lightest veil of mystery on the part of the mother would have been - Mrs. Scudamore once more closed the door. She did it very softly, that no one might hear. She drew her curtains, that no one might see, and then she gave way to a misery that was beyond control. Was there any sorrow like her sorrow? she said to herself in her anguish. She took her dead husband's miniature out of its frame, and threw it on the ground and crushed it to fragments -she cursed him in her heart. He had done this wantonly, cruelly, like the coward he was; he had known it all along-he had died knowing it, with his children by his bedside. Oh, God reward him, since man could not, the coward and villain. These were the only prayers she could say in the bitterness of her heart.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER this terrible day things fell into their usual channel at Scudamore. The little woman who had brought so much trouble into the house, came down stairs and was known among the children as Aunt Thomas-it was the name they all gave her. She was a hesitating little woman, doubtful exceedingly as to her actions, prone to take advice, and accepting it gratefully, even from little Mary, who was but seven years old. Mary was Aunt Thomas's Christian name, and she took doubly to the child, who led her about everywhere like an obedient slave. Very soon even the grown-up children, even Amy and her brother, accepted the new relationship with the unquestioning matter-of-course facility of youth. They made no inquiries into They accepted Aunt Thomas with simplicity and sincerity; everything that was mysterious in it was explained by the fact that she had lived most of her life abroad. It was natural to believe that a woman whose

days had been passed so far away should be ignorant of the kind of habits they had been brought up in, and the Scudamore "ways." And then it was not denied that Mrs. Thomas Scudamore had been "raised from the ranks." The children grumbled a little at first, Charlie especially, who complained to everybody but his mother that Aunt Thomas was a bore. But by degrees this passed away, and before she had been there a fortnight Aunt Thomas was the favorite of the house. She had ceased to weep; her poor little nose had recovered its natural color, and her eyes were no longer muddled. When she came to look as nature intended she should, it became evident that she was one of the women who, without a good feature, by mere stress of youth, and bloom, and smiles, are often very pretty when they are young, and who do not grow ugly, as great beauties often do, but retain a certain shadow of good looks as long as goodhumor and health last them. Her eves were kindly smiling eyes when they were not red with crying; and though the thin little curls she wore under her cap were not pretty, yet they were old-fashioned, which of itself is a quality. It was something, Charlie said, to have an aunt who had strength of mind to wear little curls half-way down her cheek. As for little Alice and Mary, they took possession of Aunt Thomas with scarcely a mo-ment of doubt. They might be seen leading her about the park, one at each hand, every day of their lives. They seated her between them on the grass when they made daisychains, or fought with plantains. They called her back as if she had been a dog when she strayed away from them. She set their little bits of worsted work to rights for them, and dressed their dolls. In their society she was as gay as themselves, and almost as much like a child.

Mrs. Scudamore, however, did not settle down to the new relationship so easily. had never been the same since that day. She had then been a young woman comparatively, notwithstanding all her troubles. Her cheek had been round; her hair as brown as Amy's. Now, not all at once, but by stealthy, imperceptible degrees, she had grown gray. cheek had grown hollow, her eyes sunken, her temper uncertain. Sometimes a word would rouse her into irritation; sometimes she would sit for hours together, her head bent over some pretense at work, yet doing nothing, finding in it only a shield and cover for her sadness. Sometimes, on the contrary, she would take wild fits of activity. children, after the first, made little remark,

but accepted this also, as children do accept Even Charlie the faults of their parents. was too loyal to his mother to speak openly of the change. He said with a sigh that the house was no longer "jolly;" that it was hard upon a fellow to be shut up like this, and that he wished the "long" was over, and he back at Oxford. As for Amy, who had no Oxford to go to, and whose code of duty forbade her to question whether home was or was not "jolly," she said very little, one way or another, but from the depth of her gentle heart was sorry for "poor mamma." This secret which she was carrying the weight of, which was not her own, was the thing that had done it; and a tinge of bitterness came to Amy's heart as she reflected upon this legacy which her father had left behind him. Girls who have had a hard father have two ways of regarding men,-either with disgust, as the oppressors of life, or with a longing romantic worship of an ideal, and eager hope to find somewhere the man who will contradict the tradition of misery and prove all the heart longs to believe of excellence and love. Amy was of this latter order. She was a sanguine creature, hopeful of everything; and she was as sure that it remained to her to find the prince of men, as sure as if she had been nurtured upon nothing but optimism and romantic visions. With this certainty in her mind a deeper pity stole, a more melting tenderness came over her when she thought of "poor mamma;" for Amy's ideal was something more than a hope. Since her earliest recollection she had known one who in her youthful eyes appeared the very successor and heir of the Red-Cross Knight; and this hero had been absent for some time on his travels, thus gaining the last touch of per-fection. She had never said to herself that she was the Una of this reproachless gentleman; but a consciousness of some fairy link between them was very sweet at her heart-no wonder she sighed for poor mam-

Mrs. Scudamore avoided Mrs. Thomas's society as much as possible; but when they were together she treated her with a deference which nobody could understand. She deferred to her in everything; she gave up her own convenience, her own way, to hers, whenever she had a chance. That, it is true, was not very often; for Mrs. Thomas was very humble, very deprecating, taking nothing upon herself; and considerably frightened of her sister-in-law, she would steal away to the nursery, or to her own room, when Mrs. Scudamore came down stairs. They were rarely

together; but when it happened that they were together Mrs. Scudamore's temper was, perhaps, more uncertain than usual. She exhorted the children to be good to their aunt and seek her society; but yet, it appeared, could not bear to see them respond to her injunctions. A shadow would cross her face when she saw little Mary dragging the kind aunt after her, demanding with unceremonious freedom everything from her. Whatever her object was in establishing Mrs. Thomas in her family, she had accomplished it; and now she could not bear the result. A concealed bitterness was in every word she said—a sword was in her heart. She resisted even the love of her own. Sometimes, even, she would send her little girls harshly away, bidding them go to Aunt Thomas, "as you call her."

This was done once in Amy's presence, and Mrs. Scudamore's bitter repentance and regret for having thus betrayed herself were terrible to the grieved and confused mind of poor Amy. "She is Aunt Thomas, is not she, mamma?" she had cried in her first surprise. "Yes, yes," Mrs. Scudamore said with sharp pain, which Amy did not understand. She could not even stop when Aunt Thomas came in, but went on in spite of herself. "She is a stranger to you," she cried, only half conscious what she was saying, "but already she takes my place, even with you."

"Oh mamma!" cried Amy, too much stun-

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"Yes," said Mrs. Scudamore, beside herself, turning her passionate pale face to the interloper. "Oh why, why is it? We ought to have been enemies and hated each other that was natural; anything was natural but this"

"But I don't hate you," said Mrs. Thomas, with the restrained ghost of a sob. What was in Mrs. Scudamore's face? Was it hatred? Was it enmity? This thing at least is certain, it was pain—pain like that Prometheus felt when the vulture was gnawing at his heart. She rose and hurried from the room, with her heart swelling as if it would burst. And no one knew why it was. Amy, who would have felt as if she were betraying her mother had she consulted even Aunt Thomas upon the subject, could not help looking at her wistfully at this strange moment. The little woman put up her hands with a kind of terror.

"Oh, don't ask me any questions. Don't ask me!" she cried. "It has been her own doing, bringing me here, and I am content. I am quite happy; only ask me no questions,

for I will not say a word."

"I could not ask any question about mamma," said Amy proudly, "except from

mamma herself."

And Aunt Thomas dried her eyes, and nodded and grew bright again. "I am not one of the clever ones," she said, "and I have been long out of the world, and they say I am weak-minded;—but if you don't do wrong, Amy, it is always my opinion things will come right at the end."

"I hope so, Aunt Thomas," said Amy in

her ignorance.

"And we are not doing wrong," said the little woman, "no—thinking it over from every side, as I do every night of my life—no, I can't think we are wrong. But, Amy, don't ask me any questions, for I will tell you nothing, not if you were to keep on asking me for ever and ever."

Once more Amy looked at her wistfully. Whatever it was, this secret which weighed on her mother was known to this stranger and not to Mrs. Scudamore's own child. The

thought made Amy's heart sick.

All this time she had said nothing about Mr. Tom Furness-she had not given her mother his message-she had kept perfect silence as to her interview with him. This was partly because Mrs. Scudamore had been out of the way at the moment, and a thing which is not told at first gathers difficulties and embarrassments about it every hour it waits. And he had not returned. This curious fact was one of the chief causes, had Amy but known it, of her mother's anxiety. His silence looked as if some plot were brewing, and Mrs. Scudamore knew, though her children did not, how precarious her position was. Aunt Thomas had been about two months in the house, and autumn had come before there was any news And then he came as suddenly as he had done at first, startling the whole house. Amy had been out with Aunt Thomas on an expedition down to the village when he made his appearance. He came upon them quite unexpectedly, appearing round the corner with his air of swagger, yet conscious inferiority. Mrs. Thomas saw him first; she gave a sudden start, and clutched at Amy's dress for protection. "Oh don't leave me, my dear, don't leave me," she cried. "Here is Tom."

"Who is Tom?" said Amy, haughtily, feeling all the blood of all the Scudamores in her veins. But Amy's fit of pride did not last long; and with a certain half-guilty sense of curiosity she gave her companion her arm, feeling herself on the verge of some discovery. She did not even lift the thick gauze veil over her face, and the stranger did not recognize

her. This fact increased her half-painful, half-exciting certainty that something was about to be found out.

"Ah, auntie!" Mr. Tom said, jauntily flourishing his cane, "here you are again. You have given us all the slip, but natural affection is not to be balked, you perceive."

"I am sure I am glad to see any one,

Tom," faltered Mrs. Thomas.

"You would be much more glad, I should think, never to see me again," he replied; "but don't flatter yourself, auntie. I took your case in hand, and I will see you through it, whether you choose or not. I have not been idle since I was last here."

Mrs. Thomas trembled more and more with every word. "I am glad to hear you have not been idle, Tom; I hope it has been nice work. I always felt sure you would

make your way."

The stranger laughed an insolent laugh. "You are not clever enough for that sort of thing," he said. "You know well enough what my work has been. I have been finding out all about you."

"I am not afraid of anything that can be found out about me," she said, with a flush of indignation, and then added, faltering, "I

am doing nothing wrong."

Again Mr. Tom Furness laughed, and it seemed to Amy as if his laugh woke up echoes all over the country—echoes which mocked and sneered as he did—as if they too had some occult knowledge. "I admire your conscience, auntie," he said. "Not wrong to give yourself out for some one else; to call yourself out of your name?—but you don't suppose you take me in with your masquerade. And there are more interests than yours involved. This sort of nonsense is not going to last. I should think by this time you ought to be tired of it yourself, and I'm come to make a change."

"Sir," said Amy, interposing, as she felt Mrs. Thomas quiver and shake, "you forget whom you are talking to. You may be a relation, but you have no right to talk to my

aunt so."

The man started, and as she threw back her veil, and looked at him with indignation in her face, a sudden change came over him. He took off his hat; his manner altered all at once.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Scudamore," he said, "I did not know you were there."

Amy took courage from this sudden victory. It gave her—how could she help it? a certain thrill of satisfaction to see her own power. "Indeed, I don't think it matters whether I am here or not," she said more softly. "Aunt Thomas is very kind; we ought to be

good to her all the same."

"Aunt Thomas!" he said, with a laugh which was subdued, but still offensive to Amy's sensitive ear; and then he drew half a step nearer. "It is odd, is it not, that she should be aunt both to you and to me?"

"Yes; it is strange," said Amy, lifting her head with a certain haughtiness. It was not only strange, it seemed intolerable, looking at the man. "Let us go home," she said, suddenly. "Mamma will not allow Aunt Thomas to be troubled. Don't tremble—we are near home."

"I am going with you, if you will allow me," said Mr. Tom Furness. "I have busi-

ness with Mrs. Scudamore too."

Mrs. Thomas was leaning all her weight upon Amy, so that the girl could scarcely support her. At these words she let go her hold, and turning to her nephew with upraised hands, burst suddenly into tears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom, please don't! You think you are right; but surely, surely I must

know best!"

"You know best? Why, auntie, you don't know your own mind for two minutes together," he said, with an air of levity. "Come, now, take it easy; we must not trouble Miss Scudamore with this business of ours."

"Oh, Tom!" cried the poor lady, "go away, for heaven's sake; it shall be none the worse for you—it will be better for you. I shall have it in my power to do something at once. Oh, Tom! why will you torture me? I have never been cruel to you. I will meet you anywhere to talk it all over; but for pity's sake go now—don't come to Scudamore. Anywhere but here."

He did not look at her; he showed no signs of being affected by her appeal. He looked at Amy—at her wondering, wistful face, and the paleness that had come over it, and with his eyes on her he answered, slowly, "Of all places in the world, it is to Scuda-

more I wish to come."

Mrs. Thomas drew herself away from her young companion. She stood before him trembling, crying, wringing her hands. "Oh, Tom, if I ever was good to you in my life—if I ever showed you any kindness—oh, Tom, Tom!"

He kept looking at Amy, not at her, and it was either because of some wistful respectfulness in his look, or because she was absorbed in the question which was evidently such an important one, but Amy felt no offense at his gaze. She did not much notice it, in fact. She watched with a keen sense that something monstrous, something more than she could judge of, was involved.

"Aunt, it is of no use speaking; I am going with you," he said. "But perhaps, if you all please, it may be for good, and not for

harm."

CHAPTER VI.

THAT day was a memorable one at Scudamore: memorable in more ways than one, and to more than one member of the household. For when Amy entered the drawingroom she found some one there who drove Mr. Tom Furness and all the rest of the world out of her head for full five wonderful minutes. He was sitting by her mother, but with his eyes fixed on the door, and a glad gleam in them as she appeared. He had been traveling for more than a year, and before he went away Amy had been too young to be disturbed in her tranquillity by a lovetale-or so at least Rex Bayard thought. He did not know that he had any place but that of an old friend in Amy's heart; but she knew in some magical way that she was queen of his-or, at least, possible queen. And here he was looking for her, making a special new world for her within the other. Everything else went out of Amy's head; she had to subdue her joy, her sweet consciousness, the flush of exquisite shy feeling that came over her, to look as if she were "very glad to see him again," and no more; to behave herself, in short, as a girl trained under her mother's eyes in all the fine decorums of womanly selfrestraint ought to behave, lest he should see that her heart was beating, and the light in her eyes dancing with this sudden, warm, unlooked-for flush of delight.

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She had sat down, keeping her mother between them, with a girl's shy, sweet artifice, taking refuge in Mrs. Scudamore's shadow, and had been listening to his voice, asking him pleasant, meaningless questions for five minutes before she bethought herself. Five minutes she supposed, but time went quickly just then with Amy. Mrs. Scuda-more, too, was cheered and brightened by Rex's presence. She was looking almost like her former self. The cloud had lightened off her face. For a moment she had been overcast by the fear that Mrs. Thomas was going to follow Amy into the room; but when no one appeared Mrs. Scudamore opened her heart to the pleasure of the moment. Poor heart! It had ached enough,-this one mo-

ment it might surely take rest. She talked as she had not talked for months. She seemed to have thrust off her burden-the shadow that hung over her. There were Rex's travels to discuss, and all that he had been doing. Now he was to settle down at home, and that too had to be discussed. Mrs. Scudamore thrust her own miseries away from her. The young man had grown up at her knee, yet not young enough to be a child to her, with something rather of that half-way stage between a son and a brother, which is so pleasant a relationship. He was a full-grown man, and so on her own level; and yet he was young, and so on her child's level. How Mrs. Scudamore brightened up! She would not even allow herself to think of what might be coming. She took the pleasure of the moment, the only one she had allowed herself to taste for so long.

"Oh!" said Amy all at once, with a start of recollection. Her mother looked at her, and before a word had been said felt that the

good moment was at an end.

"What is it?" she asked, with the grayness of sudden pain falling over her animated face. "Oh, mamma, I beg your pardon! I forgot, and I wish I could have forgotten still," said

Amy, in a low confused tone; "mamma, there

is some one in the library."

"I know," said Mrs. Scudamore, with a voice of despair. She put her two hands together, as if to hold herself up—or did she pray, sitting deadly still for one moment and no more, with her head a little lifted, her whole face rigid. Then she drew a long, heavy sigh, and then slowly, reluctantly, rose from her seat. "I must leave you now for a few minutes," she said, and went out of the room, as if she were going to her execution, with death already in her face.

"Is there anything wrong?" asked Bayard, amazed; "is Mrs. Scudamore ill? What has

happened? May I know?"

Upon which poor Amy, who had been obliged to restrain herself so long, and who was now, for the first time since she had awakened to all these unexpected troubles, by the side of one whose sympathy was certain—poor Amy suddenly covered her face with her hands and fell a-crying, overcome by the misery and the happiness together. One she could have borne, but the two together were more than she could bear.

"Oh, I cannot tell, I cannot tell!" she said. "I think my heart will break. I don't know what it is, but it is killing mamma."

"Tell me what it is," said the young lover, drawing closer to her. To make it easier, he told her something first,—how he loved her; how he had thought of her wherever he went. Now he had come back for her. It all came upon Amy like a sweet surprise—a delicious miracle; and yet she knew it was coming—

but only some time, not now.

Thus there were two scenes going on within the agitated house, both of which penetrated down to the very depths of nature in the persons concerned. In the library Mrs. Scudamore was alone with Furness. She had sent Mrs. Thomas away, half in contempt, half in pity. "Let me manage it in my own way," she said. "There is nothing gained by your remaining, nothing but pain to yourself;" and she had confronted the assailant all alone. She had brought against him every weapon that was in her power. She had set her face like a rock; she had refused to believe what in the depths of her heart she knew to be true. She had not yielded-would not yield her pretensions for a moment. She was carrying out her formula to the last letter; at the risk of her life, to the peril of her soul, she would fight out this last supreme battle.

And then Mrs. Scudamore was taken by surprise all at once by an unexpected proposal he made to her-a proposal to remove his opposition altogether; to become as fast a friend as he had been an enemy; to consent to everything she could ask. He made this proposal when she was in the fullest strain of opposition, denying and resisting everything. It had the strangest effect upon her. She had been fighting the battle of despair, though she had kept so brave a front, and here was a way of escape. A sudden extraordinary pang of relief seized her. She had been on the strain so long that escape seemed to be the greatest, the only good which life could give. Had the man meant falsely, he would have found out her weakness by this means. She sank into a chair; her nerves relaxed; a cry came from her heart, and though the next moment she braced herself to her old sternness, it was impossible to disguise that first movement of hope. Her eyes were dazzled and blinded by the prize held out to hersafety! It was not herself she was thinking of heaven knows-for herself she felt it would be easy to go away and hide her stricken head and be heard of no more. But the children-Charlie and his birthright-the girls and their honor-oh, what a temptation it was! She would have risked her soul to buy the deliverance, but the price asked for it was not her soul, nor her life-it was her child.

"I feel as if I could worship her," said Tom Furness; "give her to me and I'll make her happy. I never saw any one like her. It's a folly, for I know if I held out we could have everything. But for her sake I'll give in; I'll consent to destroy the papers. I'll even take auntie off your hands; I can manage that. So long as you'll give her to me—with her just fortune, of course."

Mrs. Scudamore forgot herself in this sudden opening out of the darkness. "My child is the dearest thing I have in the world; I would give all I have rather than sacrifice

Amy," she said.

"How do you know it would sacrifice Amy? She was awfully civil, as civil as she could be the first time I was here,—and I'd make her a good husband. I'm as fond of her as any man could be. I'd rather have her without a penny than any girl I ever saw with a great fortune. Though mind, I must have her fortune too, for her own sake. Now, there's my proposal. I'm acting like a fool, for I might have everything, and most likely her too; but it's my fancy, and I mean to please my eye if I should grieve my heart. Now this is what I propose. If you accept, we're friends for ever; we'll make a bonfire of everything, and you're my mother-in-law, whom I am bound to defend; but if not—"

He stopped short with a tone of irritation, for Mrs. Scudamore had shuddered at the title. His mother-in-law! Good heavens! But on the other side-all the results surged up upon her, all the possibilities. Not one of the family but would suffer; Charlie most bitterly and terribly, in such a way that he would be ruined before he began life; and Amy herself would be miserably injured. It would be as good as a renunciation of all prospects for her; and even the little girls, the two innocent creatures in the nursery. It would be ruin, destruction, misery to all. She sat silent, with all this passing before her, forgetting the man's very presence in the excitement of the offer he had made. What was it he asked? A sacrifice, a sacrifice bitter and sad-but such a sacrifice as had been made before now. An Iphigenia, an Andromedaperhaps not so bad-to save the rest. Amy was the kind of girl to make a sacrifice; she could do it, though it would rend her heart. Poor Mrs. Scudamore had lived without love herself; it was a hideous life, yet she had come through it and found a compensation in her children. She had done it without any grand motive, but Amy's motive would be the sublimest that ever woman had,-to save her family,-their honor, their credit, their very life. She gave him no answer as he stood before her, but she sat and pondered, with a hot red flush upon her cheek. Before she had half done thinking he pressed her for an answer. How could she sacrifice her child? and how could she—how could she give up this possible escape?

"Stay," she said feebly, "stay over tonight. I cannot give you an answer all at once. If you stay, and dine with us, in the evening I can tell you. Oh, it is a hard price

-a bitter price!"

"By Jove you are complimentary," he said; "but I'll stay all the same. It is the only

price I will take."

And sighing she went away from him, as sighing she had come; butseeing one gleam of light through the darkness, seeing some hope. Amy had never been wooed as yet. How could any one tell what the girl's fancy might be? And the man loved her in his way. And-it was the only hope. Now that there was a hope, Mrs. Scudamore seemed to become more and more sensible of the awful gulf on the brink of which she stood. It was not only ruin, more than that-more awful, more total destruction than anything which concerned worldly goods alone. She shuddered as she thought of it, now that it was possible to escape. She left the man who had so much in his power, with her head full of his proposal, and went back to the drawing-room. But Amy and her lover had strayed away out of the room, and therefore Mrs. Scudamore's terrible hope was not brought to an end. She went and shut herself up in her own room, and brooded upon That one should suffer to deliver many The first and was a rule of the universe. greatest who had ever borne the name of man had done it, and so many after Him had done To suffer vicariously for some one else, that some one else might go free-why it was nothing unusual, it was a law of the world. And Amy was the girl to do it; she would never hesitate to do it. She would accept it as natural and fit that she should suffer to save her family, as her mother felt she would have done had she been in her place. would do it-and oh! was it possible? was there peace beyond this raging storm which enveloped her mother's life? Could this hurricane pass over? and was it possible that again everything would be as it had been? But no-alas, no! Never would these three months be obliterated. Neither tears nor blood could wash out the mark; but it might be covered over, covered for ever, so that no one should guess where it had been.

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Mrs. Scudamore remained in her room till dinner. She did not give any importance to

Rex Bayard. No doubt she thought, if she thought about him at all, that he had gone long ago. She had imagined once-was it a hundred years ago? that her pretty Amy was very fair and sweet in the young man's eyes. But what were such levities as a boy's or a girl's fancy to her now? She did not even think of that in the agitation and excitement of this moment. Rex Bayard faded from her mind altogether; and when Amy ran up late to dress, and would have come to her mother with her confession, Mrs. Scudamore sent her away hastily. "You are very late," she said: "I will speak to you after dinner, Amy: there is no time now. It was thoughtless, very thoughtless, to be so late. How could you tell what I might have to talk to you about? But make haste, there is no time to lose."

She did not observe Amy's brilliant cheeks, nor her eyes, dewy and abashed with happiness. Happiness! Mrs. Scudamore had forgotten how it looked. Her heart was very sore, and throbbing with feverish pain. She was in haste now to go down again to see her enemy, who was willing to save her,-to see him again and to persuade herself that Amy might be brought to endure him, that the child might not be wretched. He was young, he was well-looking enough, and he adored her. Surely Amy would do it, she was such a child, so yielding, so facile, so dutiful. Surely she would do it; and the bargain would be made, and safety and honor bought and paid for. Amy had seen nobody; she would have no terrible comparison to make in her own mind between him and others. She had never been wooed before, and probably the strange new gift of love thus bestowed upon her would touch the child's heart, and she would be, at least, not very unhappy—not unhappy, pleased perhaps and flattered-her vanity, if not her heart, contented. Oh if this only might be the case! For surely Amy would do itof that there could be no doubt.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. SCUDAMORE was taken aback, she could scarcely have told why, by the appearance of Rex Bayard in the drawing-room when she came down to dinner. It is true he was an old friend, and sufficiently intimate in the house to stay to dinner without a very formal invitation; but still the sight of him annoyed her. She had come down late, as she generally did now, and the whole party was there, so that no immediate explanation could be offered. "I asked him to stay, mamma," said Amy timidly, whispering in her ear.

"Oh, it is quite right," answered Mrs. Scudamore coldly. She was not angry, but she was put out; for her own guest, the man she had asked to stay, was by this unexpected step put to such a disadvantage as his patroness in this terrible emergency would have done much to save him from. It does not always happen that high family or good blood stamp themselves either upon the countenance or bearing of their possessors; indeed it is as common as not that the reverse is the case, and a stranger generally finds it hard to tell which is the peer and which is the plebeian. But there are cases in which the difference is as strongly marked as the highest idealism could require, and Rex Bayard was as near the typical representative of an English gentleman as it is easy to find. His ease and perfect good-breeding showed at once, as by an illumination, the awkwardness, the forced familiarity which was not easy, the pretension and vulgarity of the other. They brought each other out, as a painter would say. Tom Furness had never been so much Tom Furness the attorney, Tom Furness the wouldbe swell, as Rex's appearance by his side made him; and Sir Reginald Bayard had never looked so much a fils de croisé as he did with Tom's shadow bringing him into full relief. This was all Mrs. Scudamore thought of for the moment; but it was enough to add a shade of additional annoyance to the conflict of misery in her heart. She avoided Rex, she could not tell why, with a feeling of irritation that was uncontrollable. His mere presence did it. Why was he here, making the contrast visible, tempting Amy to vain comparisons—comparisons every way vain, for was not Tom Furness Amy's fate? She could marry no one else. Mrs. Scudamore felt that she could not, dared not, permit her child to enter a spotless, honorable family. She could marry no one except this man. To this point her thoughts had already come. She made Rex walk in to dinner with Mrs. Thomas, to his wonder and dismay, and took, with a shudder, the arm of the other. "It is to be a bargain, I hope," her odious companion said to her audibly as they went from one room to the other; and Rex looked back at her over his shoulder with the most curious, wondering, wistful look. He, too, wished to speak to her, if it had been any night

He did manage to speak to her during dinner, which terrible meal seemed to the miserable woman as if it would never end. "May I see you for ten minutes in the library before I leave?" Rex whispered. "Oh yes,"

she said dully. She did not even ask herself what he could want. For the rest, Mr. Tom Furness filled up all the gaps during dinner with his mere presence. He was contemptuously jocular to his aunt, admiringly familiar to Amy, and, though she awed him, took an air of bon camarade with Mrs. Scudamore, which humbled her more than anything she had yet encountered. "You and I know better," he would say, appealing to her. "We are up to all that sort of thing, you and I," with an insufferable nod of complacence and assurance. How dreadful it was! The dinner seemed to last a year. And even when they left the table there was Amy looking at her with a little important face, as if she knew some-thing. What could the child know? She could not have divined surely, could not suspect the fate which was coming on herself.

"I hope you will not judge poor Tom hardly," said Mrs. Thomas when they had got to the drawing-room. It was rarely that she addressed of her own accord the mistress of the house. But to-night her womanish senses had perceived her nephew's inappropriateness in the place, and she could not refrain from an apology. "He has not been used to it, and he was a little excited and anxious to please,

and afraid."

"He does very well," said Mrs. Scudamore.
"There is nothing to make excuses for; I

think he did perfectly well."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said Mrs. Thomas, retreating into a corner almost out of sight. "Oh how kind mamma is," thought Amy to herself. "Though she looks a little stern at times, how good she is! for if ever there was a horrible, wretched, shocking-" And then the girl came and fluttered about her mother, watching to make sure that Aunt Thomas was out of the way, and scheming with panting breath and beating heart how she was to begin her tale. Her movements caught her mother's eye, and chafed her, in "Amy, pray sit her irritated condition. down; you worry me with your restlessness," she said fretfully, and thus poor Amy subsided too, not daring to speak.

"If you please, ma'am," said Woods, "Sir Reginald is waiting in the library," and he held the door solemnly open to admit Tom Furness, who appeared behind him. Amy sprang up and kissed her mother as she went out. She did not explain herself, and Mrs. Scudamore asked no questions. But oh, to be left here with this man, while Rex was pleading his cause so near! Fortunately, however,

Amy thought Rex's cause could not need much pleading. Mamma was fond of him too; mamma had known him all his life; mamma had been fond of his mother. To plead that cause would be no hard matter. And yet Amy could not but wonder what her mother would say. Would she be sorry to think that she was going to lose her child? Would she say they were both too young? Would she scold him for speaking to Amy first? Or would she give him a motherly kiss and send him to fetch her child? The girl's mind was full of these thoughts when she was left alone with Mrs. Thomas and her nephew, and her impatience and abstraction were evident. "My dear, I am afraid you are not well," said Aunt Thomas, putting down to her nephew's account the cloudy look which had come over the young face she was beginning "Miss Amy is thinking of some to love. one," said Mr. Tom Furness with an attempt at raillery, which he accomplished with even more awkwardness than his wont; for though he thought it gallant, and indeed his duty to be jocular and make innuendoes, he had too much awe of Amy to be at ease in the attempt. "Thanks, I am quite well," she said, growing red with a hauteur which he had not yet seen in her. What she would have given to get clear of those two! to rush away from them and await somewhere in the silence her mother's decision; or rather, as she herself put it, to wait till her mother should send for her. But that was impossible. She had to remain and to be civil to them, listening to everything, and feeling every muffled sound which was half audible in the distance going through her heart.

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Mrs. Scudamore went to the library to meet Rex, without having once realized what he might have to say to her. She moved about in such a cloud of her own troubles, such an atmosphere of all-absorbing feverish care, that she had lost all insight into other people's feelings. She moved along dully, not touched even by the thought that it was a strange thing for Rex Bayard to seek such an interview with her. Her imagination was too busy with her own affairs to have any leisure for speculation on such a subject. He came up to her eagerly when she entered the library, and took her hand in both of his; he looked into her face anxiously, trying to read its expression. "Dear Mrs. Scudamore," he said, "you know what I want to say to

you. I am sure you know."

THE RIGHT NOT TO VOTE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE vow of obedience in the old-fashioned English marriage ceremony is highly distasteful to many women. As they understand it, no doubt, it ought to be so, and if no symbol of the wife's part in that holy mystery can be set up which is not liable to so gross and general perversion on both sides, perhaps it is better to say nothing about it. A coarse primitive word here stands for a nameless sentiment, the nature of which it barely suggests through one of its Whether interpreted by nature, by Scripture, or by the prevalent tendency of Christian public sentiment and law, the marriage sense of the word contrasts with its servile or primitive sense in four grand elements: I. It is not compulsory, but free; the glad subserviency of love. 2. It is not of inferiority, but the contrary; as, to confer a crown is a higher thing than to receive it. 3. It is not in the letter, but in the spirit, admitting of such exceptions as a generous but not inconsiderate or slavish affection may dictate. 4. It implies or acknowledges no right of exaction on the part of the husband. inference of such mastery is contradictory to That execrable the inmost spirit of the vow. inference has certainly prevailed to an extent which seems to demand a modification of the abused language. But what shall we substitute? It may be that the language of heaven has some word for this unique dedication. Here, the best we can do for a word is to let "obedience" take on an evangelical sense, and gradually spiritualize and expand, as words have done before, to the quality of that which is to define it rather than to be defined

There is a notion afloat, that the prejudices of society might reasonably be modified so as to give women the initiative in contracting marriage. This is supplemented by the still more wonderful notion that the exercise of such initiative would almost enable women to marry at pleasure. It is open to any lady to try it, and if she makes a judicious selection for the subject of her experiment, taking care to pledge him to secrecy, she may try it without risk of being excommunicated by her own sex. But none know better than women, that advances from them in this direction are irresistibly repulsive, and for that reason, if for no other, the Right Not to Propose is the last right they will surrender. They have an infinitely better reason, however, for not only rejecting but loathing this initiative, with all semblances of women who may be detected in the exercise of it without extraordinary cause, at least. Men have nothing to do with this. They have nothing worse or better than pity to return for such a misguided offering. But women resent it more bitterly than all other offenses against their sex, save one.

If marriage were substantially a business arrangement, looking to the co-operative economy, comfort, and society of domestic life, there would remain nothing in the concession to women of an exclusive right to be solicited in marriage save the implication of their peculiar dignity. Women jealous of the position of their sex would do well to think of it in that light. There are those who see nothing in a proposal of marriage essentially different from a proposal to buy or sell in the market, or to form a partnership for such purposes. If a woman may label her house "to let," why not herself? If she may advertise for a situation as housekeeper and companion, why not advertise for a like situation with perquisites matrimonial? These people compel us to consider what marriage is; and since unthinking women have forced explanations which they ought to have thought of and remained silent, we must be pardoned here for a more than conventional plainness of speech.

Marriage is a connection which could not be so much as simulated between individuals of the same sex. If two men or two women. should make arrangements to live together incommunity of all things until death, devoting themselves to each other in imitation of every imitable condition of the married state, nobody could call it marriage or liken it to marriage. Why? The reason is one which must invest the subject with peculiar delicacy. Solong as the procreative function in humanbeings continues to be regarded in a different light from the breeding of animals; so long, especially, as virtue in women continues to be attended with a modesty of person unknown to harlots, and sensitive not barely to tactual invasion, but to the most covert allusion; so long as these things are so, marriage, which is substantially procreative union-all its other conditions being but incidental or sequent to this-can never be entertained as a personal matter, by a normally constituted and unbrazened woman, without an intolerable sense of the invasion of her modesty, unless preceded by an endearing

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attraction which makes her at heart already one with him who seeks her. It is often actually a gross outrage, although men are seldom aware of it, and women themselves do not always feel it, to offer marriage directly to a woman whose affection has not been first drawn out by more delicate expressions of preference. But for a veritable woman to offer herself to a man, the utter impossibility would be the same, so far as modesty is concerned, whether in view of lawful marriage or not! And the same sentiment debars her from offering herself in thought-that is, from loving unsolicited and unwooed. Hence it is that women generally consult their nature, happiness and dignity alike, by nursing the slumber of their conjugal susceptibility until it is awakened by acceptable advances from the other side. Hence, too, the united labors of the twin schools of physiology and sociology that aim to reduce marriage, the one to a science of thorough breeding, and the other to a negotiation as brazen as may be witnessed on street corners at midnight, can be rewarded only with the loathing of all women who have either the simplicity to trust their own instincts, or the brains to comprehend them.

The advocates of women's rights, so-called (we don't yield that position to anybody), conceiving that there is no good reason why women should be more dependent and exposed to abuse than undersized and timid men, propose that they be empowered to protect themselves by assuming the civil and political powers of men, all restrictions and privileges not common to both sexes being abolished. It is beyond the scope of the present brief review to dwell on the unfitness to women of the part of self-assertion and force, or upon the divine charm, glory and power of their natural submission. something, however, to be said to those who can see nothing necessarily contradictory or expulsive of feminine gentleness in the position of a man, and with that something we shall drop the more general argument.

The more respectable women who quietly favor the scheme of civil revolution, vaguely imagine a state in which they may be free to act as men, if occasion requires, without ceasing to be women in spirit or habit. They expect to be the same domestic, gentle, ministering spirits, although they should have some rents or dividends to receive, a little legal or other business sometimes, a general idea of politics (the little their male friends know could not hurt them, they think), and a short walk or ride, once a year or so, to a sort

of letter-box, into which, in the most feminine and even anonymous manner, they will drop their modest recommendation of proper persons for office. Except the last item, replaced by not very dissimilar visits to the postoffice, we have known just such women, exactly so situated. In fact, we have known just about such men, and the type is not a very formidable one in either sex. But this way of working the revolution omits its great If women, after becoming voters, object. business characters, and proprietors, and getting our peculiar pockets, with latch-keys in them, are still to retain the same feminine qualities and habits which now make them practically passive in the hands of the men in whom they put their trust, how is the "area of freedom" extended by their enfranchisement? These masculine powers must be used, and used with masculine vigor, we can tell them, if they are to conquer any substantial immunity for the wearers. There is no man who will abuse a wife, or cheat and oppress a female employee, whom men exposed to his brutality are not obliged to fight with all their masculine weapons, as the price of tolerable truce. The condition of men is at best one of armed defense; and that of women, as men in the world, must be the same. The civil law helps those only who help themselves. Laws are nothing but weapons, dependent for effect upon the hand that wields If women, therefore, are to continue them. peaceful and gentle, it will be as idle to arm them with civil and political equality so-called as with the sword of Goliath. No: the call is to battle, the remedy is force, and the result defeat, and væ victis, unless women can overmatch their antagonist on his own ground and at his own weapons. Granting that by the aid of masculine alliances they may be able to do this, or rather to get it done for them, as women now do every day; yet not even this participation can be passive or feminine. To be a party in law is to bear the brunt and suffer the moral effect. The attorney who does all the business can afford on the whole a better temper and a sweeter slumber than his principal who takes the responsibility. But in or out of law, the armed defensive must be maintained by every one who stands for himself or herself on the platform of independence, and an actual readiness to fight can never be intermitted without inviting prompt aggression. That placid majesty with which a count of ballots changes the whole personnel and policy of the government in a day, or with which a quiet word from an old gentleman causes the hardest-handed man in the

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county to pay with obsequious haste the claim he spurned, does not inhere in statutes and political or judicial formalities, but rests on the latent force of mighty armaments, and of millions of hearts strung with stern determination for any ordeal whatever in the path of government. Where the men of a country are but a little effeminate-not made, as we say, of the sternest stuff, no such majesty of the law exists. Only the few strong races have proved masculine enough to create or maintain such institutions. The same spirit is requisite in working the political or judicial forces as in creating them, whether for public or private protection. It is utterly visionary to hope for a repose under the protection of law, in civil relations, such as we enjoy in relation to criminal offenses which make the State a party. The protection of a husband is something to repose under; the protection of the law is something to fight for; except when society is obliged to fight for you to protect itself. But more protection from the criminal law is not the question; for nobody grudges women all the further protection practicable in this kind. What women sometimes think they want (in the married state) is civil privilege: what is expressed, in charters that create a civil personality, as "the right to sue and be sued." And this masculine battery cannot be of the slightest efficacy, for execution or intimidation, but on condition of standing to your guns at all times with masculine nerve. A large part of men find it too stern work for them, and lead substantially the civil existence of married women (less their privileges) from pure aversion to It is certain, therefore—though probably ladies who sigh for the right to sue and be sued will never believe it on the testimony of masculine experience - that women must be transformed substantially to men, and strong men, before they will get anything better than the worst of it generally in the world's rude conflicts, on equal terms. It is for them to consider, first, whether they could if they would, and then, whether they would if they could-in order to share effectually the prerogatives of the fighting sex-renounce themselves with their marvelous sway, and become to men less than men are to each other. The mere attitude of one who stands ready to "sue and be sued" is the direct negation of womanhood, stripped at once of its peculiar charm and of its highest power. As surely as water will find its level, whatever women may gain in power to compel, they will lose in power to persuade; if they lose little of the charm of womanhood, it will be because,

and on strict condition, that they gain little of the force of manhood; and if they better their condition by successful self-assertion, it will be, just so far, at the expense of whatever is distinctive and precious in the dower of their sex. Assured that this dower is the treasure of the race, and its crowning glory at every stage of destiny, they should deprecate a régime of force, with all it will add to and take from womanhood, as only and infinitely ruinous.

A distinguished lawyer once remarked in our hearing-with some excess of bitterness, no doubt-that government, in its true intention, is not an instrument of justice, but a substitute for private war; a means of peace, and nothing more. There is partial truth in this bold phrase, which is never to be forgotten in dealing with the problems of government. Nothing is more certain than that justice mocks the impotent pursuit of man. All that can be said for human government when it has done its best, is that it is not so unjust as self-will, nor so impotent as the average of self-vindication. "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh," is a vast amount, for want of which this world becomes in truth a vale of tears. Government, therefore, has acted in the general interest of justice as well as of peace in refusing to arm domestic belligerents with judicial process, leaving them to their natural weapons, and confining the strife to its private inclosure. An immense net addition would be made to the sum of human misery, by encouraging contentions in which justice can be neither ascertained nor made effective. Every department of society is filled, or filling up as civilization ripens, with villainies of growing magnitude, yet so subtly involved that no way can be devised for regular laws to take hold of them. But all the other hiding-places that defy and scorn the search of human justice are transparent in comparison with the It is a close question at best, with bribery, perjury, collusion and evasionpervading every stratum in the atmosphere of courts and legal proceedings, to keep up a persuasion that the chances of law are not worse than the chances of war, and so keep anarchy at bay. It would be a fearful experiment to throw all the affairs of husbands and wives into free litigation like those of ordinary parties, adding these new and unfathomable sources of strife to those which now strain the equilibrium of society. On the whole, we commend to the female sex as worthy of their unflinching support the Right Not to Sue and Be Sued, especially in the domestic relations.

But there comes up a bitter and strong complaint of the partiality of the law against married women. We are told that the law puts everything into the hands of the man. Wife, children, and property are alike under his control, to govern the persons and dispose of the goods at his absolute pleasure. lady to the writer: "My husband and I have worked together from our marriage, and even from before it; we have made all we now have from nothing, and he will tell you that I have contributed no inferior share in a business sense to the structure of our fortunes. cannot draw a dollar from the bank. I cannot dispose of anything I possess, or buy anything I may desire, except by his at least constructive permission." Another said: "I have business talents, and I know I could have made money. But I have devoted myself instead to my husband, his home and his children, economizing his resources, bearing the petty burdens of life in his stead, and so enabling him to go forth into the world unencumbered to acquire the property which the law therefore says must be exclusively his! I have done for him what all his money could never have purchased, and yet I am not entitled to so much share of it as the wages of a cook, a laundress, or a chambermaid. am entitled to by law is my board and clothes, medical attendance and funeral expensesjust the allowance of a slave."

These short and bitter statements are amplified in detail to the size of a thick pamphlet which lies before us, filled with the cases in which the defect or willful malice of the law enables a husband to trample on every right, interest, and feeling of his wife at will. It is a harrowing story. It is no wonder that women read the complaint set forth by their able counsel with seething veins and flashing eves and deep resolve. On trial, however, this general plea must be tested by something a little like special pleading. Not special pleading in the ignominious sense invented for the term by the lady orators and newspaper writers, who may well be pardoned for not knowing its meaning. What we propose is not a one-sided argument, but a process for reducing a general plea on which nobody can make a decision to the point, to a specific plea ("special" in old-fashioned technical phrase) which sets forth a distinct issue and a

possibility of definite answer.

Meanwhile-we would not venture it in the hearing of certain females, but would rather whisper it as a re-assuring suggestion to the candid and gracious audience to whom we have addressed ourselves that, after all, the

labors of the greatest and purest men who have lived on the earth, from Moses to Mansfield and Marshall and the other great lights of legal reason, were, perhaps, not prostituted in the service of power, to forging chains and scourges of steel against the tender and defenseless half of mankind. On the contrary, that they were engaged all their lives and with all their powers, if they knew themselves, in search for the perfect adjustment of the rights of all, and for the fortification especially of the rights of the weak against the aggressions of the strong. So far as they failed in this, they failed after doing their best under the circumstances. Let us inquire, with due modesty and circumspection, how far, under better circumstances,

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we can better their work.

The case of the two ladies we have quoted is in a nut-shell. Each has deliberately given away her labor to another, without stipulating for salary or profits, and now finds that she has nothing to show for it but a rich husband. Modern law guarantees every one's separate estate and earnings (including those of husbands, to a limited extent) to himself or herself: even to the separation in this respect of the "one person" of husband and wife, which our fathers, justly dreading, perhaps unjustly resisted. Men still have control of their personal property, over and above the requirements of their wives and children, and consequently there is nobody on whose effects our ladies can lawfully lay their hands to compensate them for having unadvisedly promoted another's interest (whoever that other may be) to the neglect of their own. There is, in short, no remedy at law for a negligence of this sort in anybody's case, in or out of matrimony. If the lady had property before marriage, she could have kept it; if she had chosen to acquire property in her own name after marriage, she could have done so. We speak of the law in its more modern sense or accepted tendency. In that case, if the husband had served as an assistant in his wife's business, he would have had to put up with what she chose to allow him. She would then have been the one to buy and sell, and draw The unpleasant princhecks on the bank. ciple of suum cuique, though far more absolute in her favor than it would be if she were a husband, would have met with no objection, it may be presumed, from the lady. But our amiable friends have not chosen this course. They have preferred affection to interest, and domestic retirement to the responsibilities of business, and the law, it seems, fails to provide a kind of cake that they can eat and

have at once. They think that they have contributed (or at least foregone) more than their just and full half of the support of the entire family, and are therefore morally entitled to some independent proportion of the surplus accumulation. Granting this to be possibly true—for these are ladies of extraordinary business talents—the question is, How to get it? A short cut and much in favor is to take it by statute. But that would be robbery (at least if it worked both ways), and the law has its hands full in stopping that style of re-

dress, without engaging in it.

There seems to be but one remedy available. That is, to provide judicial enforcement for ante-nuptial articles of partnership, under which the respective duties, salaries, and shares of the husband and wife should be apportioned, systematic accounts kept, periodical dividends made, and the contract rights enforced, if necessary, by a suit at law. case is narrowed to this absolute point, and there is nothing else of it. If anybody thinks that the divisive and sordid principle of meum and tuum is not let far enough into the most sacred relation of human life by the modern right to separate estate and earnings, we are willing to look with them at the operation of a business partnership, with the interminable train of lawsuits, and the full suits of extra judges and counsellors, which would be its first fruits.

It is no secret that a business partnership is the ideal of marriage in its civil sense among certain "profane persons" of the female sex at the present day. We could wish them the blessing of it. But unless women should prove much more thrifty and rising in business than men have done, only a small minority of them would ever get into business for themselves, as the phrase is, on this plan. Men do not take business partners for love, but for money. The wives would need for that purpose what other partners must bring; either capital, or proved business capacity, experience, and connection. As for the majority totally destitute of all these, we may be told that they will match with the destitute men, or go in under salary, with perhaps a general commission on profits to encourage application to business. But no man hires a clerk for life, through sickness, maternity, and old age. The risks of such a business arrangement as this would swallow up all salary beforehand. So we get down to board and clothes after all, and the poor wife must work well for them while she can; all in order to enjoy the profit and dignity of an "equal" position in marriage.

It is pardonable in women to have no suspicion of the exactions of business and of business equity, and hence to imagine (as young men too are apt to do at first) that they could easily entitle themselves, in a fair field, to a handsome surplus beyond their own and children's support. The true criterion is what people actually get in business, and on what conditions. Any lady can compare for herself the life she would like to lead, as suited to her abilities and tastes, with the life and labor of an average male business employee, -not to say that of the few who by surpassing energy and persistence attain an independent position after many years-and can see at once that an equitable position in marriage, in a business sense, is the farthest possible from her desire. It would simply crush the female sex, with exceptions not worth noting, into the condition of slaves. In fact, every advocate of business equity in marriage renounces it just as emphatically as she claims it, by piecing it out with compensating allowances for woman's weakness, for the exactions of maternity, and even for her purity and love. The balance be-tween the wife's material earnings and expenses, first and last, being confessedly against her in most cases, the claim on material grounds is virtually dropped. wife's claim rests on her moral value, and on her appeal to our affection and honor, as the weaker and yet the bearer of the heavier weight of our common curse, and here there is no controversy. The claim is conceded: and if any think they would like to have it liquidated in cash, the questions of detail, as how much the sheriff shall be commanded to levy from the husband's property as the purchase-money of the wife's love and purity, of each of the children she has borne him, and so on, might be sent to a referee as soon as a plaintiff can be found with the requisite claims and proofs to make up a

It would still remain to be regretted, however, that, the pecuniary value of things being recognizable only from actual sales, the evidence before the referee must be drawn from an unsavory source, and the figures in that market are wretchedly low—lower even than "board and clothes, medical attendance and funeral expenses." A bar would hardly be needed against this pitiable allowance, and yet we will take the responsibility of saying off-hand for the women at large, that they will never tolerate a single precedent of this sort. In a word, they will maintain in matrimony the Right Not to be Paid,

against every sort of innovation and under

every possible inconvenience.

Now, in contrast with all this brutal "business," let us see what sort of partnership is actually created (or rather recognized) in marri-age by the much-calumniated law of our fath-Of the estate of her husband (to which in rare cases she makes any clear contribution) the wife is entitled to a share sufficient for a support suitable to his ability, for herself and her children. The real property is held subject to her right of dower, and cannot be disposed of without her free concurrence, for which special safeguards are with peculiar strictness maintained. A man cannot make a will or deed, by which the large interest in his acquisitions given to his wife and possible widow shall be lessened in value, without her positive co-operation. The wife is thus peremptorily invested with a portion from her husband adequate to her wants, and with what is usually the chief share of the income after his death. Nothing seems left to propose, unless to commit his surplus also to her management and disposal; since one or the other must take the responsibility and control of the business affairs. There is no way to unite two wills but by their own volition, and no other way to divide the control of an undivided estate.

Thus the marital vow of the old English marriage service, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," is enforced by the law to the extent of its practicable sense, and of the law's practical power, or very nearly so. Here is partnership indeed. Not a business arrangement, resting on sordid material equivalents, which in practice, as we have seen, would generally condemn the wife for her material weakness to the position and wages of a serf. It is union and more than equality in property, conceded to the wife in her personal right, unpurchased and unearned, undeserved on any principle recognized between man and man; striking down the natural right of a man to control his own acquisitions, and compelling him to submit them in great part to the control and use of one who is not obliged to contribute to them in the smallest degree. Among the principles of law, this one is perfectly unique and anomalous. It is impossible to justify it in the abstract on any other theory than that of a sanctity in woman as wife transcending the claims of secular justice; and this theory we can trace only to the homage of the manly nature to the divine ideal in woman of self-defenseless purity and love, finding expression in the institutes of a rude but chivalrous age. The

descent of this highest sentiment of the soul in Christianized man to an embodiment in civil law is a miracle unmatched in secular history. It may be still susceptible of a fuller development in some respects, but it is not to be sacrificed-say you not, O women?for all else that is or is supposable in legislation. And while there is no general controversy of the proposition to inquire how much farther this principle may be practicably extended in statutes, it should be borne in mind that its limitations in the common law were so left from the gravest considerations of danger to conjugal unity and the rights of society; that innovations already accomplished for the relief of ill-married women from abuses contrary to the spirit of the law have not yet been vindicated by adequate trial; and that we cannot proceed too cautiously in changes which may possibly bring universal disaster in exchange for occasional hardship removed. The enforcement of a pure law of love is a wonderful thing to the least extent, and a most hazardous thing to urge to perfection.

In the control of children, there can be no dispute in the modern mind of the equality of the parents, and it is possible that cases of practical inequality remain in this relation, for which the wisdom of human government might be equal to a remedy. Such cases, of course, are not those, sometimes distressing though they be, which result from the necessary selection of one of the two parents as the lawful head, where both cannot unite. To make the woman supreme instead of the man would be the only alternative, and this would be no juster than the other, while it would greatly overtask her governing force, overload her with responsibility, and degrade the father to impotence and insignificance in which the whole parental authority would break down; besides minor troubles too numerous to mention. In short, it would be rejected as a pure calamity by nine-tenths at least of all the mothers in the world. It is complained that the father may dispose of the children without the mother's consent, and this we are inclined to think is not a necessary evil. The putting away of children is not so often desirable but that the virtuous mother's right to her children might be safely held inviolable. That it is so nearly inviolate in practice, is probably the reason that the abstract wrong has been overlooked.

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On the question of enlarged facilities for divorce, the demand for which has rendered the so-called woman's rights movement infamous (though not universally), it is unnecessary here to remark. Virtuous women need no

argument for protesting against the existing laxity of the marriage bond, and sensible women need not be told that their sex is and must always be the chief sufferer, directly and indirectly, by multiplying grounds and means

of divorce, of whatever nature.

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We have not been able to see our way, as already intimated, to a logical limitation of the natural right of all fully developed human beings and good citizens to equality in Nor have we been able to see the State. anything unfeminine, or opposed to the heavenly culture and priesthood of woman, in the modest act of depositing a ballot, by itself considered, or in the public spirit and the habit of reading which should qualify a woman to make her election intelligently. The question of women's direct participation in government by holding office, we pass over as of By the time that no practical importance. women are commonly elected to office, we shall be ready to see them take office; but it will never be by women's votes. and being voted for, with women, will always be about as far asunder as choosing a husband and being chosen for a husband. We shall concede to ambitious ladies the right to run for Congress, when women vote, if nobody is obliged to vote for them.

The argument that women should involve themselves in the responsibilities of a political class, with a view to enforce their own rights directly in legislation, or of commanding increased (!) consideration in society, is plainly refuted by the extraordinary advance in civil and all other privileges which women have achieved without the agency of suffrage or even of agitation. A relation to the actual voter so intimate and influential that it would disqualify him as a witness, a juror, or a judge, in her cause, must surely give the non-voting woman a full share of real political power, and experience proves that it does so. In reality, the only right to be obtained for women by voting is-the right to vote. We agree that women are needed to purify suffrage and legislation from corruption, and that they are capable of the greatest service Our only hope of help from in this way. them, however, must depend on the maintenance of their own purity. Exalted as is our conception of the feminine type and its office, we do not find that individual women are in anywise superhuman, nor can we advise them, as do some of their professed spokeswomen, to proceed upon the assumption that they are so. They would find that the hardening and depraying influences that corrupt the male voter would affect them as voters in like man-

The progress of evil in politics proves that they have already suffered in their proportion from those influences. Out of its appropriate and favoring sphere, their purity would perhaps decline even faster than that of men in the The more exquisite the quality, the less it is fitted to bear coarse exposure. its native shelter womanly character thrives, and rains influence upon the arena of masculine conflict. Thrust into the collision of worldly forces, woman's simplicity and gentleness, elsewhere so potent, would at once find themselves miserably ridiculous, and give place to opposite extremes which, by a law of nature, would be ultra to everything else of the kind. Again, the political sense is not natural to woman. It is one of the dryest forms of logic, and she is the purest embodiment of feeling and imagination. It is a study of means, adaptations, and compromises; she is the very inspiration of ends and ideals, with little vocation for processes, adjustments, and modifications. Women are not organizers. They act almost altogether individually, even when they act most in concert. But we have no space to pursue this class of considerations. The uselessness and unfitness of political activity to women is usually self-evident in the womanly mind. The positive and terrible danger with which they are threatened in the proposition to accept the right of voting, and thus deprive themselves forever of the right to abstain, is what they have yet to consider and act upon.

In an ideal republic of virtue, the place of woman by the side of man would be clear, and its filling beautiful, and we can respect the enthusiasm of persons of not too practical intelligence who seek in women's suffrage the realization of such a state. But in politics as they are in this present world, there is no more place for women than in the police. The actual condition of the suffrage, while it gives fearful token of the ultimate failure, in the nature of things probable, of the highest form of merely human government, warns off virtuous women with a far-reaching stench which is yet nothing to what it will be able to raise out of a united political organization of the wickedness of both sexes. If the men cannot cope with their scoundrels, what could For every bad the women do with theirs? man we have a bad woman in the same grade and fellowship; and the worst of it is that the bad women are so much more unblushingly, violently and unboundedly bad than their male peers. Here is the trouble for women's suffrage. The primary meetings, which create the candidates of both parties, and thus

narrow the election practically to their own creatures, are certain to contain all the vice and violence which can be raked into the service of their respective parties. With women's suffrage, this terrible force would be numerically doubled and seven-fold intensified. Worst of all, the abandoned women, and also the profane and whiskey-drinking class of married women, who are numerous even in places not populous enough to support many of the abandoned sort, and who are very little better in manners, will bring into the primary meetings and the vicinage of the polls a reeking, sickening, and irrepressible filthiness, such as the vilest conditions of male depravity cannot engender. The reason is, that, besides the proverbial abandon with which bad women throw themselves into evil, they dwell in banishment ordinarily amongst society exclusively of their own kind; whereas the worst of men move much among the common walks of life, and so never lose the la:t exterior traces of self-respect and decency. If we could lead the refined and delicate women of a voting precinct up to the ballot-box, year after year, through a mob armed with buckets full from the sewers and sinks to discharge upon the persons of all women whose lady-like appearance marked them as of the opposite party, we should gather from that success no encouragement to hope that the same ladies would be able to bear up under the obscene vomit to be poured upon them from the mouths of a harpy horde, eager to get the utmost triumph and revenge out of that one day of social Let no woman flatter herself that this is a bugbear. Popular government will always be the prize of conflict between the antagonist ideas of moral progress and licentious liberty. The warfare of the latter grows more bitter, unscrupulous, and indecent, year by year. With the experience of the past few years before our eyes, it is worse than visionary to count upon the forbearance of that element and its managers from any shameless expedient by which it can deter or neutralize the vote of the party of moral order. Give them the vote of the women for a prey, and see how they will tear it in pieces, devour it, defile it, and stamp the residue with their feet! Their own proper vote will be fully kept good in relative number, and intensified in its diabolic morale, imprimis. The gullible vote, the bribable vote, the intimidable vote, and the fastidious never-employed vote, will all be doubled and quadrupled, and that not temporarily, by the admission of women to the elections. But their

terrible resource will be in the opposite extremes of the female sex: the overpowering loathsomeness of its depravity hurled upon the shrinking delicacy and timid nerve of its pure and cultured portion. Doubt not that such antagonists in politics will see their opportunity and use it with remorseless audacity to the uttermost. Dream not of police protection against words. The indecencies to be encountered will be such as are neither actionable, nor tolerable to toughened men. They will suffice literally to wipe out the women's vote of the party embracing the positive morality and religion of the time from hundreds of poll-lists, and will leave but a noble few on record in almost all populous precincts. Passing the polls in one of the more respectable wards in the city of New York, during a recent election, we paused to survey the long queue of voters slowly struggling to their turns, a work of not less than one hour to each individual. Gentlemen whose high character and culture were written all over them, stood tightly sandwiched between villains whose rottenness looked out from flesh and spirit, and tainted the atmosphere; in whose faces gleamed the murky fires of murder and lust that nightly make the darkness terrible and blacken the columns of morning newspapers; the very vermin those gentlemen must carry thence were formidable political foes. We paid involuntary homage to the public virtue that could endure all this to deposit a vote. We believe some women would endure such contact with still fouler wretches of their own sex. We do not believe that one woman in a thousand will consent, knowingly, to assume a duty not required of them, and which imposes a martyrdom like this upon any of them.

But suppose they were able to stand up to the ordeal with equal or superior heroism to that of men: is this toilsome, disgusting, and fruitless conflict a boon to be craved by womankind? To no man, to no voter, is there a Right Not to Vote. Still less to any woman could such a right remain, after the power to vote had once been conferred on the eager, early and often voting class of unprincipled Every woman of principle has a females. personal concern in this question which she cannot shake off, strong though her present intention may be never to use the franchise. She will have to use it, once accepted, or see her brothers go down under the tide of bisexed abominations without lifting a finger, a ballot, to aid them. The conflict will irresistibly attract every woman who is positively bad, and by that very fact must force in

every woman who is positively good. Do the women desire this necessity for its own loathsome sake? for, be it remembered, there is nothing under heaven to be gained or hoped from it but itself. Do they prefer to be excused from the sort of ordeal we have feebly described? If so, let them hold fast, while they may, the Right Not to Vote. Once surrendered, it can, in the nature of the case, never be regained, as the right to vote would certainly never be surrendered by the depraved portion of the sex. Among the priceless immunities which Providence has set over against the peculiar trials and wrongs of women, and which they realize as the reward of their generous self-subjection, we conclude that while the right to unconditional support, the Right Not to Sue and be Sued, the Right Not to Propose, and the Right Not to be Hired in matrimony, are sacred and indefeasible, the Right Not to Vote is above all never to be surrendered.

A lady who takes a quiet interest in the proposed "reform" has been for some time in the habit of taking the sense of her female acquaintances on the question of voting. At our last information she had accumulated a list of just two names on the affirmative side. Considerate women, moreover, have begun to exchange their instinctive intolerance of the thought for more positive reflection and utterance, and their protest begins to be heard above the sinister clamor which calls itself the voice of woman. Intuitively they feel that the tendency of all the changes proposed would be not to bring them into liberty, but under new bondage and heavier burdens. It is especially clear to them, we observe, that the privilege of voting would be fraught only with ruin to their cause, conducting toward subjection more galling and degrading than woman has known for centuries. as the party of license, which must, from the causes we have pointed out, come into permanent ascendency with the coming in of women's suffrage, is necessarily brutal and selfish in its instincts, scorning moral exactions and rights with supreme intolerance, the attainment of the suffrage will lead to additional privileges and immunities only for the baser passions and the more lawless descriptions of women.

The number of women who have been drawn into insurrection so far, seems considerable when massed apart. But if viewed

as a fraction of the whole, it is hardly more than infinitesimal. There are many causes to create a class of women out of harmony with society and nature, and it is rather surprising that the class, as represented in the anti-feminine movement, is yet so small. There are, of course, women ill-constituted by nature, malformations, with a preponderance of masculine qualities and faculties; there are those indifferent to or desperate of domestic happiness; there are childless women, ambitious women, and those embittered by personal wrongs; there are women corrupted by infidelity, who constitute the phalanx of the new party, and there are others who from unfortunate associations or habits of mind, are accustomed to regard lasciviousness and brutality as the normal distinctions of sex in the male, and to see in every man a natural enemy. There are persons numerous in both sexes, in an age of light reading, who have learned to use their minds without knowing anything: minds as active as the winds, without other knowledge of life and affairs than they have casually picked up in newspapers and conversation, ready for the broadest generalizations in ignorance of the simplest particulars, and accustomed to dispose of the problems of two thousand years past, unconscious that they were ever propounded before. The simplicity proper to a sequestered and protected sex-best possession of mankind as it is, for a sex to be set apart to conserve-betrays women into inevitable error in complicated worldly affairs; and it is no wonder if noble women are misled when they hearken to plausible theories and utopian propositions beyond their range of experience. The antidote for all these causes of error, in the high moral nature of christianized womanhood, is adequate on the whole to its office. We can see no practical danger of a "reform against nature" so likely, as in the sinister views of politicians and the generous impulses of men mistaking women's interest and desire, both conspiring to spring upon the female sex a committal to suffrage, which once hastily suffered could never be retrieved. If this alarm will not justify the use we have made of these pages, we must appeal to the positive importance of the subject in itself to all men and women, as a matter of social science, of self-knowledge, and of mutual understanding in their personal relations.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

AMERICANS have manifested considerable interest in the Imperial family of Russia since the Grand Duke Alexis came to our shores.

The house of Romanoff has swayed the destinies of the great empire for more than two hundred years; it was in 1613 that Michael Romanoff, the son of the Metropolitan of Rostoff, was elected to the throne with the title of Tsar of all the Russias. with a Polish army, had just been driven from Moscow after making great havoc in and around the Holy City; the country was at war with Sweden, and there was a general feeling of despondency throughout the young Tsar's dominions. The Poles remained in possession of Smolensk, and made frequent raids to the very gates of Moscow, but they were finally driven away. The war with Sweden was terminated through the mediation of France, Holland, and England, and a threatened war with Turkey was averted through the wisdom of Michael. He was sixteen years old when he ascended the throne; he died at the age of forty-nine, after making his life renowned by his enlightened policy and his great interest for the welfare of his people. His son Alexis succeeded him, and made his reign remarkable for the legal reforms he introduced; and he is also credited in the Russian histories with bringing shipwrights from England and Hol-They built several small vessels for the navigation of the Volga, but their achievements did not amount to much. After Alexis came Theodore III.; and after Theodore came Peter, subsequently surnamed The Peter was only ten years of age when he was crowned; he became the ruler of Russia in 1689, when only seventeen years of age.

To enumerate the deeds of Peter would require more space than can be spared for this entire article. His ruling passion was to extend his empire and consolidate his power, and he possessed a persevering mind and a spirit of dogged determination which allowed no obstacles to stand in his way. he desired he obtained. He created an army and a navy for Russia; he caused the city which bears his name to rise from the marshes of the Neva; he humbled the Swedes and the Turks; he pushed his armies beyond the Caspian Sea; he ordered the construction of roads and canals; he endowed colleges and universities; he established the system of exile in order to people Siberia; he created towns and cities, reformed the courts and the titles and grades of nobility-in fact, he made the name of Russia prominent among nations for the first time in her history. He had his vices as well as his virtues: and his reign, great and glorious as it was, was marred by various acts of injustice. The death of his son Alexis is an indelible stain upon the character of the famous ruler. Alexis had incurred the imperial displeasure by opposing the reforms which had been begun; he fled from the country, but was induced to return, and was thrown into a dungeon on the banks of the Neva. died suddenly after undergoing severe tortures by order of his father. One of the examinations was personally conducted by Peter, and the torture was applied in his pre-

Peter, the son of Alexis and grandson of Peter the Great, died before reaching his majority, and with his death the male line of The emthe Romanoffs became extinct. press Anne, daughter of Ivan, half-brother of Peter the Great, then ascended the throne; during her reign the celebrated Ice Palace was erected. Walls, roof, floors, furnitureeverything, even to the four cannons in front of the building, were of ice. The Empress sent one of her buffoons and his bride to pass their wedding-night in this edifice; tradition says that after this occurrence there were no more marriage engagements among the courtiers until the ice palace had melted. After Anne came Ivan VI.; then Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great; then Peter III.; and then that Empress of remarkable memory, Catharine II. The story of her loves and wars would fill a volume; she possessed the ambition and energy of the great Peter, together with his ungovernable caprice, which her sex rather increased than diminished. To be her favorite this month would very likely lead to exile to Siberia the next; at one time she meditated the most tyrannical measures; and a week later she was inclined to give the country a constitution like that of the United States, and to restrict the sovereign as the sovereign of England is restricted. With all her faults she did much for Russia, and there are many laws and institutions still in existence that originated in her reign. Her son Paul succeeded her, but made no mark; then came Alexander L, whose reign was made memorable by the wars with the French, which included the

capture and burning of Moscow. After the declaration of peace he traveled through Europe, and on his return instituted many He was the first, and thus far the only, member of the Imperial family to visit Siberia. He spent several days in the gold and other mines of the Ural Mountains, and the spot where for more than an hour he personally wielded the pick is marked by a monument. He found that the Imperial hands were better fitted to the scepter than to the tools of the miner, and admitted that he had never known a more fatiguing hour. His death brought Nicholas I. to the throne, and with the new ruler's assumption of power came the revolt of 1825, that sent five conspirators to the gallows, and two hundred men

of noble birth to Siberia. On the day of the revolt the present Emperor, Alexander II., was a boy of something less than eight years of age. It was ascertained that the Imperial Guards of the palace were in the conspiracy, and so, early in the morning, they were marched away and a battalion of soldiers of the line from Finland was substituted. Rough in appearance and uncouth in manner, they formed a marked contrast to the elegant Guards whom they replaced. But under their coarse exterior they had loyal hearts, and as Nicholas looked upon them he felt that they could be trusted. Word was brought to the Emperor that the insurgents had assembled in St. Isaac's Square. He bade farewell to his wife, entered his chapel for a brief prayer, and then took the young Alexander by the hand and led him to the courtyard where the battalion of Finlanders was To the care of the soldiers he commended his son, and then rode to the square where the insurgents were gathered. An hour later those that were not killed or wounded were fleeing through the streets and lanes of St. Petersburg, and the monarch returned to the palace to receive his son from The boy had been passed from the soldiers. hand to hand along the whole line, and each man had imprinted a kiss upon his cheek. His tutor came for him, but only to the Emperor would the soldiers deliver their charge. And for years afterward it was the proud boast of the battalion that the Emperor had left his son in its care, and that the men had fondled the future ruler of Russia as they would fondle one of their own peasant-born children. The boy had enjoyed his hour with the soldiers, and it may be that to this incident is due a great part of the devotion which Alexander II. has always displayed for the welfare and prosperity of the rank and file of his armies.

The Russian soldier of to-day is better paid. better educated, and better treated in every way than was the Russian soldier of thirty years ago. The term of compulsory service has been shortened, the conscription is reduced, and in several respects the military service has lost its terrors. The Grand Duke Michel, uncle of Alexander, was fond of military display for the sake of its magnificence alone. He would ride at full speed along a line, and detect any officer who had a single button of his coat unfastened, or stood six inches from his proper place. "I hate war," he used to say; "it soils the uniforms, rusts the weapons, and deranges the parades." Alexander hates war because he knows it is detrimental to the prosperity of his country, and would cause the death of many of his soldiers. Were it not for the necessity of being always ready for war in order to maintain peace, it is probable that he would immediately reduce the army to less than half its present propor-

Alexander II. was crowned at Moscow on the 7th of September, 1856. Nicholas began his reign in the midst of a storm of revolution, whose effect was to make him uncompromising and unyielding in character. "While I live he shall never return from Siberia," was his response to a piteous appeal for the pardon of a man who had been twenty-five years in exile for taking part in the "Take a new rope insurrection of 1825. and finish the execution," was his answer when told that the rope had broken while a conspirator was being hanged. The news of the repulse at Eupatoria was such a shock to him that it led indirectly to his death. A nature stern and unbending cannot meet misfortune as complacently as can its opposite; the blast that prostrates the sturdy oak passes harmlessly over the pliant bush, which rises when the storm is done, and stands as proudly as ever. Nicholas began his reign with acts of severity—Alexander began his with acts of mildness. He instituted the reformation in the army already hinted at; he projected railways, promoted commercial and industrial enterprises, pardoned all exiles who had been more than twenty years in Siberia, and in various ways sought to bring back the prosperity that had been impaired by the war. The greatest glory of his reign, and one that will make his name revered while his nation endures, is the liberation of the serfs. From the time of Catharine II. the subject had been agitated; Catharine had proposed it, some of the Cabinet ministers of Alexander L greatly desired it, and Nicholas frequently

busied his mind with projects for improving the condition of the serf. Three years before his death he drew up a plan of gradual emancipation, but it did not meet the approval of his Cabinet, and was set aside. Alexander gave his thought to the subject on frequent occasions; and finally, in March, 1861, the proclamation of gradual emancipation was issued. He encountered a great deal of opposition in his Cabinet and among the heavy proprietors of serfs. The shock of the change was great, and for a while the best friends of the measure faltered, but in a little time the crisis was passed, and the nation began its career of freedom. Some of the nobles, like some of our Southern slaveholders, did not believe emancipation possible, and refused to prepare for the change. Many of these persons were ruined by it, and still remain idle, morose, and discontented. Others, in the time between the notice and the enforcement of the proclamation, labored intelligently, and now find their estates more prosperous than ever. The people of all classes are becoming every year more and more adapted to the new order of things, and the feeling is almost universal that there is much good in store for Russia. She is yet in her developing stage. Time, patience, and energy will accomplish all that her ardent friends can wish. grandest results in the nation's progress are still in the future, and from generations yet to come Alexander will receive his warmest

There are said to be islands in the Pacific where the death of a chief is followed by a careful measurement of all the masculine members of his tribe. The tallest and strongest among them becomes his successor, and is crowned with all the dignity possible in a region where textile clothing is unknown, and a pint of cocoanut-oil rubbed over the skin is considered a full-dress suit for a gentleman. If we did not know to the contrary, we might suppose that physical size and strength were the standard of Imperial selection in Russia as well as in those mythical isles of the Peaceful Sea. Peter the Great was almost a giant in stature, and might have made the fortune of an enterprising showman. Anne, Elizabeth, and Catharine were blessed with great strength of body; Catharine in particular was wont, in moments of wrath, to strike her attendants with such force as to prostrate them, and there are various traditional stories that recount her great bodily force. Paul, the first Alexander, and Nicholas each exceeded six feet in height, and the same is the case with the present Emperor. With hardly an excep-

tion, every masculine member of the Romanoff family was or is of a form and bearing to prove him "every inch a king." Nicholas once went in disguise to Stockholm. As he stepped upon the pier, a Swedish officer stood in his way; Nicholas, in plain clothes, frowned upon him as any other traveler might frown, and the officer, half trembling, stepped aside. "What devil of a man can that be?" he said to a friend; "he must be a king, or if not he ought to be one." Nicholas frequently went incognito about the streets of St. Petersburg, but his disguise was generally discovered before he was long on his way. The first time I ever saw Alexander was one afternoon on the Nevski, the Broadway of St. Petersburg. One of those little sleighs, of which there are twenty thousand in the city, was driven near me, and came almost to a halt in consequence of a blockade of vehicles. My eyes wandered carelessly over the crowded street and rested on the sleigh, which did not differ in appearance from dozens of others that were in sight. But something in the face of the man in the sleigh, or rather in the portion of it visible above the fur collar, arrested my attention. There was a look of lofty superiority in the eye and on the brow; the form was erect as a statue, and did not move as others did to regard the cause of the delay. In a moment there was a shout, and one person after another raised his cap as the sleigh dashed through an opening and diminished in the distance. "Voila l'Empereur," said a Russian friend at my side. Here was the Autocrat of all the Russias, the ruler of seventy millions of people, and holding authority over one-eighth of the territorial extent of this globe, passing before me unattended, and with no outward indication of his imperial power. In all the hurry and confusion of that busiest street of St. Petersburg he was recognized and cheered by the populace. There are not many rulers who possess, as he does, the hearts of their subjects, and can move among them without a surrounding of guards and secret police to protect them from assassination, and lead the applause at the time it should be

A few days later I saw the Czarevitch, the Emperor's eldest son, riding along the Nevski in much greater state than I had seen his father. He was cheered by the people, who had formed a dense crowd in front of the palace where the heir to the throne resided, and naturally enough the cheering ran along the street where he drove, just as it runs along the line of spectators when there is a display of any sort on Broadway. The Czarevitch

was accompanied by his handsome wife, to whom he was married about two months before, and it was hard to say which was the more applauded, the Grand Duke or the Grand The Princess Dagmar, as she is best known to the world, is a woman of unusual beauty. She is somewhat above the medium height, has a graceful figure, a pleasant girlish face, features that seem to combine the Italian and German types, and a profusion of hair which she wears in an apparently half-careless way. Her graceful bearing and sweetness of manner have won her the respect and love of all who have met her since she made her residence in the Russian capital. She is popular among all classes, from noble to peasant, and I think it would be no easy task to find a subject of the Autocrat of all the Russias who does not wish her long life and prosperity. Her husband. the Czarevitch, is of the frame and bearing which I have already described as the possession of the Romanoff family. His education, like that of all the members of the Imperial family, has been carefully attended to, and when he ascends the throne he will have no reason to complain that he is ignorant of his duties. He is said to be more conservative than his father, and in sympathy, to a considerable extent, with the "Old Russian" party, which believes not in the modern abominations of railways, telegraphs, and kindred things, nor in the emancipation of the serfs, nor intimate intercourse with foreign nations. How far he may sympathize with the Unprogressives I cannot say; it is possible that he is one of the most liberal of liberals, and the story of his conservatism may be an invention of the enemy. But development, like revolutions, cannot go backward; the heir to the Muscovite throne will find that Russia will not be stopped in her progressive career, and should he attempt to build a Chinese wall of exclusiveness around his empire he will find himself sadly deficient in materials. No great measure can be carried out unless it has the approval of the Imperial Council, and no intelligent councilor is likely to advise a retrograde movement for Russia.

The Empress of Russia, a tall stately lady, with a sad face and the appearance of an aristocratic invalid, is rarely seen in public. She appears only at the State balls and other festivities where etiquette demands her presence, and it is evident that she would prefer to be

shut off altogether from the stare of curious eyes. Since the death of her eldest boy, six years ago, she has never been in good health and spirits; she was most devotedly attached to her first-born, and his loss nearly broke her heart. By birth he was heir to the throne; by his death the heirship fell to his brother Alexander, whom I have just described. Next to him is the Grand Duke Vladimir, and next the Grand Duke Alexis, whose name is so well known to Americans. And the heir to the throne, after the Grand Duke Alexander, is the son of the present Czarevitch, born in May, 1868, and now of the age when candy is of more consequence than scepters, and a trundle-bed has greater attractions than a throne.

There is a romantic incident connected with the marriage of the Czarevitch and the Grand Duchess Maria Federovna, otherwise known as the Princess Dagmar. The alliance was first contracted between the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Princess; all the details of the engagement were settled and the marriage was to take place as soon as the Grand Duke's health permitted. He was sent to Nice in the hope that he would recover, but he grew worse instead of better. The Princess loved him and prayed often for his restoration, but her hopes and prayers were of no avail. the soft breezes of the Mediterranean fanning his cheek, and wafting through his open window the odors of the vine and the olive, he breathed his last. The intelligence fell heavily upon that Danish heart which had been pledged to the young life now gone forever. But the Princess Dagmar was betrothed to the heir to the Russian throne, and, like the throne, she passed to the successor of the boy who had died. After the delay which etiquette demanded, the wedding took place, and the daughter of the King of Denmark became a subject of Russia. The day before the wedding she visited the Garrison church, where the members of the House of Romanoff, since the time of Peter the Great, are buried. Before the latest of all those tombs, where rested the remains of him to whom she had been betrothed, knelt the young princess and placed a funeral wreath on the cold marble. And as she bent before the tomb, her tears told her sorrow, as tears tell the sorrows of those not born in the purple nor cradled or reared in royal and imperial luxury.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC. (Continued from page 73.)

CHAPTER LII.

LILITH MEETS WITH A MISFORTUNE.

THE next day, leaving a note to inform Charley that I had run home for a week, I set out for the moat, carrying with me the best side-saddle I could find in London.

As I left the inn at Minstercombe in a gig, I saw Clara coming out of a shop. I could not stop and speak to her, for, not to mention the opinion I had of her, and the treachery of which I accused her, was I not at that very moment meditating how best to let her lover know that she was not to be depended upon? I touched the horse with the whip, and drove rapidly past. Involuntarily, however, I glanced behind, and saw a white face staring after Our looks encountering thus, I lifted my hat, but held on my course.

I could not help feeling very sorry for her. The more falsely she had behaved, she was the more to be pitied. She looked very beautiful with that white face. But how different was her beauty from that of my Athanasia!

Having tried the side-saddle upon Lilith, and found all it wanted was a little change in the stuffing about the withers, I told Styles to take it and the mare to Minstercombe the next morning, and have it properly fitted.

What trifles I am lingering upon! Lilith is gone to the worms-no, that I do not believe: amongst the things most people believe, and I cannot, that is one; but at all events she is dead, and the saddle gone to worms; and yet, for reasons which will want no explanation to my one reader, I care to linger even on the fringes of this part of the web of my story.

I wandered about the field and house, building and demolishing many an airy abode, until Styles came back. I had told him to get the job done at once, and not return with-

out the saddle.

"Can I trust you, Styles?" I said, abruptly. "I hope so, sir. If I may make so bold, I don't think I was altogether to blame about that book-

"Of course not. I told you so. Never think of it again. Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try, sir. You've been a good mas-

ter to me, I'm sure, sir."

"That I mean to be still, if I can. Do you know the parish of Spurdene?"

"I was born there, sir."

"Ah! that's not so convenient. Do you know the rectory?"

"Every stone of it, I may say, sir."

"And do they know you?"

"Well, it's some years since I left-a mere

boy, sir."

"I want you then-if it be possible-you can tell best-to set out with Lilith to-morrow night-I hope it will be a warm night. You must groom her thoroughly, put on the side-saddle and her new bridle, and lead her -you're not to ride her, mind-I don't want her to get hot-lead her to the rectory of Spurdene-and-now here is the point-if it be possible, take her up to the stable, and fasten her by this silver chain to the ring at the door of it-as near morning as you safely can to avoid discovery, for she mustn't stand longer at this season of the year than can be helped. I will tell you all. I mean her for a present to Miss Osborne; but I do not want any one to know where she comes from. None of them, I believe, have ever seen her. I will write something on a card, which you will fasten to one of the pommels, throwing over all this horse-cloth."

I gave him a fine bear-skin I had bought for the purpose. He smiled, and with evident enjoyment of the spirit of the thing,

promised to do his best.

Lilith looked lovely as he set out with her, late the following night. When he returned the next morning, he reported that everything had succeeded admirably. He had carried out my instructions to the letter; and my white Lilith had by that time, I hoped, been caressed, possibly fed, by the hands of Mary Osborne herself.

I may just mention that on the card I had written-or rather printed the words: "To

Mary Osborne, from a friend."

In a day or two, I went back to London, but said nothing to Charley of what I had done-waiting to hear from him first what

they said about it.

"I say, Wilfrid!" he cried, as he came into my room with his usual hurried step, the next morning but one, carrying an open letter in his hand, "what's this you've been doing-you sly old fellow? You ought to doing-you sly old fellow? have been a prince, by Jove!"

"What do you accuse me of? I must

know that first, else I might confess to more than necessary. One must be on one's guard with such as you."

"Read that," he said, putting the letter

into my hand.

It was from his sister. One passage was

as follows:

"A strange thing has happened. A few mornings ago, the loveliest white horse was found tied to the stable door, with a side-saddle, and a card on it directed to me. I went to look at the creature. It was like the witch-lady in Christabel, 'beautiful exceedingly.' I ran to my father, and told him. He asked me who had sent it, but I knew no more than he did. He said I couldn't keep it unless we found out who had sent it, and probably not then, for the proceeding was as suspicious as absurd. To-day he has put an advertisement in the paper to the effect that if the animal is not claimed before, it will be sold at the horse-fair next week, and the money given to the new school fund. I feel as if I couldn't bear parting with it, but of course I can't accept a present without knowing where it comes from. Have you any idea who sent it? I am sure papa is right about it, as indeed, dear Charley, he always is."

I laid down the letter, and, full of mortification, went walking about the room. "Why didn't you tell me, Wilfrid?"

"I thought it better, if you were questioned, that you should not know. But it was a foolish thing to do—very. I see it now. Of course your father is right. It doesn't matter though. I will go down and buy her."

"You had better not appear in it. Go to

the Moat, and send Styles.

"Yes—that will be best. Of course it will. When is the fair, do you know?"

"I will find out for you. I hope some rascal mayn't in the mean time take my father in, and persuade him to give her up. Why shouldn't I run down and tell him, and get back poor Lilith without making you pay for your own?"

"Indeed you shan't. The mare is your sister's, and I shall lay no claim to her. I

have money enough to redeem her."

Charley got me information about the fair,

and the day before it I set out for the Moat.

When I reached Minstercombe, having more time on my hands than I knew what to do with, I resolved to walk round by Spurdene. It would not be more than ten or twelve miles, and so I should get a peep of the rectory. On the way I met a few farmerlooking men on horseback, and just before entering the village, saw at a little distance a

white creature—very like my Lilith—with a man on its back, coming towards me.

As they drew nearer, I was certain of the mare, and thinking it possible the rider might be Mr. Osborne, withdrew into a thicket on the roadside. But what was my dismay to discover that it was indeed my Lilith, but ridden by Geoffrey Brotherton! As soon as he was past, I rushed into the village, and found that the people I had met were going from the fair. Charley had been misinformed. I was too late: Brotherton had bought my Lilith. Half distracted with rage and vexation, I walked on and on, never halting till I reached the Moat. Was this man destined to swallow up everything I cared for? Had he suspected me as the foolish donor, and bought the mare to spite me? A thousand times rather would I have had her dead. Nothing on earth would have tempted me to sell my Lilith but inability to feed her, and then I would rather have shot her. I felt poorer than even when my precious folio was taken from me, for the lowest animal life is a greater thing than a rare edition. I did not go to bed.at all that night, but sat by my fire or paced about the room till dawn, when I set out for Minstercombe, and reached it in time for the morning coach to London. The whole affair was a folly, and I said to myself that I deserved to suffer. Before I left, I told Styles, and begged him to keep an eve on the mare, and if ever he learned that her owner wanted to part with her, to come off at once and let me know. He was greatly concerned at my ill-luck, as he called it, and promised to watch her carefully. He knew one of the grooms, he said, a little, and would cultivate his acquaintance.

I could not help wishing now that Charley would let his sister know what I had tried to do for her, but of course I would not say so. I think he did tell her, but I never could be quite certain whether or not she knew it. I wonder if she ever suspected me. I think not. I have too good reason to fear that she attributed to another the would-be gift: I believe that from Brotherton's buying her, they thought he had sent her-a present certainly far more befitting his means than mine. But I came to care very little about it, for my correspondence with her, through Charley, went on. I wondered sometimes how she could keep from letting her father know: that he did not know I was certain, for he would have put a stop to it at once. I conjectured that she had told her mother, and that she, fearing to widen the breach between her husband and Charley, had advised her not to

mention it to him; while, believing it would do both Charley and me good, she did not counsel her to give up the correspondence. It must be considered also that it was long before I said a word implying any personal interest. Before I ventured that, I had some ground for thinking that my ideas had begun to tell upon hers, for, even in her letters to Charley, she had begun to drop the common religious phrases, while all she said seemed to indicate a widening and deepening and simplifying of her faith. I do not for a moment imply that she had consciously given up one of the dogmas of the party to which she belonged, but there was the perceptible softening of growth in her utterances; and after that was plain to me, I began to let out my heart to her a little more.

About this time also I began to read once more the history of Jesus, asking myself as if on a first acquaintance with it, "Could it be -might it not be that, if there were a God, he would visit his children after some fashion? If so, is this a likely fashion? May it not even be the only right fashion?" story I found at least a perfection surpassing everything to be found elsewhere; and I was at least sure that whatever this man said must If one could only be as sure of the record! But if ever a dawn was to rise upon me, here certainly the sky would break; here I thought I already saw the first tinge of the returning life-blood of the swooning world. The gathering of the waters of conviction at length one morning broke out in the following verses, which seemed more than half given to me, the only effort required being to fit them rightly together:-

Come to me, come to me, O my God; Come to me everywhere! Let the trees mean thee, and the grassy sod, And the water and the air.

For thou art so far that I often doubt, As on every side I stare, Searching within, and looking without, If thou art anywhere.

How did men find thee in days of old?

How did they grow so sure?

They fought in thy name, they were glad and bold,

They suffered, and kept themselves pure.

But now they say—neither above the sphere, Nor down in the heart of man, But only in fancy, ambition, or fear, The thought of thee began.

If only that perfect tale were true Which with touch of sunny gold, Of the ancient many makes one anew, And simplicity manifold. But he said that they who did his word,
The truth of it should know:
I will try to do it—if he be Lord,
Perhaps the old spring will flow;

Perhaps the old spirit-wind will blow That he promised to their prayer; And doing thy will, I yet shall know Thee, Father, everywhere!

These lines found their way without my concurrence into a certain religious magazine, and I was considerably astonished, and yet more pleased one evening when Charley handed me, with the kind regards of his sister, my own lines copied by herself. I speedily let her know they were mine, explaining that they had found their way into print without my cognizance. She testified so much pleasure at the fact, and the little scraps I could claim as my peculiar share of the contents of Charley's envelopes, grew so much more confiding, that I soon ventured to write more warmly than hitherto. A period longer than usual passed before she wrote again, and when she did she took no express notice of my last letter. Foolishly or not, I regarded this as a favorable sign, and wrote several letters, in which I allowed the true state of my feelings towards her to appear. At length I wrote a long letter in which, without a word of direct love-making, I thought yet to reveal that I loved her with all my heart. It was chiefly occupied with my dream on that memorable night-of course without the slightest allusion to the waking, or anything that followed. I ended abruptly, telling her that the dream often recurred, but as often as it drew to its lovely close, the lifted veil of Athanasia revealed ever and only the countenance of Mary Osborne.

The answer to this came soon, and in few words.

"I dare not take to myself what you write. That would be presumption indeed, not to say willful self-deception. It will be honor enough for me if in any way I serve to remind you of the lady of your dream. Wilfrid, if you love me, take care of my Charley. I must not write more.—M. O."

It was not much, but enough to make me happy. I write it from memory—every word as it lies where any moment I could read it—shut in a golden coffin whose lid I dare not open.

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CHAPTER LIII. TOO LATE,

I MUST now go back a little. After my suspicions had been aroused as to the state of Charley's feelings, I hesitated for a long time before I finally made up my mind to tell him the part Clara had had in the loss of my sword. But while I was thus restrained by dread of the effect the disclosure would have upon him if my suspicions were correct, those very suspicions formed the strongest reason for acquainting him with her duplicity; and, although I was always too ready to put off the evil day so long as doubt supplied excuse for procrastination, I could not have let so much time slip by and nothing said, but for my absorption in Mary.

At length, however, I had now resolved, and one evening, as we sat together, I took my pipe from my mouth, and, shivering bodily,

thus began:

"Charley," I said, "I have had for a good while something on my mind, which I cannot keep from you longer."

He looked alarmed instantly. I went on. "I have not been quite open with you about

that affair of the sword."

He looked yet more dismayed; but I must go on, though it tore my very heart. When I came to the point of my overhearing Clara talking to Brotherton, he started up, and without waiting to know the subject of their conversation, came close up to me, and, his face distorted with the effort to keep himself quiet, said, in a voice hollow and still and far off, like what one fancies of the voice of the dead,

"Wilfrid, you said Brotherton, I think?"

"I did, Charley."

"She never told me that!"

"How could she when she was betraying

your friend?"

"No, no!" he cried, with a strange mixture of command and entreaty; "don't say that. There is some explanation. There must be."

"She told me she hated him," I said.
"I know she hates him. What was she

saying to him?"

"I tell you she was betraying me, your friend, who had never done her any wrong, to the man she had told me she hated, and whom I had heard her ridicule."

"What do you mean by betraying you?"
I recounted what I had overheard. He
listened with clenched teeth and trembling
white lips; then burst into a forced laugh.

"What a fool I am! Distrust her/ I will not. There is some explanation! There must be!"

The dew of agony lay thick on his forehead. I was greatly alarmed at what I had done, but I could not blame myself.

"Do be calm, Charley," I entreated.
"I am as calm as death," he replied, strid-

ing up and down the room with long strides.

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He stopped and came up to me again.

"Wilfrid," he said, "I am a damned fool. I am going now. Don't be frightened—I am perfectly calm. I will come and explain it all to you to-morrow—no—the next day—or the next at latest. She had some reason for hiding it from me, but I shall have it all the moment I ask her. She is not what you think her. I don't for a moment blame you—but—are you sure it was—Clara's—voice you heard?" he added with forced calmness and slow utterance.

"A man is not likely to mistake the voice of a woman he ever fancied himself in love

with."

"Don't talk like that, Wilfrid. You'll drive me mad. How should she know you had taken the sword?"

"She was always urging me to take it. There lies the main sting of the treachery. But I never told you where I found the sword."

"What can that have to do with it?"

"I found it on my bed that same morning when I woke. It could not have been there when I lay down."

"Well?"

"Charley, I believe she laid it there."

He leaped at me like a tiger. Startled, I jumped to my feet. He laid hold of me by the throat, and griped me with a quivering grasp. Recovering my self-possession I stood perfectly still, making no effort even to remove his hand, although it was all but choking me. In a moment or two he relaxed his hold, burst into tears, took up his hat, and walked to the door.

"Charley! Charley! you must not leave

me so," I cried, starting forwards.

"To-morrow, Wilfrid; to-morrow," he said, and was gone.

He was back before I could think what to do next. Opening the door half-way, he said —as if a griping hand had been on his throat—

"I—I—don't believe it, Wilfrid. You only said you believed it. I don't. Good night. I'm all right now. Mind, I don't be-

He shut the door. Why did I not follow him? But if I had followed him, what could I have said or done? In every man's life come awful moments when he must meet his fate—dree his weird—alone. Alone, I say, if he have no God—for man or woman cannot aid him, cannot touch him, cannot come near him. Charley was now in one of those crises, and I could not help him. Death is counted an awful thing: it seems to me that life is an infinitely more awful thing.

In the morning I received the following letter:

"DEAR MR. CUMBERMEDE,

"You will be surprised at receiving a note from me—still more at its contents. I am most anxious to see you—so much so that I venture to ask you to meet me where we can have a little quiet talk. I am in London, and for a day or two sufficiently my own mistress to leave the choice of time and place with you—only let it be when and where we shall not be interrupted. I presume on old friendship in making this extraordinary request, but I do not presume in my confidence that you will not misunderstand my motives. One thing only I beg—that you will not inform C. O. of the petition I make.

"Your old friend, "C. C."

What was I to do? To go, of course. She might have something to reveal which would cast light on her mysterious conduct. I cannot say I expected a disclosure capable of removing Charley's misery, but I did vaguely hope to learn something that might alleviate it. Anyhow, I would meet her, for I dared not refuse to hear her. To her request of concealing it from Charley, I would grant nothing beyond giving it quarter until I should see whither the affair tended. I wrote at once -making an appointment for the same evening. But was it from a suggestion of Satan, from an evil impulse of human spite, or by the decree of fate, that I fixed on that part of the Regent's Park in which I had seen him and the lady I now believed to have been Clara walking together in the dusk? I cannot now tell. The events which followed have destroyed all certainty, but I fear it was a flutter of the wings of revenge, a shove at the spokes of the wheel of time to hasten the coming of its cir-

Anxious to keep out of Charley's way—for the secret would make me wretched in his presence—I went into the City, and, after an early dinner, sauntered out to the Zoological Gardens, to spend the time till the hour of meeting. But there, strange to say, whether from insight or fancy, in every animal face I saw such gleams of a troubled humanity, that at last I could bear it no longer, and betook myself to Primrose Hill.

It was a bright afternoon, wonderfully clear, with a crisp frosty feel in the air. But the sun went down, and, one by one, here and there, above and below, the lights came out and the stars appeared, until at length sky

and earth were full of flaming spots, and it was time to seek our rendezvous.

I had hardly reached it, when the graceful form of Clara glided towards me. She perceived in a moment that I did not mean to shake hands with her. It was not so dark but that I saw her bosom heave, and a flush overspread her countenance.

"You wished to see me, Miss Coningham,"

said. "I am at your service."

"What is wrong, Mr. Cumbermede? You never used to speak to me in such a tone."

"There is nothing wrong if you are not more able than I to tell what it is."

"Why did you come if you were going to treat me so?"

"Because you requested it."

"Have I offended you then by asking you to meet me? I trusted you. I thought you

would never misjudge me."

"I should be but too happy to find I had been unjust to you, Miss Coningham. I would gladly go on my knees to you to confess that fault, if I could only be satisfied of its existence. Assure me of it, and I will bless you."

"How strangely you talk? Some one has

been maligning me."

"No one. But I have come to the knowledge of what only one besides yourself could have told me."

"You mean-"

"Geoffrey Brotherton."

"He! He has been telling you—"
"No—thank heaven! I have not yet sunk to the slightest communication with him."

She turned her face aside. Veiled as it was by the gathering gloom, she yet could not keep it towards me. But after a brief pause she looked at me and said,

"You know more than-I do not know

what you mean."

"I do know more than you think I know. I will tell you under what circumstances I came to such knowledge."

She stood motionless.

"One evening," I went on, "after leaving Moldwarp Hall with Charles Osborne, I returned to the library to fetch a book. As I entered the room where it lay I heard voices in the armory. One was the voice of Geoffrey Brotherton—a man you told me you hated. The other was yours."

She drew herself up and stood stately be-

ore me.

"Is that your accusation?" she said. "Is a woman never to speak to a man because she detests him?"

She laughed, I thought drearily.

"Apparently not-for then I presume you would not have asked me to meet you."

"Why should you think I hate you?"

"Because you have been treacherous to

"In talking to Geoffrey Brotherton? I do hate him. I hate him more than ever. I spoke the truth when I told you that."

"Then you do not hate me?"

"And yet you delivered me over to my enemy bound hand and foot, as Delilah did Samson. I heard what you said to Brotherton."

She seemed to waver, but stood-speech-

less, as if waiting for more.

"I heard you tell him that I had taken that sword—the sword you had always been urging me to take-the sword you unsheathed and laid on my bed that I might be tempted to take it-why I cannot understand, for I never did you a wrong to my poor knowledge. fell into your snare, and you made use of the fact you had achieved to ruin my character, and drive me from the house in which I was foolish enough to regard myself as conferring favors rather than receiving them. You have caused me to be branded as a thief for taking -at your suggestion-that which was and still is my own!'

"Does Charley know this?" she asked, in

a strangely altered voice.

"He does. He learned it yesterday."

"O my God!" she cried, and fell kneeling on the grass at my feet. "Wilfrid! Wilfrid! I will tell you all. It was to tell you all about this very thing that I asked you to come. I could not bear it longer. Only your tone made me angry. I did not know

you knew so much."

The very fancy of such submission from such a creature would have thrilled me with a wild compassion once; but now I thought of Charley, and felt cold to her sorrow as well as her loveliness. When she lifted her eyes to mine, however-it was not so dark but I could see their sadness-I began to hope a little for my friend. I took her hand and raised her. She was now weeping with down-

"Clara, you shall tell me all. God forbid I should be hard upon you. But you know I cannot understand it. I have no clew to it.

How could you serve me so?"

"It is very hard for me-but there is no help now: I must confess disgrace in order to escape infamy. Listen to me, then—as kindly as you can, Wilfrid. I beg your pardon; I have no right to use any old familiar-

ity with you. Had my father's plans succeeded, I should still have had to make an apology to you, but under what different circumstances! I will be as brief as I can. My father believed you the rightful heir to Moldwarp Hall. Your own father believed it, and made my father believe it-that was in case your uncle should leave no heir behind But your uncle was a strange man, and would neither lay claim to the property himself, nor allow you to be told of your prospects. He did all he could to make you like himself, indifferent to worldly things; and my father feared you would pride yourself on refusing to claim your rights except some counter-influence were used."

"But why should your father have taken any trouble in the matter?" I asked.

"Well, you know-one in his profession likes to see justice done; and, besides, to conduct such a case must of course be of professional advantage to him. You must not think him under obligation to the present family: my grandfather held the position he still occupies before they came into the property.-I am too unhappy to mind what I say now. My father was pleased when you and I-indeed I fancy he had a hand in our first meeting. But while your uncle lived, he had to be cautious. Chance, however, seemed tofavor his wishes. We met more than once, and you liked me, and my father thought I might wake you up to care about your rights, and-and-but-

"I see. And it might have been, Clara,

but for-"

"Only, you see, Mr. Cumbermede," she interrupted with a half-smile, and a little return of her playful manner-"I didn't wish

"No. You preferred the man who had the

It was a speech both cruel and rude. She stepped a pace back, and looked me proudly in the face.

"Prefer that man to you, Wilfrid! No. 1 could never have fallen so low as that. But I confess I didn't mind letting papa understand that Mr. Brotherton was polite to mejust to keep him from urging me to-to-You will do me the justice that I did not try to make you-to make you-care for me, Wilfrid?"

"I admit it heartily. I will be as honest as you, and confess that you might have done so-easily enough at one time. Indeed I am only half honest after all: I loved you once

-after a boyish fashion." She half-smiled again.

"I am glad you are believing me now," she said.

"Thoroughly," I answered. "When you

speak the truth, I must believe you."

"I was afraid to let papa know the real state of things. I was always afraid of him, though I love him dearly, and he is very good to me. I dared not disappoint him by telling him that I loved Charley Osborne. time-you remember-when we met in Switzerland, his strange ways interested me so much! I was only a girl-but-

"I understand well enough. I don't wonder at any woman falling in love with my

Charley."

"Thank you," she said, with a sigh which seemed to come from the bottom of her heart. "You were always generous. You will do what you can to right me with Charleywon't you? He is very strange sometimes."

"I will indeed. But, Clara, why didn't Charley let me know that you and he loved

each other?"

"Ah! there my shame comes in again! I wanted-for my father's sake, not for my own -I need not tell you that-I wanted to keep my influence over you a little while-that is until I could gain my father's end. If I should succeed in rousing you to enter an action for the recovery of your rights, I thought my father might then be reconciled to my marrying Charley instead-

"Instead of me, Clara. Yes-I see. I begin to understand the whole thing. It's not so bad as I thought-not by any means."

"Oh, Wilfrid! how good of you! I shall love you next to Charley all my life."

She caught hold of my hand, and for a moment seemed on the point of raising it to her

"But I can't easily get over the disgrace you have done me, Clara. Neither, I confess, can I get over your degrading yourself to a private interview with such a beast as I know-and can't help suspecting you knew Brotherton to be."

She dropped my hand, and hid her face in

both her own.

"I did know what he was; but the thought of Charley made me able to go through with

"With the sacrifice of his friend to his ene-

my?"

"It was bad. It was horridly wicked. I hate myself for it. But you know I thought it would do you no harm in the end."

"How much did Charley know of it all?"

"Nothing whatever. How could I trust

his innocence? He's the simplest creature in the world, Wilfrid."

"I know that well enough."

"I could not confess one atom of it to him. He would have blown up the whole scheme at once. It was all I could do to keep him from telling you of our engagement; and that made him miserable."

"Did you tell him I was in love with you?

You knew I was, well enough."

"I dared not do that," she said, with a sad "He would have vanished-would have killed himself to make way for you."

"I see you understand him, Clara." "That will give me some feeble merit in

your eyes-won't it, Wilfrid?"

"Still I don't see quite why you betrayed me to Brotherton. I daresay I should if I

had time to think it over."

"I wanted to put you in such a position with regard to the Brothertons that you could have no scruples in respect of them such as my father feared from what he called the overrefinement of your ideas of honor. The treatment you must receive would, I thought, rouse every feeling against them. But it was not all for my father's sake, Wilfrid. It was, however mistaken, yet a good deal for the sake of Charley's friend that I thus disgraced myself. Can you believe me?"

"I do. But nothing can wipe out the dis

grace to me."

"The sword was your own. Of course I never for a moment doubted that."

"But they believed I was lying."

"I can't persuade myself it signifies greatly what such people think about you. I except Sir Giles. The rest are-

"Yet you consented to visit them."

"I was in reality Sir Giles's guest. one of the others would have asked me." "Not Geoffrey?"

"I owe him nothing but undying revenge

for Charley."

Her eyes flashed through the darkness, and she looked as if she could have killed him.

"But you were plotting against Sir Giles all

the time you were his guest?"

"Not unjustly though. The property was not his, but yours—that is, as we then believed. As far as I knew, the result would have been a real service to him, in delivering him from unjust possession-a thing he would himself have scorned. It was all very wrong-very low, if you like-but somehow it then seemed simple enough-a lawful stratagem for the

"Your heart was so full of Charley!" "Then you do forgive me, Wilfrid?"

"With all my soul. I hardly feel now as if I had anything to forgive."

I drew her towards me and kissed her on the forehead. She threw her arms round me, and clung to me, sobbing like a child.

"You will explain it all to Charley-won't you?" she said, as soon as she could speak, withdrawing herself from the arm which had involuntarily crept around her, seeking to comfort her.

"I will," I said.

We were startled by a sound in the clump Then over their tops of trees behind us. passed a wailful gust of wind, through which we thought came the fall of receding footsteps.

"I hope we haven't been overheard," I said. "I shall go at once and tell Charley all about it. I will just see you home first."

"There's no occasion for that, Wilfrid; and

I'm sure I don't deserve it."

"You deserve a thousand thanks. have lifted a mountain off me. I see it all now. When your father found it was no use-

"Then I saw I had wronged you, and I couldn't bear myself till I had confessed all." "Your father is satisfied then that the regis-

ter would not stand in evidence?"

"Yes. He told me all about it."

"He has never said a word to me on the matter; but just dropped me in the dirt, and let me lie there."

"You must forgive him too, Wilfrid. It was a dreadful blow to him, and it was weeks before he told me. We couldn't think what was the matter with him. You see he had been cherishing the scheme ever since your father's death, and it was a great humiliation to find he had been sitting so many years on an addled egg," she said, with a laugh in which her natural merriment once more peeped out.

I walked home with her, and we parted like

On my way to the Temple, I was anxiously occupied as to how Charley would receive the explanation I had to give him. That Clara's confession would be a relief I could not doubt; but it must cause him great pain notwithstand-His sense of honor was so keen, and his ideal of womankind so lofty, that I could not but dread the consequences of the reve-At the same time I saw how it might benefit him. I had begun to see that it is more divine to love the erring than to love the good, and to understand how there is more joy over the one than over the ninety and nine. If Charley, understanding that he is no divine lover who loves only so long as he is able to flatter himself that the object of his love is immaculate, should find that he must love Clara in spite of her faults and wrong-doings, he might thus grow to be less despairful over his own failures; he might, through his love for Clara, learn to hope for himself, notwithstanding the awful distance at which perfection lay removed.

But as I went I was conscious of a strange oppression. It was not properly mental, for my interview with Clara had raised my spirits. It was a kind of physical oppression I felt, as if the air, which was in reality clear and cold, had been damp and close and heavy.

I went straight to Charley's chambers. The moment I opened the door, I knew that something was awfully wrong. The room was dark -but he would often sit in the dark. I called him, but received no answer. Trembling, I struck a light, for I feared to move lest I should touch something dreadful. But when I had succeeded in lighting the lamp, I found the room just as it always was. His hat was on the table. He must be in his bed-room. And yet I did not feel as if anything alive was near me. Why was everything so frightfully still? I opened the door as slowly and fearfully as if I had dreaded arousing a sufferer whose life depended on his repose. There he lay on his bed, in his clothes-fast asleep, as I thought, for he often slept so, and at any hour of the day—the natural relief of his muchperturbed mind. His eyes were closed, and his face was very white. As I looked, I heard a sound—a drop—another! There was a slow drip somewhere. God in heaven! Could it be? I rushed to him, calling him aloud. There was no response. It was too true! He was dead. The long snake-like Indian dagger was in his heart, and the blood was oozing slowly from around it.

I dare not linger over that horrible night, or the horrible days that followed. Such days! such nights! The letters to write!—The friends to tell!—Clara!—His father!—

The police !—The inquest !

Mr. Osborne took no notice of my letter, but came up at once. Entering where I sat with my head on my arms on the table, the first announcement I had of his presence was a hoarse, deep, broken voice ordering me out of the room. I obeyed mechanically, took up Charley's hat instead of my own, and walked away with it. But the neighbors were kind, and although I did not attempt to approach again all that was left of my friend, I watched from a neighboring window, and following at a little distance, was present when they laid his form, late at night, in the unconsecrated ground of a cemetery.

I may just mention here what I had not the heart to dwell upon in the course of my narrative-that since the talk about suicide. occasioned by the remarks of Sir Thomas Browne, he had often brought up the subject -chiefly, however, in a half-humorous tone, and from what may be called an æsthetic point of view, as to the best mode of accomplishing it. For some of the usual modes he expressed abhorrence, as being so ugly; and on the whole considered-I well remember the phrase, for he used it more than once-that a dagger-and on one of those occasions he took up the Indian weapon already described. and said-" such as this now."-was "the most gentleman-like usher into the presence of the Great Nothing." As I had, however, often heard that those who contemplated suicide never spoke of it, and as his manner on the occasions to which I refer was always merry, such talk awoke little uneasiness; and I believe that he never had at the moment any conscious attraction to the subject stronger than a speculative one. At the same time, however, I believe that the speculative attraction itself had its roots in the misery with which in other and prevailing moods he was so familiar.

CHAPTER LIV.

AFTER writing to Mr. Osborne to acquaint him with the terrible event, the first thing I did was to go to Clara. I will not attempt to describe what followed. The moment she saw me, her face revealed, as in a mirror, the fact legible on my own, and I had scarcely opened my mouth when she cried, "He is dead!" and fell fainting on the floor. Her aunt came, and we succeeded in recovering her a little. But she lay still as death on the couch where we had laid her, and the motion of her eves hither and thither as if following the movements of some one about the room was the only sign of life in her. We spoke to her, but evidently she heard nothing; and at last, leaving her when the doctor arrived, I waited for her aunt in another room, and told her what had happened.

Some days after, Clara sent for me, and I had to tell her the whole story. Then, with agony in every word she uttered, she managed to inform me that when she went in after I left her at the door that night, she found waiting her a note from Charley; and this she now gave me to read. It contained a request to meet him that evening at the very place which I had appointed. It was their customary rendezvous when she was in town. In

all probability he was there when we were. and heard and saw-heard too little and saw too much, and concluded that both Clara and I were false to him. The frightful perturbation which a conviction such as that must cause in a mind like his could be nothing short of madness. For, ever tortured by a sense of his own impotence, of the gulf to all appearance eternally fixed between his actions and his aspirations, and unable to lay hold of the Essential, the Causing Goodness, he had clung with the despair of a perishing man to the dim reflex of good he saw in her and me. his faith in that was indeed destroyed, the last barrier must have given way, and the sea of madness, ever breaking against it, must have broken in and overwhelmed him. friend! surely long ere now thou knowest that we were not false; surely the hour will yet dawn when I shall again hold thee to my heart; yea, surely, even if still thou countest me guilty, thou hast already found for me endless excuse and forgiveness.

I can hardly doubt, however, that he inherited a strain of madness from his father, a madness which that father had developed by forcing upon him the false forms of a true religion.

It is not then strange that I should have thought and speculated much about madness. What does its frequent impulse to suicide indicate? May it not be its main instinct to destroy itself as an evil thing? May not the impulse arise from some unconscious conviction that there is for it no remedy but the shuffling off of this mortal coil-nature herself dimly urging through the fumes of the madness to the one blow which lets in the light and air? Doubtless, if in the mind so sadly unhinged, the sense of a holy Presence could be developed-the sense of a love that loves through all vagaries-of a hiding-place from forms of evil the most fantastic-of a fatherly care that not merely holds its insane child in its arms, but enters into the chaos of his imagination, and sees every wildest horror with which it swarms; if, I say, the conviction of such a love dawned on the disordered mind, the man would live in spite of his imaginary foes, for he would pray against them as sure of being heard as St. Paul when he prayed concerning the thorn from which he was not delivered, but against which he was sustained. And who can tell how often this may be the fact-how often the lunatic also lives by faith? Are not the forms of madness most frequently those of love and religion? Certainly, if there be a God, he does not forget his frenzied offspring; certainly he is more tender over them than any mother over her idiot darling;

certainly he sees in them what the eye of brother or sister cannot see. But some of them at least have not enough of such support to be able to go on living; and for my part I confess I rejoice as often as I hear that one has succeeded in breaking his prison bars.

When the crystal shrine has grown dim, and the fair forms of nature are in their entrance contorted hideously; when the sunlight itself is as blue lightning, and the wind in the summer trees is as "a terrible sound of stones cast down, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains;" when the body is no longer a mediator between the soul and the world, but the prison-house of a lying jailer and torturer-how can I but rejoice to hear that the tormented captive has at length forced

his way out into freedom?

When I look behind me, I can see but little through the surging lurid smoke of that awful The first sense of relief came when I saw the body of Charley laid in the holy earth. For the earth is the Lord's—and none the less holy that the voice of the priest may have left it without his consecration. Surely if ever the Lord laughs in derision, as the Psalmist says, it must be when the voice of a man would in his name exclude his fellows from their birthright. O Lord, gather thou the outcasts of thy Israel, whom the priests and the rulers of thy people have cast out to perish!

I remember for the most part only a dull agony, interchanging with apathy. For days and days I could not rest, but walked hither and thither, careless whither. When at length I would lie down weary and fall asleep, suddenly I would start up, hearing the voice of Charley crying for help, and rush in the middle of the winter night into the wretched streets, there to wander till daybreak. But I was not utterly miserable. In my most wretched dreams I never dreamed of Mary, and through all my waking distress I never forgot her. I was sure in my very soul that she did me no injustice. I had laid open the deepest in me to her honest gaze, and she had read it, and could not but know me. Neither did what had occurred quench my growing faith. I had never been able to hope much for Charley in this world; for something was out of joint with him, and only in the region of the unknown was I able to look for the setting right of it. Nor had many weeks passed before I was fully aware of relief when I remembered that he was dead. And whenever the thought arose that God might have given him a fairer chance in this world, I was able to reflect that apparently God does not care for this world save as a part of the whole; and on that whole I had yet to discover that he could have given him a fairer chance.

(To be continued.)

AN ELOPEMENT IN MOSCOW.

ONE day late in the fall I was sitting quietly writing in my little cabinet at Moscow, when the door-bell rang and my friend Feodor en-

Feodor was an enthusiastic young Russian with whom I had long been intimate, but whom I had not seen for several months, which he had spent somewhere in the south of Russia, on his mother's estates. My papers were at once pushed aside, and I jumped up to greet him. As soon as he had embraced me three times, in the orthodox Russian style, and answered my questions as to where he had been and what he had been busy with so long, a grave look came over his usually sunny face, and he said, "I've come only on business; I want you to do me a favor."

When he had received assurances of my readiness to serve him, he said he wanted me to come to a wedding. At this my face fell; for I knew that Feodor had an artistic, passionate nature, and was always devotedly in

love with some one,-little passions which often threatened to make a rupture between him and his mother, -and I feared he was about to do something rash, especially as the marriage was to be a stolen one. I was soon reassured by learning that it was an affair of his cousin, Baron K., who had come to town only the night before, and had no time to come and ask me in person. I was further informed that the bride was a young countrygirl-an orphan ill-treated by a cruel stepmother-and that the marriage was to take place in Moscow, in order that the Baron's mother might not hear of it and prevent it.

I was a little astonished that the Baron. who was a man of thirty-five, with his own property, should not be free to marry as he chose, but was told that, as law and custom then stood in Russia, the objection of a parent could always retard, if not prevent, the marriage of a child in the regular way, no

matter how old that child might be.

"The Baron's mother, you know," continued Feodor, "is a lady of the old school, who lives chiefly in Paris and Italy, and she wants my cousin to marry some rich princess of great family. This young lady is only a merchant's daughter, which makes him fear that his mother will hear of it, and prevent the match if the banns are published in the parish church in the usual style. His brother Paul approves of it, and is going to be one of the witnesses. So we all came up here to Moscow, and the wedding will be this afternoon at four o'clock, in the Petroffsky Barracks."

"At the Barracks!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and by a military priest. We find that a three months' residence in Moscow is necessary to enable them to be married by an ordinary priest, and then the banns would have to be published. But an army chaplain is subject only to the Grand Almoner of the army, and not to the Metropolitan, and is free from many of the ordinary rules. If a man wants to marry his cousin, he always goes to a military priest. I had to run about all the evening to find one, and then to beat him down,—he asked such an enormous price. We finally compromised for a hundred rubles, half of which I paid down."

After I had received satisfactory assurances that everything was all right, and that the Baron was very anxious to have me come to see the ceremony, I agreed to join the wedding party at Kokoreff's Hotel, at half-past three. I was, to tell the truth, heartily glad of the chance of seeing and almost taking part in an elopement, and hastily finished up all my business, so as to be on hand in time.

When I got to the hotel, I found the Baron, his brother Paul, and Feodor waiting impatiently for the arrival of the bride, who was somewhere in the neighborhood, under the care of a lady friend, Madame Crazant, a French Creole from the West Indies, who had drifted up to these cold latitudes. some time two animated bundles of furs drove up to the door in a carriage, and the rest of us got into little droshkies and set out for the Petroffsky Barracks, which were a good mile off. It was past four o'clock, and a violent snow-storm had set in, so that we could scarcely see, and were all whitened with the falling flakes. I could not help thinking of Pushkin's little tale of "The Snow-squall," in which there is a similar elopement, and, the bridegroom losing his way in the snow, a stray traveler, who had stopped for a moment's shelter in the lighted church, is mistaken for him, and seized and married before the error is discovered or he has time to explain. I imagined to myself all sorts of misadventures on this occasion.

Nor was I far out of the way in my apprehensions. At last,-it seemed an age,-we drew through the gate of a courtyard and before the door of an old somber, stuccoed building. We went through a dismal, dark corridor, up dirty stone stairs, along other damp passages, smelling of boiled cabbage, wet boots, and I know not how many other undefined horrible things, guided all along by a soldier in dirty gray overcoat, and halted in the dark before a door which we were told led to the chapel. It was locked. We inquired for the priest, and were told that after waiting some time for us, he had gone. While engaged in debating what to do next, another soldier brought the key, and suggested that possibly the priest might be in the doctor's room. Sending him at once in search, we entered. It was a dirty, low, arched room, a sort of ante-room to the chapel proper. That was of the same character. Large enough for a whole regiment to kneel in, its low arches and heavy piers made it look very squat. A dim light came in at the windows, and enabled us to see the dirty whitewashed walls, and the small wretched pictures of saints hung on them, under which, in lieu of ever-burning lamps, were large iron nails, on which small tapers were stuck by the pressure of the thumb. The altar-screen was somewhat better, and here was an effort at propriety, for the pictures were of due size and covered with the usual gilt facings. One lamp was burning, and two large silver-plate candelabra stood in front of the altar doors. Comparing with this wretched chapel the gorgeous regimental churches at St. Petersburg, one has all the difference between the petted guard and the regular line of the army.

After pacing about for twenty minutes, inspecting the church and trying to comfort the poor bride, who was shivering in her thin white dress, almost ready to cry, and no doubt wishing she had never begun this adventure, our soldier appeared again and lighted up a few candles, and not long after him the chaplain. Such a priest, too, as he was! His robe was stained and greasy, his long hair was uncombed, his face was swollen, and disfigured with a very red bottle-nose, and his breath smelt strongly of vodka, I fear his appearance caused us to make some unseemly and disrespectful remarks. At all events, he suspected it, for he harshly reprimanded us for talking French, saying that nothing but Russian or Slavonic should ever be spoken in the Temple of God, and at the same time brought out a parchment-covered book, and ordered the parties and their witnesses to sign their names

in Russian.

This done, he retired behind the altar to put on his vestments, and here a new difficulty arose. The remaining fifty rubles of the stipulated price was to have been paid after the completion of the ceremony; but, beckoning Feodor into the altar, the priest refused to go on until he had the money in his pocket. Feodor came back and consulted with the Baron. There was no help for it; we were afraid that even then he might walk off and leave us in the lurch (he looked capable of it); but we couldn't stop there. was nothing to do but for the Baron to go up and lay his fifty rubles down on the altar. Finally, these preliminaries being settled, the good father waddled out to the middle of the church, robed in full vestments of cloth of gold. Two soldiers preceded him, one bearing a small reading-desk, the other a large silver candlestick with a gigantic lighted candle.

A square of crimson silk was produced from the bride's bandbox and spread upon the floor beneath the feet of the happy couple, and wax candles decorated with white ribbons and orange-flowers were put into their hands. The priest then threw incense towards the two young people and to all sides of the church, and commenced intoning the service. a prayer and a formula or two, he brought out two large tawdry gilt crowns, decked with paste gems, and placed them on the heads of the kneeling pair. They were so large that they slipped down almost over their eyes, and when I saw the priest join their hands in the corner of his scarf, as if afraid of soiling his already grimy fingers, and lead them three times around the reading-desk, the scene struck me as so absurd that I could scarcely keep my face straight. I felt still more convulsed when one of the soldiers brought out what seemed to be a silver pap-boat, and administered three spoonfuls of gall and-honey or what passed as such—to each alternately. What the priest read, and what he omitted, I don't know, he read so rapidly; I only know that in ten minutes he had finished what usually takes a full half-hour, and had pronounced the pair man and wife; at all events, the essentials had been accomplished. The cross and gospel were kissed by all, and the ceremony was at an end.

We tendered our congratulations to the Baron and Baroness, packed up the weddingcandles as souvenirs, along with the bride's wreath and veil, leaving the square of crimson silk as the perquisite of the priest, resumed our fur coats, and were about to depart, when the priest again came forward with congratulations, and extended his dirty hand. "For the trouble of waiting so long," he said, in reply to the blank look of the Baron. A fiveruble note was hastily pressed into his hand, which he received with a bow, a gratification given to each of the soldiers, and we were

free to go.

It is the custom in Russia for the weddingfeast to be given by the bridegroom at some restaurant or hotel, but Madame Crazant had so desired to give a quiet little dinner at her own house, that it had been decided to give up the greater festivity. Leaving the rest of the party to go straight on with Madame Crazant, Feodor took me along with him to lay in a supply of paté de foies gras and other delicacies suitable for the occasion. Weddingcake is unknown in Russia, and a weddingfeast, therefore, differs from no other as to its constituent parts. When, half an hour after. we had traversed the city and reached Madame Crazant's door, we found three of the party standing there nearly frozen with the cold, and white with the fast-falling snow. The only servant of the establishment had gone off to some of the neighbors, and had locked up the house. Madame had gone off in search. We tried doors and windows, but there was no entering, and we could only stand and shiver. At last the door was opened, and Madame at the same time returned. We were heartily glad of the warm rooms, and fell to with a will on the sakuska,caviare and a little glass of brandy,-the invariable preliminary to a Russian meal. Even the ladies did not disdain this method of restoring their circulation. Madame looked a little grave as we took our places at the table, and while we were finishing our soup she informed us that the rest of the dinner was probably spoiled. The delays we had had, and the negligence of the servant while gossiping in the neighborhood, had caused everything to be well burned up; and instead of juicy roast beef and tender fowl, we had literally dried bones. Fortunate it was for us that we had made our little excursion to the shops of comestibles on the Smiths' Bridge, for what we had brought home was really all that we had to eat, save a delicious salad. We, however, laughed down our disappointment, and were as merry as we could be while we drank the health of the Baroness, in order to soothe the feelings of Madame Crazant, who naturally felt very much mortified at having asked us to such an unsubstantial meal.

The poor bride all this time looked distressed, and could not be cheered up. Not even the wine seemed to warm her, and our gayety was restrained and quieted down by her sadness. While we gentlemen were sipping our coffee, the secret was revealed. Her dress was much too tight, and it became necessary for Madame to retire with her to the adjoining room, unlace her, and rub her vigorously to keep her from fainting away. When the Baroness had recovered, and appeared once more in looser attire, we all begged Feodor, who was an excellent and accomplished musician, to give us some music. His violin was brought out; but, alas! he had forgotten the key at his hotel, and Madame had no piano. Thinking that a change of scene might bring a change of spirits to the party, I urged them all to come to my house for tea. I had a piano there, and Feodor could stop on the way for his key, and we could make one last attempt to be "merry as marriage-bells." All felt a certain nameless something where they were, and all gladly accepted my proposition. The bride said she would go home and change her dress,

and her friends would come on with her and join us in half an hour.

The eagerness with which my invitation was accepted made me reflect on my precipitation. A bachelor's house is not always in order, and I began to think that perhaps something there might be disarranged, and thus another scene added to this comedy of errors. I begged permission, therefore, to go straight home to make preparation. Fortunately, everything was in order, but still an irruption of this sort in a small house always causes a commotion. Arkadi went off in posthaste to the baker's, and Avdotia flew about in her anxiety to have the samovar well boiling and the table spread. At last my guests arrived, and I can truly say that my tea was the best part of the elopement. We had songs, had our fortunes told by my old Avdotia, and got merrier and merrier; and it was past one o'clock when the wedding-party bade me good-night. I have often seen the Baron since, and I don't think he ever regrets the marriage that was contracted under such ill auspices and with so many little misadven-

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

LET US BE VIRTUOUS.

THE devil is a sharp financier. He manages to make good people, or people who think they are good, pay the dividends on all the stock he issues, and cash all his premiums on rascality. Sometimes, however, the good people get tired, and, taking on a fit of severe virtue, protest. In the city of New York there is a Committee of Seventy operating against seventy rogues multiplied by seven, and all the city is in a state of fierce indignation. It has been found that the public purse has been shamelessly robbed-that the work has been going on for years-and that the robbers are men of power, both in and out of office. We say this is found to be the case, but we do not mean to intimate that the finding is a new one. No one is any more certain to-day than he was five years ago that the tax-payers of the city are systematically robbed. It was just as well known then as it is now, that men in public office were making fortunes illegitimately. The figures that The Times and its coadjutors have published have not added to the popular conviction in this matter. They have simply shown how much the public have been robbed, and it is the magnitude of the figures that has roused the moral indignation. The people knew their rulers were doing wrong, but they were too busy with making money to interfere. They knew they were stealing something, but thought it best to permit the theft, and only became overwhelmingly conscientious when they found that the rogues were

determined to have their last dollar. Then they grew wide awake, grasped their pockets, cried "stop thief!" and became virtuous.

Shall we-must we-confess that such enormous frauds and robberies as these which we notice are only rendered possible by a low condition of the public morality? Must we confess that only in New York city could such things have happened? Must we confess that this shocking and unparalleled malfeasance is only an outcropping of a universally underlying baseness, and that there are ten thousand men in New York city alone who would have been glad to do exactly what our rulers have done, and would have done it with the opportunity? Think ye that these rogues are sinners above all Galileans? Let us acknowledge the truth. They are proceeded against not because they offend the public conscience, not because they have done wrong, not because they are the enemies of public virtue, not because their example demoralizes and debauches our children, not because they shame and disgrace us in the eyes of the world, not because they have stolen from us constantly, and not because they use us as clean means to dirty ends, for all these have they been doing for years, with our knowledge and consent; but because they have stolen so enormously that we are in danger of being ruined. This rouses us, and we find that we have a conscience, carried for convenience in the bottom of our pockets, and only stirred by thieves who reach very far down.

It is time that a community in which such robberies are possible were alarmed for itself. We are overrun by men of easy virtue. Picking and stealing are going on everywhere. The community is full of men who are anxious to make money without earning it. They fill the lobby at the capital, they fasten in various capacities upon railroad corporations, they hang upon insurance companies, they seek for sinecures everywhere. Their influence is intolerable, yet they are everywhere tolerated. They regard it as no wrong by whatsoever and in what way soever they may be benefited by a corporation. All means are fair which take money from a corporation. Stockholders are systematically robbed, and have been for many years, yet there is not moral force and earnestness enough in the popular protest to gain the slightest attention, or arrest the passage of the plunder for a moment. There is moral rottenness in every quarter. The "deadhead" is everywhere, and the dead-heart invariably keeps it company.

But let us rejoice that we have at last a protest. Av. let us rejoice that a few have had the opportunity to do what many would be glad to do if they had the opportunity, and thus learn what a wilderness of wolves our apathy and toleration have sheltered and permitted to multiply, until our lives and fortunes are in danger. The popular greed for money, coupled with low morality, runs just as directly into robbery as a river tends to the sea. There is never a railway disaster in which fifty persons are rendered momentarily helpless, that does not find pickpockets and plunderers on board. It is so East or West, North or South. There is never a battle in any locality that does not call from the immediately surrounding country a host of human fiends to strip the slain. Opportunity is all that is needed to prove how universal and powerful is the propensity to steal. What the better elements of society need is union and determination in the effort to shut from rogues this opportunity. No bad man is fit for any office, and the good men of a city who do not think it worth while to unite for the simple purpose of being ruled by good men, have none but themselves to blame if they are robbed. Indeed, by refusing to unite for this purpose, they become participators in the crimes which they condemn.

CHICAGO.

NEVER, in the history of the world, was a local calamity more remarkably national in its character and consequences than the burning of Chicago. There was hardly a community in the United States that had not a direct pecuniary interest in that wonderful city which a tornado, armed with flame, has stricken from the face of the earth. Attracted by the promise of large returns to enterprise and heavy interest on investments, capital has been flowing in a steady stream into Chicago, from all quarters of the Union that had capital to spare, for many years. The real estate of Chicago was heavily mortgaged to the rest of the country, while her magnificent stores were crowded with

goods from Eastern cities waiting to be sold and to be paid for. The insurance money, which is to play so important a part in the restoration of the city, will be gathered from the whole nation. The accumulations of nearly all the companies - those accumulations which gave assurance of security to the rest of the country-are swept away. There was not a man in the Union worth a thousand dollars before the Chicago fire, who was not a hundred dollars poorer after it had done its work. The whole nation grew poor in a night, and even now does not realize what it has lost. Depreciated real estate and shrunken values of goods and stocks and bonds tell how universally this loss has fallen. The sufferers upon the ground have the worst of it, we know, but we are all sufferers; and, thank Heaven! we are all bound together by a common sympathy.

Nothing probably in the history of the country has shown us so strongly as this calamity has done the organic unity of the national life. With our river, lake, railroad, and coastwise communications, and our telegraph lines everywhere, our great family of forty millions of people are brought close together. We hear from all our friends, in the morning papers, every day. The interests of every State and every great city are spread before us in the issues of the press; and not a man fails in business or dies, not an accident happens here or there, nothing occurs of universal concern, that is not chronicled and known to some one in every considerable community in the United States. The railway trains are loaded all the time with those who keep up the interchanges of social and business life between States and cities, and who help to make us more and more a homogeneous people. When Chicago was burned, we knew that not only our property had been injured, but that our friends had suffered. The blood as well as the money of the nation had been flowing into Chicago. Had the same calamity visited Marseilles, we should have been moved, but not to any such degree as we have been. Chicago was a part of ourselves, our property, and our domain; and the calamity which destroyed it was as truly national as it was local.

It has been worth something to us to learn how important a part in the life of the nation a city like Chicago plays. No nation ever had such a chance to learn this lesson as we have now. We are an organic whole,-a growth from a germ, with interdependent parts; and no member can suffer without bringing the whole organism into a sympathy of suffering. The entire business of the country was modified by the life of Chicago. American trade and commercethough unconsciously, perhaps-were based on the existence of Chicago. The same is true of Cincinnati, of St. Louis, of Boston, of New York, and New Orleans. These are all factors in the national life and prosperity. Eliminate one, and there not only comes great derangement to trade, but a universal depreciation of values. St. Louis, so long the rival of Chicago, is a poorer city to-day, because Chicago is

not. There is not a city which felt itself aggrieved, or in any degree overreached or overshadowed by that city, that would not be richer and more prosperous than it is if Chicago were to-day intact and in the full tide of successful trade. The best proof, however, of the vital connection of Chicago with the rest of the nation, is found in the overflowing charities which her houseless population have called forth from every community in the country that had a dollar to give. Such benefactions on behalf of a suffering people are unexampled in history. If the calamity has been without parallel, so has the gift been without precedent; and St. Louis and Cincinnati (a thousand honors to the Christian civilization of the age !) were first to bring succor, and kindest in the noble strife to do good to their unfortunate competitor in the race for business and influence. We have an immeasurable moral good as an offset to our material loss. The national heart has been softened by this resistless appeal to its charities, and we are all better for being turned away for weeks, and for months even, from our selfish schemes, in the contemplation of the wants and woes of others and the unreliableness of our own possessions. But Chicago is to be rebuilt. In five years, it will hardly fail to be as commanding a city as it has ever been; and it is possible that its population will go into the future sohered, chastened, and with a spirit more thoroughly recognizing that Providence in whose hand lie the destinies of cities as well as the fortunes of men.

THE WASHINGTON TREATY AND THE PEACE RE-

MEETINGS have recently been held in various parts of the country to celebrate the ratification of the Treaty of Washington. They have been held under the auspices of the American Peace Society, which, through its speakers, has claimed that treaty to be largely the work of itself and its affiliated society in England. That the treaty is in the line of the noble policy of these societies there is no question, but we very sincerely doubt whether the peace societies of England and America have had the slightest influence in the making and ratification of this pact between our two great English-speaking nations. These societies have never commanded large attention at home or abroad. Their ideas have been recognized as pure, and as belonging to an advanced standard of national ethics, but they have had very little influence upon politics and political men; and we have no doubt that the Treaty of Washington would have been made and ratified if the peace societies of England and America had never existed. The peace reformers, as they are called, are the products of their age rather than the leaders. An island, springing from the sea, shows first a mountain-top, but it is not the mountain-top that raises the island, even though it crown itself king of the movement.

The two parties to this treaty had motives sufficient for its production aside from a broad peace policy and

aside from Christian principle. We hope that something of these found place in their deliberations and decisions; but we do not regard the treaty as in any sense a renunciation of war, and a pledge that all future difficulties between the nations shall be settled in the same sweet way. It was plainly for the interest, alike of England and America, to avoid a war with each other. Nothing was to be gained by either party in a war; on the contrary, much was to be lost by both parties. Although the treaty was made in the interest of Christian civilization, and although, as a lesson in international policy, it is invaluable and of immense influence in the world, we doubt whether the motives which dictated it would stand the highest test, or would flatter the Peace Society, or in any way increase its self-complacency. Still, it is well enough for this society to call attention to the event, and to say that the treaty is a fair exemplification of its policy.

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When war ceases among the nations of the earth, if it ever shall cease, it will cease because of their Christianization. The fact that dueling exists in one community and does not exist in another shows. simply, that Christian civilization has not made the same advance in one community that it has in another. Societies formed in a dueling community for the suppression of that particular crime would accomplish very little; but the inculcation of Christian principles and the Christian life would, in time, lift the community above it. Until a community has thus been raised, so that opposition to the duel shall be a matter of principle, there can be no true reform by any agency. It is precisely thus with regard to wars. duel are the same in principle. Both are bequests of barbarism. One is a fight between two men; the other is a fight between two nations. Both are appeals to physical force and skill for the settlement of disputes, and neither can be justified by the spirit of Christianity. Nothing can be more irrational and unphilosophical than the idea of doing away with war by speeches and resolutions and conventions and theories and statistics. So long as there is war in the heart and character of a people, there will be war in fact.

The French nation offers a good field for the experiments of a peace society. It has just been defeated in one of the most remarkable wars of history. heart of France is bitter with its sense of humiliation, and dark with its purpose of a distant revenge. How much good would it do to talk to the people of France of the beauties and material advantages of a policy of peace, until they have had a chance to revenge themselves upon Prussia? One might as well talk to the wind. Until the heart of France shall be changed by a better religion and more of it-until France is more genuinely and thoroughly Christianized than it ever has been-her war policy and her love of war will not and cannot be changed. Even should half a dozen of the most powerful nations unite in an agreement to settle all their own disputes through an international board of arbitration, they have no defense but war

against the rest of the world, and no power to enforce their policy upon the rest of the world except by means of war. There is no cure for war but the Millennium, and even that would not be hastened if war, by any agreement of the nations, should cease. War seems to have been used by Providence for the working of its own cure. It makes the steps by which the world rises very painful; but until the world is better than it is, war will never be an unmixed evil. The recent war between Prussia and France ought to be and probably will be a blessing to Europe. It is a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, and until the disease is eradicated by the power of a better national life, war will not be abolished, though ten thousand peace societies were active in the world. If reformers of all sorts would theorize less on policy and institutions and law, and devote their entire energies to making the world better in its motives and character, policy and institutions and law would start by a natural growth from the new conditions and take care of themselves.

THE YOUNG IN GREAT CITIES.

THE world learns its lessons slowly. Much of the world does not learn its lessons at all. The young are everywhere growing up amid the ruins of other lives, apparently without inquiring or caring for the reasons of the disasters to life, fortune, and reputation that are happening, or have happened, everywhere around them. One man, with great trusts of money in his hands, betrays the confidence of the public, becomes a hopeless defaulter, and blows his brains out. Another, led on by love of power and place, is degraded at last to a poor demagogue, without character or influence. Another, through a surrender of himself to sensuality, becomes a disgusting beast, with heart and brain more foul than the nests of unclean birds. Another, by tasting, and tasting, and tasting of the wine-cup, becomes a drunkard at last, and dies in horrible delirium, or lives to be a curse to wife, children, and friends. There is an army of these poor wretches in every large city in the land dying daily, and daily re-enforced. A young girl, loving "not wisely, but too well," yields herself to a seducer who ruins and then forsakes her to a life of shame and a death of despair. Not one girl, but thousands of girls yearly, so that, though a great company of those whose robes are soiled beyond cleansing hide themselves in the grave during every twelve-month, another great company of the pure drop to their places, and keep filled to repletion the ranks of prostitution, Again and again, in instances beyond counting, are these tragedies repeated in the full presence of the rising generation, and yet it seems to grow no wiser. Nothing has been more fully demonstrated than that the first steps of folly and sin are fraught with peril. Nothing has been better proved than that temperate drinking is always dangerous, and that excessive drink-

ing is always ruinous. Nothing is better known than that a man cannot consort with lewd women for an hour without receiving a taint that a whole life of repentance cannot wholly eradicate. Since time began have women been led astray by the same promises, the same pledges, the same empty rewards. If young men and young women could possibly learn wisdom. it would seem as if they might win it in a single day, by simply using their eyes and thinking upon what they see. Yet in this great city of New York, and in all the great cities of the country, young men and young women are all the time repeating the mistakes of those around them who are wrecked in character and fortune. The young man keeps his wine bottle, and seeks resorts where deceived and ruined women lie in wait for prey, knowing perfectly well if he knows anything, or has ever used fairly the reason with which Heaven has endowed him, that he is in the broad road to perdition,—that there is before him a life of disgust and a death of horror.

When the results of certain courses of conduct and certain indulgences are so well known as these to which we allude, it seems strange that any can enter upon them. Every young man knows that if he never tastes a glass of alcoholic drink he will never become, or stand in danger of becoming, a drunkard. Every young man knows that if he preserves a chaste youth, and shuns the society of the lewd, he can carry to the woman whom he loves a self-respect which is invaluable, a past freely open to her questioning gaze, and the pure physical vitality which shall be the wealth of another generation. He knows that the rewards of chastity are ten thousand times greater than those of criminal indulgence. He knows that nothing is lost and everything is gained by a life of manly sobriety and self-denial. He knows all this, if he has had his eyes open, and has exercised his reason in even a small degree; and yet he joins the infatuated multitude and goes straight to the devil. We know that we do not exaggerate when we say that New York has thousands of young men, with good mothers and pure sisters, who, if their lives should be uncovered, could never look those mothers and sisters in the face again. They are full of fears of exposure, and conscious of irreparable loss. Their lives are masked in a thousand ways. They live a daily lie. They are the victims and slaves of vices which are just as certain to cripple or kill them, unless at once and forever forsaken, as they live. There are thousands of others who, now pure and good, will follow evil example unwarned by what they see, and within a year will be walking in the road that leads evermore downward.

One tires of talking to fools, and falls back in sorrow that hell and destruction are never full-in sorrow that men cannot or will not learn that there is but one path to an honorable, peaceful, prosperous, and successful life, and that all others lead more or

less directly to ruin.

THE OLD CABINET.

A SINGULAR change has come of late over the face of Spring—which would be an odd remark at the shivery time of the year if I meant the season instead of my dog. I have been a long while absent from the old house, and upon my return, this evening, the brisk brown tail that once gyrated in such a spasm of glad welcome, wagged a most feeble greeting. The dog bounded not as of yore to my very shoulder, nor wheeled about me in ecstatic circles. There was a welcoming wriggle still, but not the old, abandoned, unkempt fury.

But as the dear fellow sits yonder near the andirons, there is a tender look in his dark eye that tells me, quite as well as the former agony of joy, that his cup runneth over with the happiness of my coming back. His front is to the fire, but his small, fine head is cocked on one side, while he watches me with full content. And as I look into that frank face of his, every line of which is as familiar to me as—my own, I notice the change of which I spoke.

The hair upon his forehead is turning white, two lines of gray run down even to the point of the nose, and there is a look of age about his features—about his whole bearing indeed—that I never noticed before.

When one comes to think of it,-as terriers go, Spring is an old dog. Many a summer has shed its leaves since we laid his mother in her narrow tomb, -a queer little African circus-dog, she-about half Spring's size, and with hide as bare and smooth as an elephant's, save for the half-dozen gray hairs that stood erect on her head, imparting an air of wise and sprightly venerableness,-and the scrimpy tuft at the end of her tail. And Spring's companions have likewise fallen away from him, one by one, leaving him to his solitary path and fireside-solitary save for human sympathy and cheer. Zoo was the last to go-that genial animal the tradition of whose early corpulence still in thin old age hung about his shrunken sides, rendering every movement replete with dignified unwieldiness.

The strangest part of this change in Spring is the old-young look. He seems like a boy with his grandfather's spectacles and wig. I cannot reconcile the gray hairs and weary movements with the atmosphere of youth that remains. His young soul surely is masquerading in this ancient guise. But I can see through the domino, my dog! You may not know that you are wearing any—you wonder, I think, at the unwonted film over the clear vision, at the invisible bands that bind those lithe and willing limbs.

What have the mutations of time, the chemic laws, to do with the souls of us? "He who loves is in no condition old." Spring, my dear fellow, do you love your master?

There, there! that will'do, you young rascal, -Down, I say! Down!

I CONFESS that the Hon. Boanerges Brown is one of my stumbling-blocks. There he goes now on his way to Sunday afternoon service, with his godly little wife by his side and his gilt-edged hymn-book under his left arm. He doesn't look like a stumbling-block, you say-so smooth and shaven and broadclothy, with such a sunny smile, such a substantial air altogether; rather, think you, he points a moral as to the prosperity of the righteous-he represents the eternal fitness of things. Is he not, you ask, one of the pillars of the church, first and foremost in every good work; doesn't he teach in the Sunday-school; and make splendid temperance addresses; and isn't he a perfect model of a public-spirited Christian gentleman? And see how he neglects his own business for the Legislature, just on account of the example. 'Stumblingblock, indeed! I should say he was a stepping-stone, or a monument, or a statue, or something else very fine and inspiring.'

Theodosia, thou of the innocent eye and the unsophisticated understanding,—that is just it! Isn't he all this (from one point of view), and does he not do all that—and yet, my girl, don't I know him to be a man given to chicanery and deception, a buyer of votes, a corrupter of morals,—in a word, a politician in about the meanest acceptation of the term.

I say meanest, because I have a great deal more respect for the hard-fisted shoulder-hitter who earns a comparatively honest dollar on election day, by solid and congenial service at the polls; a great deal more charity for the low-lived, perjured "repeater"—than for the "Christian gentleman,"—God save the mark!—who sits in his parlor and counts out the money for their hire. And I have a much better opinion of the miserable drunkard who ends election day in the lockup, than I have of the eminent temperance reformer who paid for the fellow's drinks.

Now, you know me well enough to know that I don't say this in any spirit of spite against the church or Sunday-school or temperance society to which the Hon. Boanerges belongs. I am talking simply about him, in the light of a stumbling-block. I say that I can't understand how the man reconciles his political actions with his conscience. He may be as sincere in his religious professions as he is earnest in his partisan performances; but somehow I can't put this and that together, and make anything but a jumble. And I say, moreover, that while to me he is an intellectual stumbling-block, to a good many other people, who may not be so firmly grounded in the faith, -some of his discerning political associates, for instance, -I happen to know that he is a very big and very ugly moral stumbling-block.

AND talking about stumbling-blocks, just let me tell you something, dear young person, which will be of service to you. I wish some kind old soul had told me as much, in the callow days; it would have saved me many a misery.

It is the most natural first thought in the worldwhen you have found a friend,-" Now, if only my old friend knew this new one. These are just the two souls that should come together." You talk to each of the other-they send postscript greetings in your letters-you carry loving messages between. O, if only they could meet, you say. Well, at last the interview is brought about, through much desire and contriving-you never rest till it is accomplished. But, lo and behold, instead of their running into each other like Avon and Severn, they come together with a grit. There is no use of stirring; they won't mix. Perhaps the very likeness that you saw holds the secret of their ill-adaptation. At any rate the meeting is a failure; it had been better had they never seen each other in the flesh. Before that, half your talk to Bill was about Ned; and each was as anxious as yourself that he should know this wondrous friend. Now, you do not care to mention either to the other. It is a great sorrow and a great mystery.

And it is the same with books. When you can count as many gray hairs as I can, my dear young person, you will not rush at every one you know with your latest literary enthusiasm. O my, don't I remember how it used to be—the surprises, the disappointments, the regrets! When I look back now, I wonder that I could have been so blind as to think that T. could have considered the writings of S. with any degree of allowance. All that made T. what he was, conspired to make it impossible for him to sympathize with S.; and the best proof in the world that S. was all I believed him to be, was the fact that T. found his works utterly uncongenial and insipid. But it was only after many mistakes and bitternesses that I learned philosophy.

And now,—well, there lies the book that, next to the Bible, I hold in deepest love and highest reverence. I cannot tell you all that book is to me: I think there is not a line of it I could spare; reading it, I am as one who walks on some mountain summit, when suddenly the clouds cleave apart, leaving him dizzy with the sense of height. It is art almost in perfection—and more than that it is, I verily believe, a "gospel of gospel to the world."

There are three friends of mine, the familiar tread of whose feet in the hall would make me snatch that volume from the desk and thrust it into the secretest secret drawer of the Old Cabinet.

And there is a little poem in my breast-pocket—wise in a sort of child-wisdom, sweet and clear and musical as the sunset chimes that were sounding a moment ago from the belfry of St. John's,—yes and cheerier, for it celebrates that first Christmas morning

> "In the bleak mid-winter Long ago."

Do you suppose I shall give Grandgrind or the Critic a peep at it? No—but I shall send you a copy, friend of my heart, come the blessed Christmas-time. SINCE the account, in the October number, of "The Shaker Service," several letters have found their way to the OLD CABINET, from Mount Lebanon. One of these is so ungentlemanly in tone and so gross in language, that we should doubt its having been actually written by the chief of that settlement, did we not detect therein the same allusions and modes of speech which render unsavory certain other writings of the distinguished Shaker, it has been our misfortune to encounter.

But we very gladly give place to the following, which we think will be read with great interest and pleasure by all who have seen the Shaker service;—

"I was one of the sisterhood who helped to make up that grotesque procession on that lovely Sabbath morning, and it is now vivid in my recollection. Allow me to give my views concerning it. The morning was bright and beautiful, and, as my peaceful slumbers were broken, and I had returned thanks to Him who never sleeps, for his kindly care during the shadows of the night, I felt like singing—

""Blessed day of rest—the holy Sabbath!

Bless'd is the hour of devotion and praise!

Peaceful the influence, gentle the footsteps

Of angels, who will walk with us

In the temple to-day."

"And to me there was more vital energy, deeper and closer communings of spirit with spirit, and of the inspiration which is the breath of life to the soul, in that meeting, than I should be able to feel in a dozen Episcopalian, Baptist, or Methodist meetings. I was reared in the Baptist Church, and am familiar with the worship of Presbyterians, Quakers, Congregationalists, and Catholics. The Shaker worship—'the Shaker life, with its selfish self-denial,' may, to the casual and external observer, appear 'barren, false, ungodly;' yet to many it is truly 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.'

"I well remember some of my thoughts while there assembled with the people of my choice. Perchance, at the very moment when our historian was looking at the 'Shaker plaits and homespun brushing the worldly flounces,' and drawing the great contrast, admiring the one and feeling 'melancholy' at the appearance of the other, I also was contrasting the two; and I think my feelings resembled one of old, when I thought of all the 'oppression done under the sun (and even under the profession of Christianity), of the tears of the oppressed,' and of the power of the wealthy classes still to oppress the poor, upon the principle that 'might makes right;' and I said in my heart, truly 'God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions' to live in pleasure and ease at the expense of his neighbor, who is as good (and possibly more worthy in the sight of God) as himself; and I felt that it was all 'vanity,' while you, my friend, looked upon them as a garden of flowers.

"Again: I thought of the great wrongs done under cover of those gaudy dresses and the costly jewels which hung upon the wearers—how much of this had

been unjustly taken from the hard earnings of the widow, while her orphan children were crying for a morsel of bread. Believe me, I could not admire: for I knew there was an eye which pierced through all the glitter and show of that gay throng, and saw diseased bodies, and souls too, -a spectacle enough to

make angels weep.

"Pardon us, if we prefer preserving our souls, and hodies too, 'blameless-spotless' unto the coming of that day when all false covering will be removed and all shall appear just as we are, without any disguise, even though at the expense of pleasure, and in plain Shaker garb. The singing of birds, the fields so beautifully dressed in green, the mountains varying in proportion, the hills, and the valleys are all beautiful; they are not perverted, but are an honor to their Creator, and harmoniously speak forth his praise.

"Perhaps your Shaker friends are as keenly alive to the beauties of God's creation as are those who ride in their gilded carriages, and seek to ornament the perishable body, while they neglect the immortal part

which cannot die.

A SHAKER SISTER." The sincerity with which you worshiped, dear Shaker Sister, on that bright Sunday morning of last July, and with which almost every one of your company seemed to worship, gave to the scene, otherwise so ridiculous to the eyes of strangers, the very charm and pathos of which we spoke. Wherever one human heart upreaches toward the heart of the universe,wherever there is the desire of the soul, the groping, however blindly, toward the light, no matter amid what grotesque surroundings-Howling Dervishes or Dancing Shakers-there we recognize something pathetic-sacred-divine.

But, good Sister, you who profess the Faith of Christ in its simplicity and truth, do you not see how un-Christlike, false, affected this somber garb; how

elaborately artificial the outward show of your worship. how selfish and timid this seclusion-unlike, indeed, the manly, strong, helpful, far-reaching life of the Master of us all !

O fellow world's people, shall these Shakers put a shame upon us? Better, ten thousand times sweeter and better, their Religion without Home, than this Home without Religion, which certain silver-tongued, so-called reformers are madly preaching from press and platform to-day!

THE second expedition to the Yellowstone recently returned from that region with stories even more marvelous than those brought by the Langford party of 1870. It has been said, in the West, that every man who goes up there loses his reputation for veracity. But we suppose the most incredulous will be compelled to believe the account of Prof. Hayden, who had charge of the government expedition of 1871; and it is proved by scientific measurements, made by him, that Langford had-with the bug-bears of unbelief and a lost character before his eyes-in many cases greatly underestimated the heights and depths and distances. We believe we do not err in stating that the calm judgment of science accords with the enthusiastic declaration of the first explorers, "that there is not on the globe another region where, within the same limits, Nature has crowded so much of grandeur and majesty with so much of novelty and wonder."

One of the most striking peculiarities of the scenery is the wild, fantastic prodigality of color-and this feature, with the picturesque formations and grand sweeps and stretches of landscape, we shall hope to see faithfully reproduced upon the ample canvases which T. Moran, who accompanied the expedition, intends to devote to these unique, magnificent, and congenial

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HOME AND SOCIETY.

THANKSGIVING.

WHEN the first Thanksgiving feast was spread under New England skies, a frugal banquet eked out with much godly conversation and prayer, our forefathers, partaking thereof in the spirit of edification, little guessed what far different Thanksgivings other years were to behold in the America of their adoption. They little dreamed that the day which to them was of such solemn significance, a Sabbath minus penalty and plus good cheer, was to become to their posterity an occasion for idle pleasuring only, for avoidance of customary business, for a dinner unusually profuse, and an evening of yawns and indigestion. For this, speaking in all honesty, is pretty much what our modern Thanksgiving has grown to be.

The religious character of the anniversary is almost lost sight of. Sermons, or what purport to be sermons, are duly preached; but were Elder Brewster to

sit among the congregations, we fear he would deny that name to those genial reviews of progress, past, present, and future-those diatribes on slavery, abstracts of the political situation, and short essays on social science, with which our pastors annually favor us. In the city no one considers church-going on Thanksgiving day a duty; and in the country good housewives listen with attention distributed between the Doctor,

"Bumming and bumming away o'er head,"

and the imaginary crackle of that distant turkey for which each feels herself individually responsible. While the men, though they say to each other on the way out, "First-rate discourse that of the minister, wasn't it now?" are upon the whole glad to have it over, and be free to turn with undivided interest to what has grown to be considered the real event, the raison d'être of the day-namely, the dinner.

But an ample meal is no longer the rarity and blessing which it was in those early days when

> "Good Miles Standish mixed the bowl And stirred it with his sword."

And the charm which in more recent times clung to Thanksgiving as a sort of family sacrament, to which long-scattered members of the same household sat down together beneath the old roof-tree which sent them forth, is rapidly dying away. Year by year sees fewer of these beautiful festivals. "The old order passes, giving place to new." Old customs are decaying. Families separate more widely and more radically than they used, and the spell which once hallowed the day is grown to be, in great measure, a thing of tradition and the past.

Was it the abandonment of bake-ovens which did it? Who that ever tasted can forget the aroma of those dusk-red depths where yet the fragrance of blazing hickory lingered? What chicken-pies emerged thence! What brown bread, what unimaginable piglets in crisp armor of crackling, what ineffable pork and beans! No wonder we cannot, in these days of water-backs, improved ranges, and anthracite, emulate their perfection. No wonder that the turkeys of the period all taste alike, and not one of them in the least like that lordly and well-remembered bird which in the good old times presided over grandfather's Thanksgiving feast.

How delightsome was the long table spread with snowy napery, with grandfather and grandmother in the central seats, all their sons and daughters about them, and every grandchild present, even to baby tied in his high chair and fully alive to the dignity of the occasion. How absorbing was the interest with which we watched the first incision in the plump pastry, and made mental calculations, alas! far too large, of the quantity we should be able to consume! How our youthful appetites failed us in the very prime and heyday of enjoyment! How we longed to eat more pumpkin pie, and more; how, following the advice of our elders, we stood up and "jumped three jumps," and then couldn't. How even our favorite little tarts, crowned with ruby jelly, passed us by unscathed, while we sat, replete and sorrowing! How we petitioned for wish-bones to pull, chicken spines for the construction of "jump-jacks," and longed to have Thanksgiving come very often indeed, a great many times in the year, if not every day.

Shall we ever again see those marvelous spheres, one for each person, whereon, in many-colored segments, cranberry pie and apple, mince, Malborough, peach, pumpkin, and custard, displayed themselves like a gastronomic rainbow? Shall we ever rove with unsated fork through a genuine, old-fashioned Indian pudding, of the kind which in those good days bubbled day and night over wood fires, spicy as Arabia, brown as chestnut, flavorous, delicate? Alas, no! Their epoch is past.

Did those dinners disagree with anybody? We

cannot remember that they did. Nowadays, pie-andpenalty are too inseparably connected to admit of mistake. Who hesitated then over a second slice? who partook under protest? "Give the little fellow all he wants," said grandfather; "it won't hurt him a bit." And it didn't.

Alas! we have wandered far from those times of cheerful excess and reckless indigestion. The keen relish of appetite which made Thanksgiving dinners so acceptable is no longer ours, and we would not if we could recall the delirious joys of greedy youth.

But let us be thankful still, as indeed there is reason. And though the zest and jollity of the anniversary are past, and dust and darkness abide in the dear homestead where once we frolicked, the noble meanings of the Day remain to enrich us if we will. Love, Reverence, Charity—and the greatest of these is Charity;—and remembering, as we must, in what infinite and bewildering want this Thanksgiving sun shines in that city so lately a part of our national boast, let us turn our regrets over the past into hearty work in the present, seeking, each after his ability, to make the sudden desert again blossom as the rose. Thus shall service be accepted as oblation, and we prove not all unworthy of those forefathers from whom we inherit Thanksgiving Day.

POETRY IN DOMINO.

A compost heap, more than almost any other object, exemplifies the principle of the proverb about handsome is being what handsome does. Unsightly and unsavory—yet whose looks therein may see a poetry and a meaning of which some fairer things are incapable.

Do we love roses—adore violets? Behold a dinnertable spread for these our cherished ones! Myriad tiny rootlets shall sit there and be satisfied, smiling contentment from lips of pink and snow. The dainty mouths we long to kiss, as lily and carnation hold up sweet faces to greet our coming, are none too nice for this homely fare. Gladly each stoops to choose and assimilate its own peculiar food, banqueting as at kings' tables, and uttering voiceless "Grace after meat" in the ear of kind Mother Nature.

In those brown clods, as in embryo, lie hidden the bloom, the fragrance, the glory, which shall enhance a summer. Mysterious alchemy, whose least law we fail to comprehend, is ever at work transmuting the refuse of earth into its choice things. From the impure comes the pure, from decay and death the newness of life, out of the eater meat, and out of the strong sweetness.

Viewed in this light, the veriest barn-yard boasts beauty of its own. We may prefer to contemplate at a distance; but nevertheless, to the eye of faith there shine already the golden harvests and the glitter of the reaper's sickle.

But one may discriminate and refine even in compost; and there is a kind, simple, excellent, and easy of preparation, which no little garden should be without,

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and which no fair gardener need be too fastidious to superintend. This is the recipe for it.

Procure in the Spring a dozen large square sods and have them piled in a sunny place convenient to the flower-beds. Throw upon the heap during the summer all rakings and scrapings from the garden, and once a month or so a barrow-load of rich black earth from Every Monday baptize with a pail of warm soap-suds from the laundry, and from time to time stir in a shovelful of dry lime to kill the weeds. When Autumn comes and leaves fall, add as large a quantity as can be conveniently collected, and all Winter long continue to apply the weekly soap-bath. Lying thus for a twelvemonth under sun and shower, your compost heap will by Spring exhibit itself a mound of rich, black, crumbly loam, without mal odor, and be daintiest of dishes to set before the garden kings, Every spadeful committed to the generous soil will be returned with compound interest in bloom and growth and delicious flower-fragrance, for Nature, never grudging in her gifts, reserves her choicest favors for those who wait with friendly hands to spread a banquet before her sweet growing things.

MIGNONETTE BOXES.

IT is late, but not too late, for planting mignonette boxes, and we advise everybody who desires to secure a winter enjoyment of the simplest and most refined sort, to set about doing so immediately.

The box may be simple or ornate, as fancy and convenience dictate. It may be tiled, painted in plain colors, made of simple zinc, or papered to match the room. Or it need not be a box at all, but simply

a large earthen-ware flower-pot. But it must have proper drainage and the soil must be well sifted and friable, with a proper admixture of sand.

The seeds, lightly sown, should be well watered and set in a sunny kitchen window to germinate. Kitchens are admirable places for plants, because of the continual steam which arises from the cooking process. Not a potato is boiled or a cup of tea made that does not yield its quota to enrich the air; your mutton may be said to nourish your geraniums as well as yourself. A pane of glass should be laid over the box for the first few days to keep in the warm moisture and coax forward the growing germs.

When the tiny, double leaves of green are fairly developed, remove the glass and let them bask in sun, with moderate watering. After blossom time begins, do not hesitate to cut flowers now and then, and to pinch here and there a top shoot. The tendency is to spindle and run to seed, and mignonette, properly tended, should be one feast of bloom from end to end of winter, and ready, if set out in spring, to renew its labors and afford flowers for May and June while the spring plantings are coming forward.

Few people are aware of the fact that mignonette, like all plants of delicate fragrance, is never so sweet as when house-grown, and in the room with an open fire. The ventilated warmth seems to coax forth a subtle perfame which even the sun cannot reach, and a whole window-box full will make a room so ineffably delicious that it is a pleasure merely to pass the door. But even a tiny twenty-cent pot from the florist will do that. Would we could set one in every sick-room in the land, and every poor house!

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

MORE "PSYCHIC" DEVELOPMENTS.

MR. CROOKES has published in the Quarterly Yournal of Science another series of experiments testing the obscure manifestations of power by Mr. Home and others. These tests are much more severe, and much less questionable in their results, than those given before. The possibility of jugglery, or of Mr. Home's "electro-biologizing" the observers, as suggested by Professor Balfour Stewart, seems to be entirely excluded, the effects having been recorded by automatic instruments entirely disconnected from the operators or the observers.

In the first of the new experiments the original board and spring balance were used, with a recording apparatus similar in principle to those employed in meteorological observations. A fine steel point, projecting outwards, was attached to the moving index of the balance. To the front of the balance was firmly fastened a grooved frame carrying a flat box containing a sheet of plate-glass smoked over a flame. The box was made to travel by clock-work in front of the index, the point touching the smoked surface. With

the balance at rest and the clock running, a straight horizontal line would be traced. With the clock stopped and a weight applied to the end of the board (now fitted with a rest to serve as a fulerum), a vertical line would be marked, the length depending on the weight applied. A pull exerted on the end of the board would in like manner be measured by a straight line downward. With the clock running and a variable weight on the short arm of the lever, there resulted, of course, a curve, from which the tension at any moment could be calculated. Several lines obtained under varying conditions are engraved for the report. At first the apparatus was so arranged that the force would have to be exerted through water. This proved as effectual as with solid contact. Next, the water connection was removed, when it was found that the force could be exerted through air. One of the curves thus obtained showed a maximum pull of nearly 1,000 grains when Mr. Home was standing three feet from the apparatus with his hands and feet firmly held.

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Another series of experiments was made with a more delicate apparatus. It was first tried in the absence of Mr. Home, the operator being a "non-professional" lady whose name is withheld; afterwards with Mr. Home. This apparatus would require an engraving to make a description of its operation intelligible. The force was transmitted through a lever and automatically recorded as in the other experiments, every precaution being taken to insure that no shaking or jarring of the table would interfere with the results. Six tracings obtained by this instrument are engraved, two of them having been made while Mr. Home had no visible connection with the apparatus or its supports.

These experiments Mr. Crookes believes to confirm "beyond a doubt" the existence of a force associated with the human organization in some manner not yet explained, by which force the weight of solid bodies may be altered without physical contact. At one trial with a weighing machine in the presence of Mr. Home, the increase of weight was from 8ths., nominally to 36ths., 48ths., and 46ths., in three successive experiments tried under strict scrutiny. At another time, in the presence of other observers, the increase of weight was from 8ths. to 25ths., 43ths., and 27ths., in three successive trials, varying the conditions.

The problem seems now to have been brought to a point where, as Professor Challis, of Cambridge, says, "Either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony [and he might have added instrumental testimony] must be given up."

SOME FACTS FROM ENGLAND.

THERE is, with all the improvements in science and art, in all that makes luxury, and makes it sesthetic in England, a fearful counterpoise in the accelerating degradation of the lower classes. On every side, -country and town, farm-laborer and factory-laborer, -there comes from the lower stratum of society an ominous murmur, to which wise men could not turn such utterly deaf ears as do the English privileged classes, if the gods had not first taken away their senses. With the accumulation of enormous estates-regal wealth and regal indifference to the poor-pauperism in England is increasing at a rate which, by itself, would indicate immense over-population, but which, taken in connection with the fact that there are incomes of £80,000 and others of £30 per annum (supposing the earner of the latter loses no time from illness or holidays); that even bishops (fathers in Christ) have incomes of £16,000, and their "children" are starving in hard labor-proves that there is something radically wrong in the primary arrangements of society. The English newspapers break out now and then with fragmentary revelations of the condition of the substructure of that community in which nothing is common but the air they breathe. A short time ago we had a case of a postman who died of starvation. We one day asked an intelligent letter-carrier in London some questions as to his service. It seemed that, by performing double service, one in delivering letters and another in the office, he

gained fourteen shillings a week. In a "harvesthome" which was held this year in Hertfordshire, and at which the farmers were in great glee on account of their abundant harvest, a farm-laborer made a speech in the course of which he put forth the following suggestion:—

gestion:—

Twelve shillings per week was a moderate wage in this part of the country, out of which the laborer had to pay 28. per week for rent, 28. for firing, and, supposing he was imprudent enough to be the father of six childres, there was just 18. per week each left for the maintenance of the father, mother, and children. How, then, was it possible for the laborer to obtain animal food, which they were told was so very necessary for the susteance of the human frame in the early stages of its development? He did not believe the farmers wished to oppress those beneath them, but he would give them this piece of advice:—Left those young men who had been imprudent enough to get married and have a chance of carning a few extra shillings to supply their children with animal food to keep their souls and bodies together.—His speech was much appliauded.

Truly, there seems a small margin between this and starvation, and yet we see the disparities increase, and, what seems an unaccountable result of civilization, land in England, while it pays so little profit that it seems hardly worth while to continue the agricultural profession, is being gathered into enormous estates, driving the class of small farmers out of existence, leaving only the broad distinction of great-estate owners and laborers; and these estates are declared to be sought and purchased now, not as a source of profit by agriculture, but as luxuries. This means that there are so many large fortunes made from other sources than land culture, i. e., from trade and manufactures, that the land itself has ceased to play a first part in the political economy of England, and is becoming merely an instrument of social or political ambition. The only State which modern history records in a similar position is Venice. Will history be logical, and prepare the fate of Venice for England? Nor is it trade alone that has helped in this malversation of prosperity, but even the condition of the Church in England assists. What with the selling of livings, and the pushing of incapable younger sons of influential families into the church dignities-not to forget other "places"-not only is the substance of the country drained to keep in luxury a class of privileged paupers, but Christianity itself, whose mission it is to lift the fallen and abase the proud, is perverted to a cause of backsliding and offense to the poor-a millstone around the neck of England against the day when she may be cast into the sea. Where an advertisement like the following can be printed in a sporting paper, The Field, without irritating the sense of the community, what can be said of the Church, or its influence on the poor and ignorant :-

SOLE CHARGE.—In a good hunting country. Furnished house, stables, and stipend, &c., desired for the coming winter by a beneficed clergyman.—Address F., &c., &c.

It comes in our experience once to have met a clergyman of this type at a dinner-party, where he was the hardest drinker and loudest talker. He held three livings, the aggregate income of which was a thousand pounds, and the aggregate flock of which was seven souls. He passed the most of his time in hunting and shooting when the season permitted, and no one knows how when these failed, he being a bachelor not over forty.

Out of which of these causes come such incidents as the following, told in an English newspaper, the Western Mail?—

Quite by accident the veil has been lifted upon a sad social sore at Briton Ferry, a small port on the South Wales seaboard, which boasts of a Board of Heatih, a sanitary inspector, and high rates. In the course of an inquest on a child which was found dead in bed, it was stated that a family of nine persons, male and female, occupied one sleeping apartment, which, according to the coroner, was carcely fit for two. The only other bed-room was occupied by lodgers, and the kitchen was common to all. There were no sanitary conveniences attached to the house, and that nothing might be wanting to make the place as perfect a fever-bed as it was possible for human ingenuity to design, the place was surrounded by filth of all kinds. When asked for an explanation, the mother of the child stated that she was compelled to let off a portion of the house in order to be able to pay the rent, and to obtain good and sufficient food for the family. She asserted that the fault lay with the landlords, who would not build houses suitable to the means of laboring men. It does not seem to have occurred either to the coroner or the jury to ask what rent the woman was paying for this fever-den.

But if this is the result of private greed and indifference to humanity, what shall we say of this other, extracted from the record of the investigation into the management of one of the public hospitals of London?

Orlando Guidi, of ay Stafford street, Lisson-grove, a market gardener's porter, said he had been in the hospital nine days in May. He had seen many patients tied down, but he was never tied down himself. Patients had in some cases been tied down all night. The patients were tied down by the nurses and the convalescent patients. He had often asked for drink during the night, and could not get it. He had asked for beef-tea, milk, and even water. He had been told by the nurses that there was no beef-tea or milk, and that water was not allowed. The beef which was given to the patients was like India-rubber and tainted. Very often he had to send it away. All the patients complained of the meat. There was a great insufficiency of nurses, and he had often seen the ward without any nurse at all. Directly after he got up from his bed, on which he had been for eight days, another patient was put in. While he was there there was no change of sheets on the bed, and none for the new patient. When he had been up a few hours he wanted to lie down again, and the nurse told him to lie down outside another patient's bed. She said, "There is a patient who won't last more than half an hour." He died in a quarter of an hour, and witness was put into his bed. Next day he was sent to the convalescent ward, his bed being close to the water-closet door. When he got into the bed he found vermin the next morning. In the sick ward the sheets were stained with blood. There were only two towels for eighty-four to eighty-eight patients in the convalescent ward, and they were so filthy with vermin that he could not use them. The patients complained to Mr. Gee, the warder, who said, "What can you expect where there is sickness?" There was no bath until a few days before he left the hospital. He himself could not take a bath because he was covered with boils.

Where, then, are the bishops and clergy—the men who make Christ their trade, if not their profession? One can imagine them replying, "When saw we thee sick and in prison and visited thee not?" etc. Even our New York ring and its misdoings are less abominable and uncivilized than all this.

THE revival of French literature after the interruption of the war, the siege, and the rebellion of the Commune, seems to develop a purer atmosphere than has existed among French readers for some years. A few of the popular romancers of the later days of the Empire have appeared on the boards, but they are received very coolly; and works that would have created quite an excitement a year or two ago are now but short-lived in the memories of their old friends. This has

been the fate of Flaubert's Education Sentimentale, and Arsène Houssaye's Courtisanes. Frivolity in literature is, to say the least, no longer fashionable. The Parisian public are growing tired of histories of the war, and the subject is now taking the form of drama, and even poetry, for the thoughts of the great struggle must still find vent in some shape. A young favorite of the French stage has made quite a hit in a declamatory poem entitled the Cuirassiers, which is genial in expression and extremely pathetic in sentiment, besides being in measure and rhythm very well adapted to the declamation of the French stage. Then we have, by the same author, The Two Mothers, in the form of dialogue, in which a German and a French mother meet at the graves of their fallen sons. Another poet of the lyric school, André Theuriet, gives us the Peasants of Argonne, who fight more modestly, but not less effectively, than the Cuirassiers with their flourish of trumpets. A former Senator, Leconte de Lisle, makes his bow to the new government with a poem entitled the Evening after the Battle, but it is a mere rehash of hollow phrases, which have given the wits an opportunity to declare that the Senator has lost his enthusiasm with the loss of his senatorial salary of 30,000 francs. In the line of prose, Lamartine's memoirs are being republished as a consolation for the follies of Victor Hugo; and Ludovic Hans has published a Guide through the Ruins, in which he leads the stranger from Père la Chaise to Neuilly, past the Place of the Bastille, the Hôtel de Ville, the Ouavs, and the Tuileries-the scenes of the most vandal-like destruction of the Commune. And we are astonished to find the great pulpit-orator and theologian, De Pressensé, out in a quasi-defense of the men of the Commune, in which he attributes to them higher motives than the world is, now at least, generally willing to accord them.

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THE WALLS OF PARIS are declared, by one who has made them a study during the last year, to have afforded one of the most singular and interesting histories on record. They have been daily covered anew with posters, long and broad, horizontal or vertical, red, green, yellow, or blue. And what an attractive and instructive story these walls would tell of all the proclamations and declarations, protestations and assurances, admonitions and announcements, in the course of twelve months, through the last days of the Empire, those of the Provisional Government, the Commune, and the present so-called Government of Versailles! This would be veritable history, with all its incredible vicissitudes and simple eloquence, such as no historian could depict. But the posters of yesterday are quickly covered by those of to-day, and as quickly forgotten, notwithstanding their glaring inconsistency, and if any are left, one government rapidly annihilates the proclamations of its predecessor. Thus it is only in the most distant portions of the city that one can have the rare good fortune to meet side by side the bills announcing that "not an inch of our territory shall be given up," and those containing the

sad intelligence that not only Paris had succumbed, but even those of the sadder story of Metz, Alsace, and Lorraine. These walls were the theaters of Paris during the siege, and many of the vain players that there declared their determination to die if Paris should fall, are now still strutting their brief hour on the Boulevards. A pilgrimage to some of these distant walls, whose posters the winds and the rains have still respected, would afford a significant lesson to the curious traveler.

ROBERT BURNS in the Swiss-German idiom is the greatest novelty of the season. One would scarcely admit the possibility of successfully transporting the Scottish Bard into German verse, but Corrodi has taken the lays of the sweet singer of the Scotch Highlands, and brought them into such harmony with his own mountain dialect as to convince the world that there must be an innate harmony between the tongues. The Swiss poems sound like the echo of Robert Burns among the Alpine heights, and the translator has found a poetic relation between the tongues that has a deep significance. There seems to be an affinity between the dialects that develops a sympathy, not only in construction, but also in thought and feeling. It were in vain to attempt to put Robert Burns into any Romanic dialect, because the very thoughts are Germanic in their nature,

THE savans who adorn the witty columns of Kladderadatsch-the famous German Punch-are busily engaged, in their peculiar way, in discussing the important political questions of the day. "What is Coming Now?" was the title of leading articles recently, and this question is declared to be the most significant of the period. Some persons who have cousins in the War Department declare that the latter is thinking of erecting an Indo-Germanic kingdom. Moltke is said to be studying special maps of the East, with a view to becoming acquainted with the Himalaya passes and the valleys of Farther India. This assertion is strengthened by the fact that a famous Russian fortune-teller has foretold that an approaching event of great importance will result in making Bismarck a duke, and Moltke a prince. Indeed, in view of the boundless treasures of these Indies which the Germans are to conquer, it is also rumored that no less than four milliards are about to be distributed among certain prominent personages, as an incentive to enthusiasm in the campaign. In short, the Battle of Dorking and some other stories of that ilk have turned the heads of many of the Germans, and they feel that the country must go on doing great things. But Kladderadatsch in its wisdom ridicules this unrest, and tells them that nothing at all is coming but a period of repose, which they as a nation need, and which they had better now enjoy while they have a chance.

THE HOLLANDERS seem to have been quite busily occupied with literary matters while their neighbors were engaged in deadly warfare, and their record in the line of letters for the year 1870 is very creditable. Among other publications we notice a collection from the Dutch poets of the seventeenth century, and a new and revised edition of the prose writers of the same period. The Society for the Literature of the Netherlands has also published a new history of their transactions. The field of history has been enriched with several original works, and the translations from Macaulay, Guizot, and Schlosser have met with marked favor from the critics and great success at the counters. A work of much promise, entitled A History of the Skepticism of the Seventeenth Century, is to appear in numbers, of which the first is just issued. In the line of travel we notice Kan's Discoveries in Africa, and Fourteen Years' Service in the Navy, together with an account of an expedition to the coast of Guinea in 1869. The insular possessions of Holland in the East receive a due share of attention, and the list closes with a series of biographical works. In short, without actual examinations of their lists, one would scarcely suspect that the Holland Dutch are so active in literary fields as the record proves them to be. They at least seem determined that their language shall not be swamped in the giant growth and rapid extension of more favored tongues.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE seem to have contained nearly all the Jews of France, to judge from the lament uttered in the columns of the Revue Israélite of Paris. It declares that nearly one-third of the Jewish population of the country is taken from it by the loss of these provinces, and this third is by far the most valuable and influential fraction of these people within the French realm. The nation thus loses threefourths of its Rabbis, readers, and teachers, three consistories, the fine Jewish industrial schools in Strasburg and Mulhouse, and the new agricultural school for Israelites, in the process of construction and of great promise. These institutions were bidding fair to do useful work in training the Jews of France to enter the mechanical and agricultural fields of labor instead of confining themselves to trading and peddling. But what France loses Germany gains, and the Jews have almost a new lease of life and liberty in the constitutions of Germany. If affairs continue to go well with them, they will soon cease to be a down-trodden people there at least. In Austria the government has granted the formation of a Jewish theological faculty for the University of Vienna, with the rank and emoluments of the professors in the other faculties. This is certainly a most generous concession and support from a government so purely Catholic.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE NEW PRESIDENT AT YALE.

An academic procession at a Puritan college is not, in itself, an imposing or an exhilarating spectacle. It may have its small crowd of attendant urchins following it or accompanying it, with more or less of sportive excitement. But they are present rather from a general and subtle sense of duty than from any satisfaction with the procession itself. To them, indeed (we speak from memory of our own youthful experience as well as from maturer observation), a procession, of whatever sort, is an event to be made the most of; and when the music of a brass band is heard on the morning of Commencement Day, and it is evident that the alumni have begun to form and march, it is a signal not to be unheeded, even though the promise is so sure to be belied by the performance. But always, to the average urchin, there is a feeling of serious regret, a consciousness of being suddenly let down, as from a reasonable pitch of expectation, when the brass band, with more or less glitter of buttons and stripes and burnished instruments, has passed by, and is straightway succeeded by a somber array of black broadcloth and alpaca, and of wholly unobtrusive hats. To be sure, the silk gown of the president, who follows hard after the players on instruments, is a momentary satisfaction, as it rustles by with whispers of official dignity and scholarly pre-eminence. And it is probable that the grave gentleman on whose arm the president is leaning may be the governor of the commonwealth,-though there is nothing to distinguish him from common mortals. But after him there come not even rustling silk gowns nor citizen governors, but mere ordinary costumes, such as one might see for nothing, anywhere and any day. What is a procession worth,-the aggrieved mind of the average urchin dimly asks itself,-what is a procession worth without some kind of costume to distinguish it? Except that they walk two and two and have a brass band at their head, these are like the people whom we see going to the post-office at mailtime. It is a monotonous procession, and to the last degree unsatisfactory. It is so colorless that an alumnus with green spectacles comes to be hailed as an appreciable relief, a cheerful and enlivening phenomenon in the somber scene.

If the day should be rainy, as it so often is, a certain picturesqueness is afforded to the scene by the array of various umbrellas, by which the moving procession is encanopied. There is room for large variety of size and shape and color in so great a multitude of umbrellas—some from the streets and avenues of the metropolis, silken and slender, carried with a pardonable sense of superiority by young alumni from the best society; some from the rural scenes of Squashville, it may be, undisguisedly of cotton, stout of staff, used to protect the alumnal head through the unfashonable years of hard and ill-paid but not unsuccessful work. Not without a picturesque attractiveness is the umbrella-bearing throng, as it moves through the

green to the old church, and executes its one maneuver. when, with uncovered heads, the under-graduates open their ranks and let the alumni pass between them; and not without a certain moral dignity and suggestiveness, as one soberly considers it-the disappointment of the average urchin to the contrary notwithstanding. To those who recognize the faces of the men who have come back to the familiar scenes in which they passed their years of study, and who grow young again as they receive and give the greetings of old time with classmates and associates long separated, there is no lack of interest, of pathos, and even of sublimity in the assembly. Men who have won renown in all the walks of life are there; leaders of thought and of opinion in the State and in the Church; men who have done hard work and good work in society and made the world the better for their living in it; and men who, as they come back to the college walls and call back the college days, and meet the college friends, and salute again the lessening group of old instructors, bear grateful testimony that the strength with which their life-work has been wrought was largely gained here, in the unforgotten time of youth and hope and fresh en-

But at the head of the procession on this October morning, and under the protecting shelter of the same umbrella, there are two silk gowns. For this is not Commencement but Inauguration Day. The venerable scholar who, for a quarter of a century, has presided over Yale College, lays down to-day his honorable office -not because of any present infirmities of age, although if hard work, and anxiety, and public responsibility, and inexpressible private griefs could make one old at seventy years, few men should be more aged; but because, with eye undimmed and vigor unabated, he wishes to enjoy the freedom which an unofficial life may give him during the serene evening of his days. And beside him, looking scarcely younger, with the sober cares of office touching him already, and modestly aware how great a vacancy he has been chosen to fill, walks the successor to the chair of Woolsey, Day, and Dwight.

Nothing could be simpler than the ceremony of inauguration. How the fresh young voices of the college choir rolled out the splendid music from the organ gallery! The "Gloria in Excelsis," the "Domine, Salvum fac Præsidem Nostrum," were not unmeaning words of a dead language to those cheerful singers. Then came the solemn prayer and blessing, uttered, as was most fit, by the grave voice which now for almost half a century has been most familiar in that sacred house, in various ministries of prayer and praise and reconciliation, as of God's ambassador. Worthy to be remembered in the annals of friendship is that life-long association of the outgoing president with his neighbor and brother in the ministry and fellowcounsellor in the college, which began when they were school-boys, grew when they were classmates, and has

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lasted through these sixty years of changeful life-a fellowship in work and duty, in study and in government, in personal experience of joy and grief, in vigorous and active age, to which the abundant fruits of toil and faithfulness are amply given. Three times, at least, the eyes of men grew dim with sympathy and with the pathos of the scene on that Inauguration Day: first, when the solemn thanksgiving for the good work wrought by the retiring President, uttered by the friend who knew so well how good that work had been, blended with the prayer for blessing and success on the new administration; and again, when the voice of Woolsey, as he gave the college seal and charter into the hands of his successor, grew tremulous in its fine fervor speaking of his "last official act." and of his hopes and aspirations for the institution he had served so long; and yet again, when Porter paid his tribute of affectionate respect to the good man to whom himself had owed so much as pupil, as associate in college government, as beloved and honored friend. There was nothing in the performance but what was genuine. There are few places in the world where every sham is so honestly hated as at Vale College. And there are few men in the world who have done more to make shams intolerable and to make simplicity and honesty and integrity precious and honorable, than has been done by the good and useful man in whom the college world has found, for these twentyfive years, an inspiration and example.

Considered as a feast by which the outward man may be made fat, commencement dinners-nay, even inauguration dinners, are not all that might be wished by a carnal appetite. And indeed, in these degenerate and irreverent days, in which "Young Yale" is having its innings, it is permitted to make open mock of what our fathers would have eaten and been glad. As one listened to the derisive allusions which were made to the refreshments, after the repast had ended and the post-prandial speeches were in order, one would not have been surprised if that presumptuous young man had even gone on to "speak disrespectfully of the Equator." But these are rapid times, and Mother Yale, who has been wont to teach her sons to speak with freedom and with plainness, will endure their criticisms, irreverent though they may be. If the repast seems frugal to the younger sons when they come back from Babylon or wheresoever they have wandered, and from the luxuries of whatsoever sumptuous living, why not bring back with them generous gifts and make their alma mater rich enough to spread her tables bountifully? After all, as one looked around upon the good gray heads of older graduates (whether from Squashville or elsewhere), it seemed a small thing whether dinners should be sumptuous or meager. One could so easily count up a score or two of men, of whom if Young Yale, as it grows older, shall show the world the equals, Young Yale shall have the right to grumble and even to dictate counsel. But by that time Young Yale will have come to be Old Yale, and will haply have begun to doubt whether the former ways were not the better, and whether dinners of whatever sort are not vanity.

That little, thin, white-haired, bright-eyed old gentleman who sits upon the platform, under the portraits of the former presidents, graduated seventy-five years ago. What were the dinners in his day, for example? When he entered college, A.D. 1792, Stiles was president. That is Stiles, in the most ancient of the five presidential portraits, with gray wig, and one hand solemnly uplifted-one does not quite know why. Did he always carry one hand lifted up in that fashion, O white-haired alumnus? It was while this alumnus was a junior that the president laid off his gray wig and dropped his hand forever. Then came Dwight, and governed twenty-two good years of prosperous fortune. And then Day for thirty years of active service, and yet another score of serene and beautiful old age. And now Woolsey, rounding out a quarter of a century of work, retires. And Porter, with the cordial acclamations of the increasing throng of graduates, takes the vacant place. And still the bright eyes of the white-haired old man twinkle with interest and sympathy and love for the old college, where he too was once a representative, in those not unremembered days, of Young Yale, with its hopes and its audacities and its opportunities.

The autumn day begins to darken to its close before the great assembly can break up. And in the evening, though the dreary rain drops through the branches of the elms, the carriages roll along the streets, the still unwearied graduates spread their various umbrellas, and a great throng salutes the president in his own house. Later yet, the students with great blaze of torches, march to cheer and serenade the going and the coming man. Through the falling rain-drops, and through "the flying gold" of Autumn leaves, the bright illumination of the college buildings shines and twinkles. So the lights shone and twinkled five and twenty years ago on the inauguration evening. Only there are more buildings now, and goodlier. When once more the light of such illumination shines (may the day be distant!), shall there not be yet more buildings and yet goodlier? Make haste, Young Yale; rapid in many things, be swift in this not least! Why lag the offerings to the "Woolsey fund"? Why tarries the liberal hand that is to give the fifth of the half mil-

Let the new president begin his work with the assurance of an irresistible enthusiasm, cordial and generous and limitless, behind him. And let the ancient mother, beautiful in age, grow young again in the devotion of her sons.

WACHTEL

HERR WACHTEL, whose career in England was not a brilliant one, has been received in this country by the Germans with an enthusiasm rarely evoked in any place by a male singer. His season of German opera at the Stadt Theatre in this city, extending over four weeks, has been attended by every evidence of popular delight and pecuniary success, but it has not

been remarkable for the highest artistic results. The season opened with Adams's "Postilion." Verdi's inevitable "Trovatore" followed, and in rapid succession "Fra Diavolo," Flotow's "Martha" and less popular "Stradella," "The Magic Flute" and "William Tell" were presented. Although the excellence of the representations was in an inverse ratio to the merit of the works-"The Postilion" and "The Trovatore" surpassing the others in the completeness and vigor of impersonation-and although Herr Wachtel himself nearly touched the extremes of good and bad in the repertoire, the audiences bestowed upon all the performances alike the most fervent praise. Any attempt to gauge this singer's qualifications by the popular acclaim of his countrymen would be manifestly unjust to musical art.

His method and culture do not entitle him to deliberate commendation. Like other singers exceptionally endowed with voice, of which Mario and Formes are the best remembered examples of opposite schools, he is lamentably ignorant of the first principles of musical science, and depends in the acquisition of a rble upon his ear entirely. Marvelous as this auricular faculty is, it cannot supply entirely the place of exact musical knowledge. Herr Wachtel's voice is remarkable for its volume, compass, and quality; but it is upon the two first of these characteristics that he mainly depends for his effects. It is somewhat worn, showing, in its constant liability to hoarseness, the unnatural strain that has been put upon it; but it retains the wonderful pliability and metallic resonance of its earlier strength, and accomplishes the much overrated feat of reaching high C with little effort. The reckless use of his exceptional notes has more than any other trait made him a favorite here. He combines, as did no other German singer that we can remember, the most pernicious traits of both the German and French schools. His phrasing is frequently slip-shod and always contrary to the teaching of the Italian masters, And he breaks through all cantabile and sentimental barriers with a vehemence that is fatal to the expression of the gentler emotions. For this reason his impersonations of "The Postilion" and "Manrico" were the least objectionable of his several rôles. one exacted nothing but the dash and domination of an animal nature, and the other, by its rapidity and intensity of action, retrieved the indelicacy of expression. In both of these rôles his tours de force were examples of vocal compass and respiratory strength, and as such they won the unthinking admiration of his auditors as no exhibition of emotional delicacy could have done. In the later works, such as "The Magic Flute" and "William Tell," Herr Wachtel failed to realize the characters he assumed, and in modifying his rocal execution robbed it of much that made it attractive to the public. There is, however, much to admire in the man aside from his art: he has a very fine stage presence, and he has preserved to past the prime of life the elasticity and enthusiasm of youth in unusual integrity. It should be stated that although

Wachtel's London and Paris seasons were artistic failures, he has always been a great favorite with the German people, his origin and identification with them seeming to endear him to them as the mere possession of vocal abilities could not do.

JOWETT'S PLATO.

To be his best, the man of to-day must have lived in brief the highest life of each stage of the progress of the race. In fact as well as in poetry, he is "heir of all the ages." If he misses any portion of his inheritance his nature will lack so much of its fullest, richest, roundest development. In mental and spiritual development he must retrace the life history of humanity as in physical growth he has outlined the progress of creation from the monad to the mammal, from the mammal to man. The men of the Vedic Hymns and of Homer were to the men of Plato's time as children to full-statured, quick-witted, inquiring youth. The fully taught and-for teaching and culture are distinct and widely different-the fully cultured man of our later civilization is the same youth grown old and careful, and weighted with over-much to do. fancy no longer plays about poetic imaginations. The world without is more to him than the world within; and from being a mere æsthetic thinker and doer rejoicing in unproductive strength, he has become a serious director of material forces, a slave to material conquest. To keep him from becoming a joyless worker in middle life, or sullen watch-dog of stocks and bonds in age, the selfish scramble of modern life must not be too early entered upon. Above all, the Attic period of his mental life must be lived to the full. That was the grandest stage in the early progress of humanity. It will ever represent one of the grandest as well as most needful stages of individual progress. It cannot be skipped or hurried over without a personal loss like that the world would have felt had Athens never flourished or Plato never lived. Culture is incomplete, it lacks strength and beauty and light without it.

The flower of Grecian life and thought, the highest type of youthful life everywhere, is found in Plato. He is pre-eminently the leader of young manhood. For two thousand years the richest natures have gained early inspiration, clear vision, intellectual force and elasticity from him. He has been their guide when they were groping for truth, hungry for knowledge, yet perplexed like the Greeks of old with verbal subtleties. He has taught them to look at questions from all sides, to test all things-to construct philosophy rather than learn it. As Mr. Mill observes, "His teaching makes great men by his combination of moral enthusiasm and logical discipline," and he makes them early. He is not a teacher for the old. Those who look to him for a consistent system of philosophy look in vain. He does not grow on the matured thinker. He is an inquirer-acute, earnest, suggestive, powerful, yet formative. The intellectual condition in which he works is the condition of inspired and aspiring

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youth, and that is the secret of his peculiar fitness for the culture of youth.

"Why should not young men be educated on this book?" asks our own Attic philosopher. "It would suffice for the tuition of the race-to test their understanding and to express their reason." For this part of the culture required by modern life, Plato is indeed sufficient. He is almost indispensable; but hitherto he has been the teacher of the privileged few. To approach him through his native speech is, for most American youth, to exhaust in costly preparation , all the years that are fittest for his influence. Our modern culture is so hurried, there is so much to learn and so little time for learning it, that the world's great teachers must speak our mother tongue or we cannot hear them. The Romans were fortunate, Heine said, that they did not have to master Latin Grammar, else they could not have found time to conquer the world. Our youth cannot live with Plato when they need him and enjoy him most, and learn his language too, without sacrificing other acquirements equally important. Thanks to Professor Jowett, the sacrifice is no longer necessary. He has made Plato an English classic, bringing the immortal Dialogues into our literature with hardly a trace that they did not originally belong there. He has lifted Plato out of the narrow confines of an unspoken tongue into the widest field of modern life. "His words of 'sweetness and light,' of moral beauty and intellectual grace, so lovely in their transparent candor, so acute and yet so gentle, so masterly in logic and yet so tender in emotion," may now illumine, invigorate, and inspire every youth who reads our English speech, at the time when the growing man is most open to their guiding power.

Seeing how great an influence Plato has had in forming the best minds of past ages, and of our own age, what may we not expect of him in the wider future? In this light the benefit conferred on English calture by Professor Jowett's noble work can scarcely be overestimated. In bringing out this American edition in all the luxury of Riverside type and printing, at half the cost of 'the English edition, the publishers (Chas. Scribner & Co.) have done a good part toward making the work as widely popular as it is thoroughly delightful.

BEECHER'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

It is already two or three years since the announcement was made that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was engaged in writing, in book form, that sacred story of the life of Jesus Christ on earth, which, for so many years and with such great success and reputation, he has been engaged in telling from his pulpit.

Those who knew how multitudinous were the occupations which make up his busy life may well enough have doubted whether his cherished purpose would ever be realized. At last, however, the first volume of the work is issued (The Life of Jesus the Christ, by Henry Ward Beecher: J. B. Ford & Co.), and the assurance is given that the remaining volume

will appear in the course of another year. It is to be sold by subscription only, but probably will, for that very reason, find all the wider and more popular circulation.

That the work would be a popular one was sufficiently assured by the name of its distinguished author. That it would be a learned book was less confidently expected, although it was understood that the author was putting into it the best strength which he possessed. Probably in both respects there may be some disappointment of expectation. The volume before us is really less like the brilliant and pre-eminently popular preaching of Plymouth pulpit than we had expected to find it. And it is more scholarly in its tone, more learned in the research it exhibits, bears more traces of hard and irksome labor, than the reputation of its author would have led us to anticipate. For both of these reasons the book is a better book. It is popular enough in style; charming in the graceful and loving beauty with which the incidents of our Lord's earthly life are narrated; picturesque and poetic in the vividness with which

"The sinless years That passed beneath the Syrian blue"

are made to pass again before our eyes; but, all through the book, brilliancy of style seems sacrificed to simplicity, and the earnest aim of the writer to instruct and to do good is abundantly evident.

Scarcely less evident are the marks of downright hard work. Mr. Beecher has studied so carefully the topography, the natural history, the scenery of Palestine, the almost unaltered Oriental life, that it would seem as if he had seen with his own eyes what he has seen only with the eyes of other men and of his mind. He does not, it is true, except in rare instances, cite authorities and give quotations, and thus impart to his pages that learned aspect which such a method insures; but on every page the results of study are apparent—of wide, thoughtful, and accurate reading, of laborious, although congenial, toil.

Concerning the doctrinal character of the book, there is not the slightest ambiguity. That the life of Jesus the Christ, on earth, was the life of God in flesh, is affirmed with such energy of emphasis, with such clearness of statement, that to doubt where the great preacher of Plymouth pulpit stands in regard to the most fundamental truth will be, henceforth, impossible. Whether he states the prime fact of the incarnation in the doctrinal form which is regarded as orthodox, and which is probably the best and truest (as unquestionably he does not), is of comparatively little consequence. It is of very great consequence to know that he appreciates the fact itself as of all facts the greatest and most necessary, the most gracious and divine.

On other questions of doctrine, as from time to time the book encounters them, it is equally outspoken. Concerning miracles, for example, there is no healtancy or special pleading or resolution of them into extraordinary instances of the working of natural laws. "Miracles," says Mr. Beecher, "are to be accepted boldly, or not at all. They are jewels, and sparkle with divine light, or they are nothing." It is sufficiently evident, from this quotation, that the book is not to be classed in literature with Christian "apologetics."

Without prolonging this notice unduly, it is safe to say that, while the value of the book is most of all in its popular character and its earnest practical purpose, it is also most worthy of careful and critical study by the members of the learned and sacred profession to which its author belongs. The chapter on the Temptation, for example, is full of thoughtful suggestion: especially the incidental remarks on the nature of the prophetic mood, in which, according to Mr. Beecher's theory, the temptation was endured and conquered.

We call attention to the admirable engraving with which Mr. Marshall (to whose talent and skill we owe already the grand heads of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant) has restored and reproduced the head of Christ in Da Vinci's famous picture of the Last Supper. Those to whom all attempts to represent in art the face of the Lord Jesus are not offensive, will be grateful for the service which Mr. Marshall has performed. Probably most people would gain a better conception of Da Vinci's devout and wonderful work, by means of this engraving, than they would by looking at the old fresco, faded and mutilated, as it remains to-day in Milan.

FROUDE'S LAST BOOK.

THE characteristic peculiarities of Mr. Froude, as a thinker and writer, are too well known to require special notice at this late day. The great historical work by which he is so famous is to be found in any library that makes much claim to completeness. But there are many readers who would like to know more of him than they now do, who cannot command the time necessary for the mastery of the twelve volumes of that work, eminently attractive and readable as it has proved itself to be. To such readers and to all, the collected essays which Mr. Froude has contributed to various periodicals, or given in the form of public addresses, will be very welcome. One such volume was issued a year or two ago, and met with an unusual share of public favor. Another volume (Short Studies on Great Subjects, Charles Scribner & Co.) has just made its appearance. First among them, in order of position and of interest, is the celebrated vindication of Calvinism, delivered before the students of St. Andrew's, which has been already published in a separate pamphlet, and which proves how well its author can discern the spirit from the body of history, and how vigorously he can maintain whatever is worth maintaining, and how readily he can let go whatever has become really obsolete. The other papers in the volume are, for the most part, either historical studies or discussions of questions of present political, social, and religious interest. They are all most readable and profitable. Whatever else Mr. Froude may be, he is never dull; and whether one agrees with him or not,

it is, at least, not difficult to understand him. That he has ability also for the lighter kinds of literature as well as the more grave, is evident from the "Fortnight in Kerry," with its fresh and charming landscape sketches and its vivid pictures of Irish life and character.

Although the papers in this volume were especially designed for English readers, yet, for the most part, they are suited to the practical needs of Americans also. The masterly paper on "The Condition and Prospects of Protestantism," for example, is scarcely less important for us than it is for the writer's own . countrymen. The same tendencies which he examines are visible here. The same grave mistakes of practical Protestantism which he points out and rebukes are those which we have fallen into. The same perils against which he warns thoughtful and earnest Englishmen have menaced us. It will be well if those whose duty it is to watch for souls will heed this strong and able statement of the relations between Romanism and Protestantism, as those relations appear to an educated, fair-minded, and most competent student of history.

"CHAPTERS OF ERIE, AND OTHER ESSAYS."

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THE notion that genius is not hereditary, which has been often enough asserted on insufficient grounds, and which has been abundantly refuted by accumulated evidence, receives a new illustration of its falsity in at least one illustrious American family. From John Adams to John Quincy Adams, and again to Charles Francis Adams, the renown of a great name suffers no reproach or loss, but rather gains continual increase of lustre. And it is already evident that in the fourth generation there is ability and integrity which will do no dishonor to the ancient lineage. The articles (some of them widely famous) contributed by Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., and his brother Mr. Henry Adams, chiefly to the North American Review (in one instance to the Westminster Review), during the last two or three years, have been collected in a volume (Chapters of Erie and other Essays, J. R. Osgood & Co.), as indeed they well deserve to be. They grapple with questions the incalculable magnitude of which can hardly be considered without terror; and they assail corrupt and evil practices in society, in commerce, in politics, concerning which it is not too much to say that they imperil the very existence of the republic. The work which has been done in these essays is honest work and hard work. To denounce is easy; to groan and weep is not difficult; but to sit patiently down and study the significance of tendencies in civilizationto get a firm and steady grip of slippery forms of sin, and hold them still while all the world can carefully consider them,-to detect the errors of well-meaning men in places of responsibility and power, and criticise with clearness and vigor what it would be pleasanter to ignore or to commend, -such work as this is hard work, and requires ability, integrity, and courage of no ordinary sort. When we have said that this is the work which the essayists in this volume have given us,

we have sufficiently indicated its substantial and permanent value.

HIGGINSON'S "ATLANTIC ESSAYS."

THE announcement of a new volume by Colonel Higginson is always a delight to lovers of good writing. No paper of his should ever be allowed to drift off into the sea of forgotten magazine contributions. His name is one of the few which give us a right to use the word literature in connection with America; his writings are among the few yet produced on this side of the Atlantic which are worth study as models.

Twelve essays are comprised in this volume, under the somewhat indeterminate title of Atlantic Essays (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston). Of course, all good Christians know of the existence of a magazine called the Atlantic Monthly, and will infer from this title that these essays must have been printed in it; but then there are three hundred and forty millions of Buddhists. not to mention other sects; and we cannot help smiling to think how perplexed would be any intelligent, but on this point unenlightened, inquirer to discover in the book itself any explanation of the name. But we can forgive so good a book the misfortune of a poor title, and recognize the fact that it could hardly happen twice to one man to hit upon so felicitous a title as the one to Colonel Higginson's first volume of Essays, the Out-door Papers,

Higginson's style as a style is worthy of closer analysis and minuter description than we can give it here. It is as individual, as finished, and as recognizable to the careful student and observer of literature, as Lowell's or Hawthorne's. And we should certainly add his name to these two to complete the list of our three foremost masters of prose. We should say also that he is better than Hawthorne in being more healthful of tone, in having more oxygen in him: as he himself so admirably says, "We all know that a vast deal of oxygen may go into the style of a man; we see in it, not merely what books he has read, what company he has kept, but also the food he eats, the exercise he takes, the air he breathes."

And he is better than Lowell in having more earnestness and more directness of aim. He is at heart a believer in the progress, nay, in more, in the ultimate and absolute triumph of humanity. He has the faith of a poet added to the zeal of a reformer. No sentence of his, whatever be its apparent key-note,whether it be a fine exquisiteness of description of nature, a shrewd dealing with practical points of hygiene, morals, manners, or affairs, a graphic reproduction of historical events, or scenes of travel,-no sentence of his but is really built on the foundations of this faith and warmed by the glow of this zeal. Superficial readers are often misled, by the very simplicity of his style, into a failure to recognize its finish; and readers who are not superficial are perhaps sometimes misled by the very exquisiteness of its finish, and richness of its culture, into a still more unjust failure to recognize how deep down in life and heart its hidden sources lie. Culture is much, and training is much:

but all Higginson's culture, varied and rare as it is, all his training, long and faithful as it has been, would not make him the writer he is. Those who, knowing his writings as a whole, take them in connection with his life, know that the true secret of the mingled grace, beauty, and strength of his words is a secret belonging to the highest laws of development and growth; just as in the eternal music of the true masters, the great harmonies, of which thorough-base attempts to give us the key and law underlie and support melodies and movements as varied and different as hours and days.

This volume shows, more than any other of Colonel Higginson's, the wide range of his power as a writer. In the first three essays, "A Plea for Culture," "Literature as an Art," and "Americanism in Literature," are to be seen the poetic faith and the zeal of which we have spoken, added to the professional familiarity and the artistic enthusiasm of the faithful worker in and for his own field. That literature is an Art, and that few things within human range are so worth a man's while as to be a true literary artist, -that culture is noble, and means the development, the elevation of every human faculty,-that America has the conditions for ultimate success in this sphere as well as in those more material, are truths forcibly set forth in these essays. We select the brief closing sentence of the Plea for Culture as eloquently illustrative of what we have said of the deep undercurrents in Higginson's writings.

"Between Shakespeare in his cradle and Shakespeare in Hamlet there was needed but an interval of time, and the same sublime condition is all that lies between the America of toil and the America of Art."

He is a philanthropist as well as philosopher, prophet as well as poet, who can briefly set in words not easily forgotten so much inspiring stimulus, so much assuring confidence, as are in this sentence. And as an instance of one of the greatest charms of Higginson's style,—one most rarely found, and one most surely overlooked by indiscriminating or inattentive readers,—his subtle condensation, and even multiplication of thought in a single phrase, we call attention to the four words, "the same subtime condition." This phrase takes hold on the seen and the unseen, the kingdom of faith and the kingdom of law, touches them both with the glory of rhythm, and sets them side by side (as they belong), in the double light of human vision.

The paper on "Fayal and the Portuguese" affords excellent illustration of the truth of Higginson's own definitions, in "Literature as an Art," of the five chief requirements for a good style: "Simplicity, freshness, structure, choice of words, and thoroughness of preparation."

To lift that little empty undowered island into such a realm of success as the central figure of so graphic and lively a sketch, is proof indeed of the right method in the right hand. We wish other countries, other scenes could be given to us by the same processes; and we hope that the "Oldport Papers," which have a

the book.

picturesqueness of quality similar to "Fayal and the Portuguese," will be collected in a volume. The fading atmosphere of the old Newport—the new Oldport—will never be so well handed down in any other way.

But the papers which, on the whole, are most admirable in this volume, are the two Historical Sketches, "Mademoiselle's Campaigns," and "A Charge with Prince Rupert." They suggest the query whether, after all, the best field, the true field for the best and truest display of Higginson's especial qualities, as a writer, be not the crowded (but empty!) field of history. In sparkle, in air, in sound, these sketches are like plays. In minuteness, in accuracy, in insight, they are like text-book pages. To reproduce whole periods, the lives of nations, like this, would be a triumph no man has attained. Perhaps it would be impossible. But to approach it would be worth a long lifetime's trial.

In the last three essays, "The Greek Goddesses," "Sappho," and "On an Old Latin Text-Book," we have still another phase of the same graceful flow of chosen words bearing cultured thoughts. In company with Greeks, even though they be goddesses, Col. Higginson is perhaps more at home than anywhere else in the world—(unless it be among birds, or blossoms, or in a wherry). So much familiarity, not only with classics, but with the classic atmosphere, life, age, has rarely been shown without pedantry or wearisomeness. To many cultivated minds, sympathizing more with learning than with enthusiasm, these papers will probably be more charming than any in

In close, we can only say that it is, and has been for many years, a marvel to us that Higginson's writings have not yet more nearly reached the recognition they merit. We have not, and have not had, so many literary men who love their art for their art's sake—who, having the "genius of patience" and the loyalty of faith, the grace of culture and the inspiration of purpose, do work worthy of a permanent place, in permanent literature, that we have excuse for being inattentive to the words of one of them! However, "The reward of a good sentence is to have written it;" "Art is higher than nations and older than centuries;" and the man who has seen and said those two things can dispense with rewards and wait for centuries.

It is but simple justice to add that the style in which this volume is issued is very bad. The paper is worse than is often seen between covers; the inside margins are so narrow that the book cannot be read without an uncomfortable effort to hold it open to its utmost limit, and the whole expression of the volume is so unworthy of its contents that it is with a sense of outrage that its lovers will lay it down. The same fault of narrow margins exists in a still greater degree in the Castilian Days. Such petty economies in execution are small saving and poor policy for publishers, and great wrong to authors.

"CYCLICAL DELUGES."

CAPTIVATED by a sensational review of Adhemar's Révolutions de la Mer, - he does not appear to have read the book itself,-Mr. William Bassett Walker, M.R.S.V. (Man Remarkable for Scientific Verdancy?) has gone through a number of popular works on geology and collected all the observations that can be forced to support a theory of periodical deluges. He calls his compilation Cyclical Deluges-a thin book with a terrific frontispiece, bearing the imprint of D. Appleton & Co., in New York, and half a dozen publishers in other parts of the world, to provide possibly for the preservation of his precious work at the next cataclysm. Incidental to the main discussion, the "true geological formation of carboniferous mineral" is explained with such a happy unconsciousness of the real elements of the problem, that the author's innocent "trust" that leading geologists "may be induced to pause in holding fast to their theory" of coal-formation is not likely to be disappointed. For all that he offers, the "pause" will be perpetual. The last great deluge, it appears, was Noah's; but that was by no means the first, nor is it to be the last catastrophe of the sort to overtake the world. The next one is to come off in the year 7382. This is the way it is to be brought about : "The earth, being an oblong spheroid, is slightly swollen, or bulges out, at the Equator, and the Sun's attraction, acting on this swelling, has the effect of changing the inclination of the axis. . . This change of direction has the effect of altering the date of the equinoxes already referred to. Now, in the year B.C. 1248, the North Pole attained its maximum duration of heat. then the ice has continued to increase from that date, and will so continue until it again covers nearly all Europe and North America (of which we have marine and glacial witnesses), and when the maximum is reached the great deluge cataclysm will occur: that is to say, for the last 3,118 years it has begun to decrease, or become cooler, and this will go on to the year 7382 of our era before it attains its maximum winter duration of cold, at which period, according to Adhemar, the next deluge from South to North is to take place."

In thought and language this paragraph is typical of the whole work. The immediate cause of the predicted deluge is the shifting of the earth's center of gravity by the accumulation of ice at the North. Of course, the numerous facts that upset this ridiculous theory as pitilessly as the theory upsets the earth are carefully kept out of sight; or, more probably, are neither known nor understood by this man who, as he tells us in his opening sentence, is so anxious to "impart advanced information regarding the chief geological phenomena of the globe."

DR. TAYLOR'S SYSTEM.

WE have not room, even if this were the proper place, to review in detail Dr. George H. Taylor's Diseases of Women (Geo. Maclean, publisher). Singularly simple and free from technicalities as it is, it is nevertheless strictly a professional work, dealing with a specialty of disease, and can properly be reviewed at length only in medical journals. But we cannot refrain from giving our testimony to its admirable common sense, and to what we happen to know personally of the remarkable efficacy of Dr. Taylor's methods of cure. The movement treatment is far less known in this country than it should be. We die by our Abanas and Pharpars of costly and stupid and cruel practice, when we might be cured, in a few weeks perhaps, by the inventions of the Swedish philanthropist Ling, whose pupil and representative Dr. Taylor is.

The folly of attempting to do away with effects, while causes remain, is most strongly set forth by Dr. Taylor. Just here is the great value of this volume; just here also is the great superiority, in the diseases peculiar to women, of the movement treatment over all others. It has all nature on its side, working with

it: it begins at the beginning.

"The apathy of women, even those who suffer most, to the causes of the diseases which produce their suffering, is inexplicable," says Dr. Taylor. No truer words were ever spoken. When women can be roused from this apathy, half the battle will be won. To that end, we heartily welcome this book, and recommend it. That there need not be so many—half so many—invalid women as there are, we all know and believe; but we act as if we did not know it, as if we accepted them as inevitable; "as if,"—to use Col. Higginson's words in one of his admirable essays,—"as if the Almighty did not know how to create a woman!"

"CASTILIAN DAYS."

"I AM glad I am not writing a guide-book," says john Hay, somewhere in this most delightful book. (Castilian Days: J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) So are we; but for all that, if we were going to Spain tomorrow, we should part with our Murray before we parted with Castilian Days.

One sees portraits sometimes which he knows instinctively are capital likenesses, though he never saw the originals. It is so with books. Some books vindicate their own claim by an inherent evidence which needs no correspondent knowledge on the part of the reader. In books of travel, just on this point turns the drawing of the line between the enjoyable and the insufferable, the invaluable and the worthless.

It would be difficult to overstate the charm and merit of Mr. Hay's descriptions in this rare quality of verisimilitude and vividness. And yet the fact-hunter would complain perhaps of the absence of detail, unaware that this is the triumph of art in any branch of artistic work,—to reproduce values and not actualities, meanings and not letters, atmospheres and not measurements.

In so far as poetry lies in the producing of instantaneous effects and distinct impressions, we find Mr. Hay's prose more poetical than his verse. The book teems with fine touches in word or phrase which none but a poet would have chosen:—

"Illegitimate jewels;" "Unemancipated slaves of necessity" (the poor); "When the divine child Raphael began to meddle with his father's pallet ;" " The deathless work of the men who wrought in faith;" "The highest compliment ever paid to a painter except the one Courbet paid to himself when he refused to be decorated by the man of December; " "Rebellious wonder that lives like his "-(Raphael's)-" and Shelley's should be extinguished in their glorious dawn, while kings and country gentlemen live a hundred years;" " But the world has outgrown them (kings), and the people here as elsewhere is coming of age;' "They are tinselled stones, not statues;" "Granite wilderness" (The Escurial); "The fixed plain wrinkled like a frozen sea." These are a few. poetic vividness makes the descriptions of the Prado at night, the holiday sights and scenes, the bull fights, the "Field-night in the Cortes," and many other passages, as intensely absorbing as dramatic representa-

The effect is all the greater, too, because Mr. Hay's style is quiet and unimpassioned, and one does not suspect that he is growing absorbed till he finds himself lost, carried bodily to Spain! We do not now think of any American who has written so well, with such information, culture, and graphic strokes, of what he has seen abroad; and we wish Mr. Hay could go everywhere, and some others of our countrymen who write travels, stay at home!

"MY WITNESS."

A VERY faithful witness to a sweet and gentle soul is this little volume of William Winter's. (James R. Osgood & Co.) The title seems a singularly happy one, though it is hard to say why: it might be equally appropriate to any man's book upon any theme under heaven; but after looking through these pages of graceful and unblemished verse, the feeling still remains as unshaken as it is indefinable, that it is especially fitting for this one.

Mr. Winter's verses are pre-eminently graceful verses. There is rarely an unmelodious line, almost never a false one. His range of theme is singularly narrow: perhaps this is one of the reasons that the little volume so recommends itself. One has none of the disagreeable misgiving, which sometimes arises on glancing at the table of contents of a book of poems, that the poet had looked upon the whole universe as only so much material to be worked up: art, science, history, emotion, sensation, experience, all so much capital on no account to be left uninvested.

Mr. Winter's verses evidently have happened; and this is one of the best things which can be said about verses. There is but one way for poets! They are

not opera singers !

There is pathos real and deep in some of these simple strains: there is sparkling fun in others; there is exquisite grace and tenderness in some of the love songs: for instance, in "Love's Queen." It is quaint, and strong as well as sweet, having the mellow flavor of two hundred years ago in it. The best man of two hundred years ago might have written its closing stanza:—

> "But thou thyself shalt come not down From that pure region far above; But keep thy throne and wear thy crown, Queen of my heart and queen of love! A monarch in thy realm complete, And I a monarch—at thy feet!"

A LIBRARY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. announce a LIBRARY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, to be edited by Bayard Taylor, and to be illustrated as profusely as the very popular LIBRARY OF WONDERS, published by the same house. It is proposed to make each volume complete in itself, furnishing a practical and picturesque description of the special country or region to which it is devoted. All that is most valuable and striking in the account of the latest or most reliable traveler will be presented, with a brief summary of the earlier explorations. Occasional volumes will be issued in the series, detailing the adventures of those hunters or other wanderers whose exploits are of remarkable interest. The initial volume will be devoted to our next-door neighbors of Japan, and among the books to follow are volumes on Arabia, South Africa, and Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cummings' Wild Men and Wild Beasts.

A THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY.

THE prospectus of a Theological and Philosophical Library, edited by Drs. Henry B. Smith and Philip Schaff, has just been issued by Charles Scribner & Co. The design is very comprehensive and includes a series of text-books upon all the main departments of Theology and Philosophy, intended principally to meet the wants of ministers and students in all denominations. At least one condensed standard work will be furnished on each of the scientific divisions of Theology and Philosophy. Some of the books will be translated from the German and other languages, some will be adapted from treatises in our own language, while others will be written especially for the Library by British and American authors of eminence. Scholars of reputation in the various denominations will lend their assistance to the editors in the preparation of the different volumes.

The first work in the Library will be Ueberweg's History of Philosophy, in two volumes, to which the distinguished author has made valuable additions through the American translator. Among the works which will follow in due time are a critical edition of the Greek Testament, by Professor Tischendorf, with his latest text and a digest of the critical apparatus of his eighth large edition; a translation of Professor Oosterzee's Didactic Theology; a volume on Patristics, by Professor Hitchcock, and works on Symbolics and the Encyclopedia of Theology.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"THE Judge's Pets" (Hurd and Houghton) will be household pets under many a roof before the Christmas'

Holidays are over. It is truly a charming book, and, better than charming, sure to make children long to own just such dogs, and cats, and crows, and fawns, and "piggies." Mothers, too, will be better for reading these simple little stories, and learning, if they do not already understand, how a child's life can be brightened, and a child's heart trained to tenderness and kindness, by having some "live" thing to take care of. There is excellent characterization in the description of these "Pets." They are evidently drawn from life. poor dog Brave, who walked hundreds of miles to get home, and died of the journey; Pero, who rang the front-door bell when he could not get into the house by any other means; the tame crows Jack and Gill, and the fawn with a silver bell on its neck, who trotted up the church aisle one Sunday, -they are all realities, even to the most careless reader. So is the blessed old Judge, whose name we suspect is one very dear to a large circle of hearts. We heartily recommend it to Kriss Kringle to put a large supply of this book into his traveling pack.

Also, a good number of copies of the Little Folk Songs, from the same house (Hurd and Houghton), and written by Alexina B. White. Very taking will be the tinkle of them to little ears, and very dainty are the pictures which the older eyes can study while

the songs are read aloud.

And, Four and What They Did, by Helen C. Weeks (Hurd and Houghton), is another good giftbook ready for the little ones, who all know Mrs. Weeks's name well. This is a collection of short stories, of which "Four and What They Did," and "Jake's Wedding," are much the best. The "Four" are four little children, Johnny and Winthrop and Alice and a baby called "Toddlekins;" and their odd little adventures are most picturesquely told. A drake who was compelled to wear crape rags in mourning for one of his wives; a pussy-cat who, being half-dead with toothache, was saved at last by having a decayed tooth pulled out : a baby three years old, who, having been told that the little birds were kept from getting wet in the rain by their oil bags, gravely anoints herself from head to foot with butter and goes out into a drenching storm, -these and many other comical incidents will bring many a good laugh on small faces this winter.

But one of the most charming treats for the little people is a volume of which we have just seen the advance sheets, *The New Year Bargain*, by Susan

Coolidge Roberts Bros., Boston).

This is a series of stories, twelve in number, corresponding to the twelve months of the year. The foundation of the series is a conception by no means unworthy of Andersen himself, and so original and vivid as to entitle Susan Coolidge at once to a high place among writers for children.

Two little German children, Max and Thekla, wandering in the forest on the last night of the year, come upon the New Year busily engaged in making up his twelve months, in shape of great statues. Max slyly steals a handful of the sands, behind the New Year's

back, and the children run home. Before long the whole troop of the months come shouting and pounding on the cottage door, and demanding the missing sands. Each figure is incomplete: one wants an eyelid, one a finger, one a toe, and so on. There were only just sands enough for the twelve; not one to spare. Thekla is frightened, and begs Max to give them up. But Max is courageous and makes conditions. He will only give them up, month by month, as they are needed: each month must come in person after them; must tell a story and give the children a present before the sands will be delivered. It is not necessary to say how unique is this fancy, how suggestive, and how far removed from the dead level of the average fairy story. Month by month the months all come, late on the eve of their predecessor's last day, and sitting by the fireside with Max and Thekla, tell their tales and present their gifts. All the stories are graceful and simple, and characteristic of the month, and the dramatic interest with which the children wait from one month to the next for the coming of their mysterious visitant never flags. The illustrations are by Miss Ledyard, and are full of grace and spirit.

MRS. GREENOUGH'S "ARABESQUES."

ROBERTS BROS. have another book in press for the Holidays, of which we wish we had room to write more in detail. We shall watch its reception with much interest. It is one of the test books. People will no doubt disagree about it as heartily and irreconcilably as they do over McDonald's Phantastes, and in so disagreeing will as unmistakably define some of their own mental peculiarities. It is called, with singular and felicitous fitness, Arabesques, and is written by Mrs. Sarah Greenough, wife of Richard S. Greenough the sculptor. It contains four stories; all stories of the supernatural. Their very names have a spell and shadow of the unearthly in them: Monare; Apollyona; Domitia; Ombra. Four medallion heads, designed by Mrs. Greenough's son, are the only illustrations. They chain the eye by their subtle suggestive vitality. The Egyptian witch Monard; the unhallowed sorceress, Apollyona; Domitia, the Roman Princess in league with Devils; and Mazitka, the most malignant and powerful of wizards, look out upon us, in speaking portraits.

These stories are pure and absolute creations of the imagination, dealing wholly with supernatural elemental forces. They cannot be described. Their atmosphere is on the one hand as realistic as if they were but tales of the every-day life of a village; on the other hand, as uncanny, as fearful, as preternatural as if they were the secret converse of the powers of the air. We know of nothing in literature to which they can be compared except some of Southey's wonderful phantasmal poems.

To the utilitarian, this sort of narrative is foolishness; to the realist, a stumbling-block; and to the mere story-seeker, a fatigue. But those who love art for art's sake, and understand best the true values of things in literature, will recognize this little volume of Mrs. Greenough's as it deserves.

"OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA."

EVERY page of Colonel Knox's Overland Through Asia (American Publishing Company) shows the hand of a free and easy newspaper correspondent, who goes through thick and thin with unflagging jollity, making fun and friends under all circumstances, and taking notes of all he sees, all he hears (wayside yarns filling a good part of the volume), and all he thinks of,especially when he thinks of some absurdly comical story, located anywhere out of Asia. The thread of the narrative runs through numberless digressions, now into China, the next moment into the Arctic Ocean, or Poland, or Persia, or Tennessee; so that on opening the book at random you might imagine the traveler to be anywhere except in Siberia. The result is a compound unlike any other book of travels that we remember. It does not matter how the book is read, forward or backward; every page is readable, and, generally speaking, independent of every other page. The work is illustrated by a multitude of indifferent woodcuts, and gives a good many lively word-pictures of Asiatic character, society, and travel; but for solidity, it constantly reminds one of the flooring of a Ghijiga house the author visited in Kamchatka-"two sticks of wood and a mud-puddle."

MACKENZIE'S SCOTT.

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE has availed himself of the peculiar occasional interest that attaches to the character and writings of Sir Walter Scott, on the occurrence of the centennial anniversary of his birth, to bring out, through the house of James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, a Life of the Great Wizard of the North, which he has had many years in preparation. It recounts in a very rapid and vivid way the brilliant story that runs like a golden tissue through the more elaborate and extensive tapestry of Lockhart's biography, the early success of the poet and troubadour, his literary habits and amazing industry, the rise of the fair towers of Abbotsford, the unexampled enthusiasm awakened by the novels, and finally the melancholy close, with which we are all so familiar, when, encumbered with debt, the great man who had made millions for his debtors, sank in the hopeless effort to redeem his fortunes and his family. There is not a sadder page in literary history. Dr. Mackenzie's volume will supply a long felt desideratum, as a Life of Sir Walter, fuller and more satisfactory than the sketch of the Encyclopedist, and more convenient and compact than Lockhart's, upon which it is mainly

FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

Mr. T. Robinson Warren has written a capital illustrated manual of Shooting, Boating, and Fishing, for Young Sportsmen (Charles Scribner & Co.). Mr. Warren modestly disclaims pre-eminence as a sportsman or a "good shot," but he has an enthusiastic love for the gentler Nimrodian pursuits, and imparts much information of practical value to beginners—in brief compass and pleasant form.

THANKSGIVING IN THE COUNTRY.







Grandpa and his Boy.

The Last Arrival



"More Turkey."



"lke" and his City Cousin.



Not so Evident.—" Bet I can eat more Turkey than you can!"



Aunt Maria Jane and "Chawles."